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THOMAS CARLYLE.

1. *Critical and Miscellaneous Essays.* Five Volumes.
2. *Sartor Resartus ; or, The Life and Opinions of Teufelsdröckh.*
3. *Chartism.*
4. *The French Revolution—a History.* Three Volumes.
5. *Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches.* Two Volumes.

MR. CARLYLE'S writings cover a wide field of speculation—and widely different is the estimate formed of them by his contemporaries. So fascinated are some of our reading folk with his performances, that they judge of them after a fashion not a little perplexing to their neighbors. In the view of these persons, his touch suffices to convert the veriest commonplaces into something strikingly novel, and the thinnest superficialities into something wonderfully profound. With such commonplace and superficialities all men must have more or less to do—the humor in this case is, that these simple elements of thought, being rather oddly clothed, should be so commonly mistaken for something differing so very widely from their proper nature. But so it is. With these watchers at the shrine of heroes, everything taken under the patronage of the object of their worship becomes weighty and sacred; and all the possible forms of the grotesque, after the manner of the monstrous gods of heathendom, become so many symbols of things refined

and beautiful. That their prophet should always be intelligible to them is more than their modesty will allow them to expect. They feel that it belongs to him to soar into regions to which they may not themselves hope to ascend, and to go down into deeps where no common footsteps may follow him. But when out of their sight, he is not out of their confidence. Kingly nature as he is, he can do no wrong—he is safe against all possible mistake. "How could you sleep to-day under the discourse of a divine you praise so highly?" said a simple Southern to a wary Scot. "Oh," replied the latter, "I can trust *him* anywhere." Very much thus is it with a large class of Mr. Carlyle's admirers. When he essays to do anything, they fail not to give him the credit of having done something marvelous, though proof on that point may be somewhat slow in making its appearance. "Should the prince at noonday say, It is night, declare," writes Sadi, our oriental Chesterfield, "that you behold the moon and stars." And there are people in the

west who seem to possess their eyesight and their common sense only to some such purpose.

But if favoritism be capricious and excessive, so is its opposite. If there are persons to whom Mr. Carlyle is as an inspired prophet, there are others to whom his mannerisms are about the most satisfactory certificate that could be given as to his fitness for Bedlam. He may rate against "shams" until doomsday, but, in the judgment of these parties, of all the shams in this age of false pretension he is himself one of the greatest. Abstract from his writings, the good things he has purloined from a foreign tongue; and, with them, the disguises he has thrown over much ordinary thought by a most fantastic use of the tongue that *should* have been his own, and the residuum, we are told, will be all but worthless. His style is especially offensive to this class of critics. It is accounted as more befitting the taste of a scaramouch than that of a scholar; as better adapted to supply amusement to the laughter-loving crowds in Bartholomew Fair, than to find due acceptance in that awful domain—the world of letters.

We hardly need tell you, good reader, that we are not ourselves ambitious of being classed with either of these extremes. To us, the conclusion most obvious in this case is, that the man of whom judgments so much at issue have been formed, and formed so widely, cannot be an ordinary man. Even strong dislike implies the presence of some strong element calling it forth. Men may hate the powerful, the weak they neglect. Strong feeling is costly, and not usually expended upon trifles. Extravagant admiration, too, even when subject to large abatement, may suffice to indicate the presence of some real excellence. In all worship there is wisdom. For ourselves, we are disposed to take our place with that large class of thoughtful men in this country, found in grades from the highest almost to the lowest, who see in the genius of Mr. Carlyle a more remarkable combination both of the stronger and weaker elements of our age than in any other man among us. Believing thus much concerning him, we are disposed to think that we shall not be unprofitably employed in endeavoring to distinguish between the strength and weakness, and the good and bad in his leading speculations.

We should not, perhaps, have given ourselves to this service just now, had we not frequently found the grossest misconceptions prevalent, and in quarters where better information might have been expected, as to the position of Mr. Carlyle in reference to

some of the graver questions of the day, and especially in reference to Christianity. It is one peculiarity of his writings, that men of all shades in political and religious opinion may find passages in them which appear to harmonize to the full with their own favorite principles. We find him claimed, accordingly, by all parties in turn. Many simple-minded people read his denunciations against skepticism, and straightway conclude, not only that Mr. Carlyle is himself a believer, but that he is, of course, a believer in the Bible after the good old fashion. His writings, especially his later writings, may be said to be eminently religious in their tone; and their being earnestly religious in *some* sense, is taken as a sufficient guarantee of their being favorable to religion in the best sense. In the meanwhile, to say what sort of religion it is that Mr. Carlyle wishes to inculcate, would puzzle very many who have some knowledge of what he has written on that subject. Far be it from us to attempt to raise the *odium theologicum* against Mr. Carlyle, or to do him injustice in the smallest degree; but we think it due to interests which with us are far above all others, to attempt to determine the exact relation of this influential author to some of those social, philosophical, and religious questions which are so frequently the subject of discussion in his works. For any man to do thus much for himself, it would be necessary to read all that Mr. Carlyle has written, and to collate carefully as he reads—no trivial labor when an author's publications extend to more than a dozen substantial volumes. Apology for our present attempt we of course have none to offer, inasmuch as it is not to be supposed that a man who is himself so stern a hater of falsehood, can have the least wish that the public conception of him should be a false one. What that conception *should* be we hope to show, and this showing will be deduced, with the utmost candor we can bring to the investigation, from his own writings.

I. Every one is aware of the high place assigned in Mr. Carlyle's speculations to *Faith*—men are to believe, to have convictions, to become earnest, or there is no hope of them. Now this is a great truth. Every really Christian man—every man who regards existence as having a meaning, must say amen to it. Much, too, may be said, in vindication of Mr. Carlyle's wrath against a large class of formalist and conventionalist people who flatter themselves that they are great believers while they are not. Our neighbor,

Richard Brown, is a sturdy "Westminster Assembly" man. He believes, if you may credit his statement, in the most wonderful things ever believed concerning God or man. There is not a depth of fear or a force of aspiration in man which the articles of this man's creed should not move, giving to his life an energetic spiritualism such as no believer in any other creed has ever evinced. But Richard buys and sells, and counts the gain, all the week long, with as little apparent thought about the mysteries of existence, present or to come, as his brother Thomas, who carries on his traffic in the next street, and who has never pretended to give his thoughts to such high matters. It is true, Richard is careful to close his shop on Sundays, and may be seen in other trim, and in another place on that day. But on all other days he reads the news, smokes his pipe, and seems to be quite as considerate of his worldly enjoyments as his neighbors. Such is the tenor of his way; and keeping square with the world, and avoiding all such scandals as were wont to bring men into bishops' courts, you see about him the air of a person who feels that something like the whole duty of man has been in his case performed. Now Mr. Carlyle has no compliment to offer to the creedless soul of Thomas, who carries on his traffic in the next street; but to this Richard—to him he would speak in terms that are meant to burn as he utters them—"Out upon the man," we think we hear him say—"out upon thee, *be* more, and *do* more than thy brother, or cease to pretend that thou believest more. It is bad enough to be faithless, to have no commerce with the god-like,—but this lazy, slimy effort of thine, to thrust hypocrisy into the place of such commerce, if there be goodness in God's universe, this must be as a foulness to its nostrils."

So when our censor passes from these less polite sections of humanity, and fixes his gaze on the people who make another choice in tailoring and millinery, and are found in "circles" full of the "respectabilities," even here he is no less offended by the hollow, the factitious,—by a world of seeming without reality. The creed of these people has come to them, as all their other conventional things have come, or as all their ordinary likings or dislikings have come. If the one-tenth of what they profess to believe amidst all their Sunday pageantries, were really believed, it would suffice to make those pageantries of very small account, and to give to their life a seriousness which at present finds little place even in their dreams. In those antique

forms of devotion to which these persons listen, and which they repeat; and in the utterances of that still older volume which is read so often in their hearing, there is a welling forth of thoughts, contritions, and aspirations, as from the chambers of the earnest and the mighty dead, fitted indeed to move the living, if aught may move them. But moved these believing people are not. In the midst of all this, the great care of the older, is about good positions and good marriages for the younger; and the hearts of old and young are drifted on amidst a stream of inanities so pitiable as to seem as if devised, and stilted into prominence, by some laughing devil, for the purpose of putting mockery on the dread realities of our being. The great lament of our modern prophet accordingly is, that men through believing nothing, should have ceased to be masters over anything. Everywhere they are before him as carried away by things the most vulgar, or manifestly the most artificial and frivolous, if contrasted with the true end of existence.

Now the novelty here is, not that these things should be said, but that such a man should have said them. The preaching is not new, but the preacher in this case is not of a class given to make sermons. To assign a due precedence to the weightier, as compared with the lighter interests of existence, has not been a conspicuous virtue in our men of letters. Not a little in their doings, as all the world knows, has been quite as frothy as the most empty-headed and empty-hearted in the crowds about them could have desired. From the lips of a Wordsworth or a Southey, utterances of a deeper and graver meaning have been sometimes heard, but the apostle of the age from among men of this class is Mr. Carlyle. The great aim of his class has been to amuse, or to call forth admiration—his own aim is much higher. He labors to lay bare the depths and the heights of things, that men may see what their condition *is*, and what it *should* be. He paints ceaselessly, but his pictures are all so many appeals to the reason and the moral nature. He has little sympathy with our modern "methodism," but in his zeal in this direction, he is himself a very methodist—and greatly to his honor.

As we have said, his doctrine embraces nothing really new. His views in respect to the state of human nature, its obligations, interests, and destiny, are very much those of our old puritan teachers, and have been expounded in our own day by Hall and Chalmers, and all men of their class, times innu-

merable. Of Chalmers it was eminently thus. In Scotland, he saw a people well-given to church-going or chapel-going, and zealous enough about creeds and church standards; but a people who needed to be admonished that creeds may exist as a lifeless orthodoxy, and that the best of forms may be without value, as being without power. He, too, felt that the great want of the age, and even of Scotland, was an earnest faith. To bring men truly to believe, what they nearly all professed to believe, was the great object of his life's hard labor. The place assigned by Mr. Carlyle to the religious element in man is stated in the following passage:

"It is well said, in every sense, that a man's religion is the chief fact with regard to him. A man's, or a nation of men's. By religion, I do not mean here the church-creed which he professes, the articles of faith which he will sign, and in words, or otherwise, assert; not this wholly, in many cases not this at all. We see men of all kinds of professed creeds attain to almost all degrees of worth or worthlessness under each or any of them. This is not what I call religion, this profession and assertion; which is often only a profession and assertion from the outworks of the man, from the mere argumentative region of him, if even so deep as that. But the thing a man does practically believe (and this is often enough *without* asserting it even to himself, much less to others); the thing a man does practically lay to heart, and know for certain, concerning his vital relations to this mysterious universe, and his duty and destiny there, that is in all cases the primary thing for him, and creatively determines all the rest. That is his *religion*; or, it may be, his mere skepticism and *no-religion*: the manner it is in which he feels himself to be spiritually related to the unseen world or no-world; and I say, if you tell me what that is, you tell me to a very great extent what the man is, what the kind of things he will do is. Of a man or of a nation we inquire, therefore, first of all, what religion they had."—*Hero Worship*, pp. 3, 4.

On this topic, however, we think Mr. Carlyle greatly underrates the influence of the current beliefs of Christian men. In the case of the aforesaid Richard Brown, the creed professed does not appear to have wrought all the positive good that might have been expected from it. But it may be that, even on his defective temperament, it has prevented evil in a degree by no means inconsiderable; and that the direct good conferred by it is much greater than our haughty and superficial philosophy is at all likely to discover. If this same Richard, moreover, does not seem to be burdened with much anxious thought of a religious

nature, or to be the subject of any very fervent and refined aspirations, perhaps, without traveling far, he could introduce our philosopher to certain plain and pious people, in whom the faith which Richard professes has given existence to soul-conflicts and earnest spiritual breathings, in a degree that would be censured as excessive and morbid. Of the soul-history of some myriads—of many myriads of truly religious people in this country, we must suppose our author to be almost wholly ignorant. To his contemporaries he does not cede a tenth of the high qualities they possess in this respect; while towards certain sham religionists of remote times his charities are superabundant. The passage we are about to quote is from "Past and Present," and relates to the Abbot of St. Edmundsbury, and to the glebe-loving, feast-loving monks who did his bidding. It shows how discriminating and charitable Mr. Carlyle *can* be, when his humor inclines him that way.

"Jocelin, we see, is not without secularity. Our *Dominus Abbas* was intent enough on the divine offices; but then his account books? One of the things that strike us most, throughout, in Jocelin's *Chronicle*, and, indeed, in Eadmer's *Anselm*, and other old monastic books, written evidently by pious men, is this—that there is almost no mention whatever of 'personal religion' in them; that the whole gist of their thinking and speculation seems to be the 'privileges of our order,' 'strict exaction of our dues,' 'God's honor,' (meaning the honor of our saint,) and so forth. Is not this singular? A body of men set apart for perfecting and purifying their own souls, do not seem disturbed about that in any measure: the 'Ideal' says nothing about its idea; says much about finding bed and board for itself! How is this?

"Why, for one thing, bed and board are a matter very apt to come to speech: it is much easier to *speak* of them than of ideas; and they are sometimes much more pressing with some! Nay, for another thing, may not this religious reticence, in these devout, good souls, be perhaps a merit and sign of health in them? Jocelin, Eadmer, and such religious men, have as yet nothing of 'Methodism'; no doubt, or even root of doubt. Religion is not a diseased self-inspection, an agonizing inquiry: their duties are clear to them, the way of supreme good plain, indisputable, and they are traveling on it. Religion lies over them like an all-embracing heavenly canopy, like an atmosphere and life-element, which is not spoken of, which in all things is presupposed without speech. Is not serene or complete religion the highest aspect of human nature, as serene cant, or complete non-religion, is the lowest and miserablest? Between which two all manner of earnest methodisms, introspections, agonizing inquiries, never so morbid,

shall play their respective parts, not without approbation."—pp. 80, 81.

Now here is a candor which can see the signs of something like a "serene or complete religion," where, in fact, there is no sign of religion at all. Only allow a small portion of this charity exercised in favor of these stupid and worldly monks, to be exercised in favor of that somewhat dull and easy class of religionists among ourselves, towards whom Mr. Carlyle shows so little forbearance, and even these people would rise at once into a race of saints of the first water. Nor do we quite understand the fling at "Methodist introspections," except it be meant to say that, even in a nature like ours, the best condition of religion is that which makes the least demand on a man's cogitations or emotions—a doctrine not very consistent with the philosophy of the case, with the teaching of the Bible, or with the great drift of Mr. Carlyle's own writings. But so it is with our author. His contemporaries are of two classes—men whose professed faith is no faith, or men who believe only to become the victims of "a diseased self-introspection." Not to be in earnest, is to be pronounced "a sham," and to be in earnest, is to be written down a fanatic. We believe in the somewhat wide existence both of religious formalism and of religious extravagance; but between these there is something much better than either, which Mr. Carlyle does not see, and to which, accordingly, he has never done justice. In support of our statement on this point, take the following estimate of the religion of our own age, as compared with the very different estimate of the monkish religion at Edmundsbury, which, from all that appears, began and ended in a tissue of cares and struggles about "bed and board."

"To begin with our highest spiritual function, with religion, we might ask, whither has religion now fled? Of churches and their establishments we here say nothing, nor of the unhappy domains of unbelief, and how innumerable men, blinded in their minds, must 'live without God in the world;' but taking the fairest side of the matter, we ask, what is the nature of that same religion, which still lingers in the hearts of the few who are called, and call themselves, specially the religious? Is it a healthy religion, vital, unconscious of itself; that shines forth spontaneously in doing of the work, or even in preaching of the word? Unhappily, no. Instead of heroic martyr-conduct, and inspired and soul-inspiring eloquence, whereby religion itself were brought home to our living bosoms, to live and reign there,

we have 'Discourses on the Evidences,' endeavoring with the smallest result to make it probable that such a thing as religion exists. The most enthusiastic evangelicals do not preach a gospel, but keep describing how it should and might be preached: to awaken the sacred fire of faith, as by a sacred contagion, is not their endeavor; but at most, to describe how faith shows and acts, and scientifically distinguish true faith from false. Religion, like all else, is conscious of itself, listens to itself; it becomes less and less creative, vital; more and more mechanical. Considered as a whole, the Christian religion, of late ages, has been continually dissipating itself into metaphysics; and threatens now to disappear, as some rivers do, in deserts of barren sand."—*Essays*, iii. pp. 300, 301.

We do not say that there are no appearances among us to warrant a little declamation of this sort. But, as we read it, we are constrained to ask our zealous censor—And wherein consisted the "heroic martyr conduct" of your monks of St. Edmundsbury? In fact, did that conduct ever rise higher than a somewhat piggish fight in defence of rich abbey lands, and of the good feed to be extracted from them? As to "Discourses on the Evidences," let there be an end to such discoursings as Mr. Carlyle and his friends are so often putting forth *against* the said evidences, and there may then be an end to such things in their favor. In the meantime, it is not unnatural that men who would fain put another gospel in the place of that of the New Testament, should be little pleased with efforts tending to demonstrate that this older gospel is a fixed and everlasting reality. With regard to metaphysics, these, if we mistake not, constitute the Bible of Mr. Carlyle himself, and certainly of a large class of his admirers. Of such elements must the inward illumination of whose sufficiency they boast purely consist. These should not, therefore, be in ill repute in such quarters. As to the "soul-inspiring eloquence" which brings religion "home to our living bosoms," we are not aware that the philosophy of the age has shown itself to be more potent to this end than its Christianity. Its right to throw stones remains to be made out. Of course, Mr. Carlyle is not ignorant of these considerations. He could readily marshal them all, and many more, in favor of the religion of our age, if sufficiently free from prejudice to be so disposed. In the progress of his own *Teufelsdröckh*, from the "Everlasting no" to the "Everlasting yea," we see a "Fire-baptism"—a great spiritual change brought about by philosophy, which has its full counterpart,

and something more, in the change experienced by every mind which, in the "Evangelical" sense, is "born again;" the great difference being, that for one instance in which the lesser effect has been produced by philosophy, the greater effect has been produced in a thousand instances by Christianity, and upon minds of a sort which your philosophy can never reach.

If the mischief of all this ended with Mr. Carlyle, the circumference of the evil would be measurable enough. But it does not so end. Not a few among us, whose beards are only beginning to put on visibility, place an implicit faith in him. The natural effect follows. They learn to snuff at the old as noodles, and at the religion of the old as fitting enough for noodledom—a noodledom that is past. They affect to despise what many have counted wisdom, and in so doing regard themselves as giving sufficient evidence of their own deeper wisdom. We have met with certain of this progeny, of whom some fathers might be vain, but not, as we judge, the father of Sartor Resartus. Contempt is a costly tenant where the brain is empty. We scruple not to say that we regard the "introspecting" and "evangelical" portion of our English society as consisting, with all its faults, of a brave and high-souled race, if compared with anything that Mr. Carlyle's school of philosophy has to place in comparison with them. We would readily travel far to witness the success of an attempt to raise humanity from a condition so low to a position so high, through any other means than those by which in this case it has been accomplished.

Nor is it enough that Mr. Carlyle should thus underrate the current beliefs of Christian men, and especially of living men, as compared with the men of past times. Inasmuch as the creeds of men are seen to affect their character, at the best, but imperfectly, the strange leap is made, that the supposed relation between what a man believes, and what a man is, must be of little reality or value. Hence the hollowness and ineffectiveness attributed by our author to all the more received forms of religious doctrine and usage among us, are such as to leave nothing to constitute religion in any man, save his own self-derived conviction as to duty, and his own self-governed action in conformity with that conviction.

"The clearer my Inner Light may shine, through the *less* turbid media, the *fewer* Phantasms it may produce, the gladder surely shall I be and not the sorrier! Hast thou reflected, O serious reader,

Advanced—Liberal or other, that the one end, essence, use of all religion past, present, and to come, was this only: To keep that same Moral Conscience or Inner Light of ours alive and shining; which certainly the 'Phantasms' and the 'turbid media' were not essential for! All religion does here is to remind us, better or worse, of what we already know, better or worse, of the quite *infinite* difference there is between a Good man and a Bad; to bid us love infinitely the one, abhor and avoid infinitely the other,—strive infinitely to *be* the one, and not to be the other. 'All religion issues in due Practical Hero-worship!' He that has a soul unasphyxied will never want a religion; he that has a soul asphyxied, reduced to a succedaneum for salt, will never find any religion, though you rose from the dead to preach him one.

"But, indeed, when men and reformers ask for 'a religion,' it is analogous to their asking, 'What would you have us to do?' and such like. They fancy that their religion, too, should be a kind of Morrison's pill, which they have only to swallow once, and all will be well. Resolutely once gulp down your religion, your Morrison's pill, you have it all plain sailing now; you can follow your affairs, your no-affairs, go along money-hunting, pleasure-hunting, dilettanteing, dangleing, and miming, and chattering like a Dead Sea ape; your Morrison will do your business for you. Men's notions are very strange! Brother, I say there is not, was not, nor ever will be in the wide circle of Nature, any Pill or Religion of that character. Man cannot afford thee such; for the very gods it is impossible. I advise thee to renounce Morrison; once for all, quit hope of the Universal Pill. For body, for soul, for individual or society, there has not any such article been made. *Non extat*. In created nature it is not, was not, will not be. In the void imbroglios of Chaos only, and realms of Bedlam, does some shadow of it hover, to bewilder and bemock the poor inhabitants *There*."

"The Makers' Laws, whether they are promulgated in Sinai Thunder, to the ear or imagination, or quite otherwise promulgated, are the Laws of God; transcendent, everlasting, imperatively demanding obedience from all men. This, without any thunder, or with never so much thunder, thou, if there be any soul left in thee, canst know of a truth. The Universe, I say, is made by Law; the great Soul of the World is just, and not unjust. Look thou, if thou have eyes or soul left, into this great, shoreless Incomprehensible: in the heart of its tumultuous Appearances, Embroilments, and mad-Time Vortexes, is there not silent, eternal, an All-just, an All-beautiful, sole Reality and ultimate controlling Power of the Whole? This is not a figure of speech; this is a fact. The fact of gravitation, known to all animals, is not surer than this inner Fact, which may be known to all men."

"Rituals, Liturgies, Credos, Sinai Thunder; I know more or less, the history of these; the rise, progress, decline, and fall of these. Can thunder from all the thirty-two Azimuths, repeated daily for centuries of years, make God's laws more God-like to me? Brother, no. Perhaps I am grown to be a man now, and do not need the thunder and the terror any longer! Perhaps I am above being frightened; perhaps it is not fear,

but Reverence alone that shall now lead me! Revelations, Inspirations? Yes: and thy own god-created Soul; dost thou not call that a 'revelation?' Who made THEE? Where didst thou come from? The Voice of Eternity, if thou be not a blasphemer and poor asphyxiated mute, speaks with that tongue of thine! Thou art the latest Birth of Nature; it is 'the Inspiration of the Almighty' that giveth thee understanding! My brother, my brother!"—*Past and Present*, pp. 305-309.

The only conclusion fairly deducible from these passages—and the writings of Mr. Carlyle abound with such—seems to be, that the man who would realize his true destiny will do well to eschew everything recorded as distinctively Christian, in place of looking to that source for any special assistance. All that man needs to know concerning the nature and laws of the Infinite, every man who has a soul left in him may know from himself. External utterances can add nothing to his "inner light." "Rituals, liturgies, credos, Sinai thunders,"—these can add nothing to the revelation which every man *has* in what he himself *is*. By one "grown to be a man," such externalities can be of no value. Mr. Carlyle's belief, accordingly, never rises to the height of a mystical rationalism—it is a devout, we had almost said a methodistical sort of deism. The faith he so much extols is thus limited as to its object, and derives all its supposed worth from the moral courage and energy that may spring from it. We wish we could regard it as embracing any properly Christian element, but this, we presume, Mr. Carlyle himself does not expect from any man who has read with attention what he has written; and it is high time, we think, that all mystification on this material point should come to an end, and that the fact of the case should be stated in definite and honest speech.

II. What we say of the doctrine of Mr. Carlyle concerning Faith, we say of his doctrine concerning the *Veracities to be found in all Religions*—it is a truth, a weighty truth, but a truth pushed so far as to become the parent of error, and to cease to be itself a pure truth. The Faith which kindles the fires of the *auto-de-fé* may be *earnest*; and the Philosophy which ends in atheism may not be wanting in *catholicity*. Earnestness and catholicity have their worth, but the value of these qualities depends very much on their relations to others, and on the limits to which they are restricted in consequence of such relations. It is with our faculties and our virtues, as it is with our households,

they never do well under a *régime* of partialities and favoritisms.

We sympathize very largely, however, with Mr. Carlyle in his doctrine on this point. We go far with him in his kindly ingenuities as he labors to give a pleasant meaning to the wild mythology of our rude Northmen. True, the material is somewhat stubborn—hard to bend to his purpose—but he labors at it with a resoluteness worthy of some brave old sea-king. What, for example, could be less promising than the cosmogony of these our remote progenitors? The giant Ymer is slain—slain at last. The gods consult, and having Ymer's substance, consisting of warm wind, frost, fire, and other strange things at their service, they resolve to make a world out of this dead great one. His blood becomes the sea, his flesh the land, his bones the rocks, his skull the immense concave above us, and his brains the floating clouds! One Norse god is before us "brewing ale," that he may give fitting entertainment to another; while another—Thor by name—goes a journey into a far country to bring home a pot for the occasion, and, after many adventures, places the elegant utensil on his head, helmet fashion, and travels back with it, the handles thereof descending like donkey's ears down to his heels! In stories like these Mr. Carlyle can see "Untamed Thought, great, giantlike, enormous—to be tamed in due time into the compact greatness, not giantlike, but godlike, and stronger than gianthood, of the Shakespeares and Goethes." Taking the same friendly spirit of interpretation along with him everywhere, it of course follows that he finds "good in everything." Under a thousand disguises he can see religious thought and emotion struggling towards utterance—a philosophy of man, and a theology, too, reaching towards their birth-time and object. The mythology of Greece is accounted prettier than this of the Norsemen—not more noble. All the strange faiths that have covered the earth are only the reflex pictures of man's need as a being who must in some way be religious. There is a broad substratum of truth in human nature, and this truth mingles itself more or less with everything human. On this ground our author can sometimes bestow his good word on Christianity, sometimes on our Christian sects, not excepting the fantastic exhibitions made upon occasions by the said sects in Exeter Hall. "Men love not darkness, they do love light. A deep feeling of the eternal nature of Justice looks out among us everywhere—even through the dull eyes

of Exeter Hall. An unspeakable religiousness struggles in the most helpless manner to speak itself in Puseyisms and the like. Of our cant, all condemnable, how much is not condemnable without pity; we had almost said without respect! The inarticulate word and truth that is in England goes down yet to the foundations."—*Past and Present*, p. 396.

Christian theologians have themselves to thank for much of the extravagance observable in this respect in Mr. Carlyle and in many beside. Too often, our divines have seemed to forget, that the Bible and nature are from the same source. Because humanity, as now conditioned, includes much that the Bible must condemn, not a few have been too ready to assume that it can include nothing the Bible may approve. Sufficient care has not been always taken to cede to the moral nature of man the portion of worth which, according to the testimony of Revelation itself, is still reserved to it. Nor has a wise discrimination been always made between the true and false religions, disowning those elements only which have given to them their falseness. Judging from the manner in which some of our very orthodox preachers express themselves, we should suppose that they see no moral difference between the least depraved among the children of Adam and the most depraved—between Rush the murderer, and the most amiable of their own children, who does not happen to be a Christian. Of course the persons who, from negligent usage, or to give an imaginary cohesiveness to a theological system, indulge in expressions to this effect, do not really believe what they seem to teach. Their daily conversation and conduct in relation to the non-Christian members of their families and connexions, furnish abundant proof to the contrary. But great mischief comes from the technical affectation of seeming to believe after this manner. Mr. Carlyle's doctrine is a revolt against this grave error. Some men will assert that there can be good of no kind in human nature apart from Christianity; and the natural reaction against this error is in the assertion that all the good really attainable by man may be attained without the least help from Christianity. The one party will see no good in human nature that has not come to it from the Gospel, and the other will see no good in the Gospel that has not come to it from human nature. The extremes of some of our theologians in this form run sadly counter to the general language of the Bible, and to the

common sentiment of mankind, and give a perilous advantage to the philosophical assailant of Revelation. It is not always borne in mind by our religious teachers, that there is an ascertainable distinction between morality and piety; and that actions may be evangelically defective—defective as to their source and object—without ceasing to be moral. There is no surer mode of making Christianity repulsive, than to place it at issue with what is essential to our manhood and responsibility.

But, as we have said, an error does not cease to be such because you can trace it to its source. Some men have made idols of church-creeds. Seeing this, our philosopher says—Let us have no more to do with churches or with creeds. Not that he really so means. His meaning rather is, that literary or philosophical churches should take the place of existing churches, and that the old creeds should give place to a creed much narrower, simpler, and more flexible, making small appeal to the logic of the age, more to its intuitions, its conscience, its emotions. Here it is:—

"Nature's laws, I must repeat, are eternal: her small still voice, speaking from the inmost heart of us, shall not, under terrible penalties, be disregarded. No one man can depart from the truth without damage to himself; no one million of men, no twenty-seven millions of men. Show me a nation fallen everywhere into this course, so that each expects it, permits it to others and himself, I will show you a nation traveling with one assent on the broad way—the broad way, however many Banks of England, Cotton-Mills, and Duke's Palaces it may have! Not at happy Elysian fields, and everlasting crowns of victory, earned by silent valor, will this nation arrive; but at precipices, devouring gulfs, if it pause not. Nature has appointed happy fields, victorious laurel crowns; but only to the brave and true; *un-nature*, what we call chaos, holds nothing in it but vacuities, devouring gulfs. What are twenty-seven millions and their unanimity? Believe them not: the Worlds and the Ages, God and Nature, and all men, say otherwise.

"'Rhetoric all this?' No, my brother, very singular to say, it is fact all this. Cocker's Arithmetic is not truer. Forgotten in these days, it is as old as the foundations of the Universe, and will endure till the Universe cease. It is forgotten now; and the first mention of it puckers thy sweet countenance into a sneer; but it will be brought to mind again—unless, indeed, the Law of Gravitation chance to cease, and men find that they *can* walk on vacancy. Unanimity of the twenty-seven millions will do nothing: walk not thou with them; fly from them as for thy life. Twenty-seven millions traveling on such courses, with gold jingling in every pocket, with vivats

heaven high, are incessantly advancing, let me again remind thee, towards the *firm land's end*—towards the end and extinction of what Faithfulness, Veracity, real Worth, was in their way of life.”—*Past and Present*, pp. 193–4.

We find no fault with this creed. It errs not on the side of fault. It errs by defect. The world has had it from the beginning, and, we regret to say, has made but a sorry use of it. Our fear is, that the world may possess it much longer and show small sign of improvement. It is a “credo” that may suffice, in some instances, to mould philosophers into stoics, and the example of such men may have its value. But the herd of human kind have never shown themselves remarkably docile under such teaching. They have found within them other forces than those which prompt men to right-doing, and when disposed to listen to the evil counsel whispered to them from that quarter, they have been slow in submitting to dictation from without. If the “inner light” be to do all—then why not their own inner light before that of any other man, or of many other men? We can conceive of such a man, of multitudes of such men, as saying, even to the face of our author—“Who made thee a ruler or a judge over us?” So it has ever been under the reign of these natural “credos.” Those who interpret the law, it is said, are ever half the makers of it. So it is eminently when the law is loose, shadowy, and unwritten. From this cause, and some others, each man, in this church of the philosophers, has been left to become a law unto himself, which means, for the most part, being left to be wholly without law. That “Faithlessness, Unveracity, Worthlessness,” are profitless in the long run, yea, very costly, men have been told everywhere and through all time; with what effect the *real Past* has sufficiently reported to the Present. It avails not to emphaticize the assertion that “nature’s laws” are clear as the light, and fixed as “the law of gravitation,” for if so, our world must hitherto have been a Bedlam or a Pandemonium, or some strange mixture of both, for slow has it been to discern this clearness—this fixedness. And why the nature which has been so dull or so perverse under all such preaching through the past six thousand years, should become much more manageable by such means in the future, Mr. Carlyle may be able to explain; to ourselves, the ground of hope in that direction is not great. That the world should be able to rub on upon such a creed much as heretofore we can understand; but

that it should rise under such influence to the high estate so earnestly coveted for it by our author, that we do not understand. Indeed, if there be truth in the axiom, that where the causes are only the same, the effects can be only the same, we think it certain that our author’s millennium may come *after* doomsday, certainly not *before*.

Nor is this all. This “credo” is not only wanting in the clearness, fixedness, and imperativeness necessary to prevent the frequent putting of what is no law in the place of law, and the hope of impunity in the place of the fear of penalty, it leaves the non-working, and still more the evil-working, in this world of non-workers and evil-workers, in dreadful exigency. You may preach to men that they have only need to work—to work to-day and onward, and all will be well. But these same “Nature’s laws,” to which you make appeal, say not so. *Here*, in a thousand instances, my good deeds avail nothing towards compensating for my evil ones. The curse wedded to the evil comes, and naught can hinder it. Who has told *you* it will not be so *hereafter*? These laws, to which you look as polestars in your voyage thither, say not so—but the contrary, rather. And is it a trifle, O man! to leave a question like this unsolved? Can the “credo” be really worth much which declines all dealing with it? Look, moreover, to your own ideal of humanity, and to its actuality—to man, as he *should* be, according to the law of his faculties, and to man as he *is*, according to the forces of his condition, and can this credo of thine suffice for such a being, a credo which simply says—“Help thyself, O weak one! for by the Eternal laws it is decreed that help from a higher than thyself shall never come to thee.” We must say, that the commending of such a creed to such a nature, as being all that it needs, is to our own dread consciousness a sad mockery of human want and suffering. It is a faith which every man of a sound and deep moral consciousness must feel to be a very cold and shallow affair. It goes not down to the depths of our spiritual thralldom. It goes not up to the height of our true spiritual destiny. It calls men to energetic action, but for the motives which alone may sustain such action it finds no resting-place. It leaves the past an impenetrable mystery, the future an impenetrable mystery, and the present hour with a faith by no means adequate to the hour. The eternities are, the graves are, but they make no sign, they teach no lesson! Right, you say, will be done—done on man

as on all being; but what will that right be? Answer comes not! Nevertheless, this is the Gospel which our youth are expected to prefer to another we could name—and more strange still, this is the Gospel which not a few of them do actually prefer!

Thus our modern catholicity ends in something very like the old infidelity. Charity towards all creeds, goes far towards leaving us without any creed. "Nature's Laws," which some of our theologians will not read at all, are read by some of our philosophers in that spirit of Bibliolatry which they so much condemn elsewhere—viz., with a resolve that everything attainable or needed by man *shall* be found there. "If the books," said the Caliph Omar, "agree with the Koran, they may be burnt as useless; if they disagree with it, they should be burnt as irreligious." Many a divine, and many a philosopher, who would not be forward to plead the authority of Omar, may now be seen acting upon his maxim. To this effect is the language of many of our Bibliolaters whose chosen Bible is Nature, and of many more whose Bible has come to them from history. We should have been glad to find Mr. Carlyle in better company than with either of these parties. But in the revulsion of his scorn from the narrowness of certain school divines, he has dropped into a groove hardly less narrow as a philosopher. Hence the conflict, diversified at present by some novelties of taste and temper, is the same in its substance with that of the early part of the last century—Christianity *versus* Deism.

III. The sum of our statement, then, is, that what Mr. Carlyle says about Faith would be good, if said under wiser discrimination and restriction; and that the same holds of his Catholic doctrine in respect to Truth as having its place more or less along with all error. Not less thus is it with his teaching in relation to the attribute of *Mystery*. Here, too, he is both right and wrong. He shows us, in many ways, that the superficialities of modern literature, and the low mechanic spirit of modern science do not satisfy him. He must look beyond the surface of man to the man proper—beyond the machine to the hand which constructed it. Even of man's inner nature he would know more than can be seen by the understanding; and of the great Mechanist he would know more than can be learnt from the coarser elements of the machine which he has constructed and set a-going. Contrasted with play on the mere surface, and amidst the mere

laws of things, with which even the most busy and effective intellects of our time so largely content themselves, these earnest incursions into more spiritual regions of thought are truly refreshing and noble. In the presence of this great moral—and we should perhaps say religious reformer—not a few of the flippant and hollow conventionalisms of the times seem to drop at once into their natural insignificance. What existence really means, whence it came, what it should be?—on these questions, on which scarcely a thought is bestowed by the vulgar or dilettante crowd about him, his own thoughts are gravely fixed.

But after what manner has our author concerned himself with these serious questions, and with what effect? It is obvious that they are questions embracing the whole range both of philosophy and religion. We wish we could speak of the result as fully equal to the apparent intention. The following passage is somewhat long, but it presents the clearest view to be found in the writings of Mr. Carlyle of the philosophy which he has adopted from the schools of Germany.

"Now, without entering into the intricacies of German Philosophy, we need here only advert to the character of Idealism, on which it is everywhere founded, and which universally pervades it. In all German systems, since the time of Kant, it is the fundamental principle to deny the existence of Matter; or rather, we should say, to believe it in a radically different sense from that in which the Scotch Philosopher strives to demonstrate it, and the English Unphilosopher believes it without demonstration. To any of our readers, who has dipped never so slightly into metaphysical reading, this Idealism will be no inconceivable thing. Indeed, it is singular how widely diffused, and under what different aspects, we meet with it among the most dissimilar classes of mankind. Our Bishop Berkeley seems to have adopted it from religious inducements: Father Boscovich was led to a very cognate result, in his '*Theoria Philosophiæ Naturalis*,' from merely mathematical considerations. Of the ancient Pyrrho or the modern Hume we do not speak; but in the opposite end of the earth, as Sir W. Jones informs us, a similar theory, of immemorial age, prevails among the theologians of Hindostan. Nay, Professor Stewart has declared his opinion, that whoever at some time of his life has not entertained this theory, may reckon that he has yet shown no talent for metaphysical research. Neither is it any argument against the Idealist to say that, since he denies the absolute existence of matter, he ought in conscience likewise to deny its relative existence; and plunge over precipices, and run himself through with swords, by way of recreation, since these, like all other material things, are only phantasms and spectra, and therefore of no consequence. If a man, corporeally taken, is but a phantasm and spectrum himself,

all this will ultimately amount to much the same as it did before. Yet herein lies Dr. Reid's grand triumph over the Skeptics; which is as good as no triumph whatever. For as to the argument which he and his followers insist on, under all possible variety of figures, it amounts only to this very plain consideration, that 'men naturally, and without reasoning, *believe* in the existence of matter,' and seems, philosophically speaking, not to have any value; nay, the introduction of it into Philosophy may be considered as an act of suicide on the part of that science, the life and business of which, that of '*interpreting* appearances,' is hereby at an end. Curious it is, moreover, to observe how these Common-sense Philosophers, men who brag chiefly of their irrefragable logic, and keep watch and ward, as if this were their special trade, against 'Mysticism' and 'Visionary Theories,' are themselves obliged to base their whole system on Mysticism and a Theory; on Faith, in short, and that of a very comprehensive kind; the Faith, namely, either that man's senses are themselves divine, or that they afford not only an honest, but a *literal* representation of the workings of some Divinity. So true is it that for these men also, all knowledge of the visible rests on belief of the invisible, and derives its first meaning and certainty therefrom!

"The Idealist, again, boasts that his Philosophy is transcendental, that is, 'ascending *beyond* the senses;' which, he asserts, *all* Philosophy, properly so called, by its nature, is and must be: and in this way he is led to various unexpected conclusions. To a Transcendentalist, Matter has an existence, but only as a Phenomenon: were *we* not there, neither would it be there; it is a mere Relation, or rather the result of a Relation between our Living Souls and the great First Cause; and depends for its apparent qualities on *our* bodily and mental organs; having itself *no* intrinsic qualities, being, in the common sense of that word, Nothing. The tree is green and hard, not of its own natural virtue, but simply because my eye and my hand are fashioned so as to discern such and such appearances under such and such conditions. Nay, as an Idealist might say, even on the most popular grounds, *must* it not be so? Bring a sentient Being, with eyes a little different, with fingers ten times harder than mine; and to him that Thing which I call Tree shall be yellow and soft, as truly as to me it is green and hard. Form his Nervous-structure in all points the *reverse* of mine, and this same tree shall not be combustible, or heat-producing, but dissoluble and cold-producing, not high and convex, but deep and concave; shall simply have *all* properties exactly the reverse of those I attribute to it. There is, in fact, says Fichte, no tree there; but only a manifestation of Power from something which is *not* I. The same is true of material Nature at large, of the whole visible Universe, with all its movements, figures, accidents, and qualities; all are Impressions produced on *me* by something *different from me*. This, we suppose, may be the foundation of what Fichte means by his far-famed Ich and Nicht-Ich (I and not I); words which, taking lodging (to use the Hudibrastic phrase) in certain 'heads

that were to be let unfurnished,' occasioned a hollow echo, as of Laughter, from the empty Apartments; though the words are in themselves quite harmless, and may represent the basis of a metaphysical Philosophy as fitly as any other words. But farther, and what is still stranger than such Idealism, according to these Kantian systems, the organs of the Mind too, what is called the Understanding, are of no less arbitrary, and, as it were, accidental character than those of the Body. Time and Space themselves are not external, but internal entities; they have no outward existence, there is no Time and no Space *out* of the mind; they are mere *forms* of man's spiritual being, *laws* under which his thinking nature is constituted to act. This seems the hardest conclusion of all; but it is an important one with Kant; and is not given forth as a dogma; but carefully deduced in his *Critik der Reinen Vernunft* with great precision, and the strictest form of argument."—*Essays*, ii., p. 219-222.

If the reader has gone through this extract attentively, and it deserve thus much at his hand, he will have observed the large concessions here made to skepticism. Our senses give us no real knowledge of things. Our understandings give us no real knowledge of things. By the senses, we only know how things *appear*—appear to us. By the understanding, we only know what the *laws* are by which the understanding *must* act. So that from these sources we really *know* nothing. Everything is phantasm—in nothing is there certainty.

Nor is this all. It is not enough that the whole range of things with which our senses and our understanding bring us into contact should be thus surrendered to the skeptic, and be left as things simply in doubt, of which we may not utter yea or nay—the senses are declared to be positively deceptive, and the understanding not less so. The report which the senses give in relation to the appearances of things is not true. The report which the understanding gives, even in reference to such elementary conceptions as the existence of matter, and time, and space, is not true. Things are not, cannot be, as they appear to our senses. Objects are not, cannot be, as they do appear and must appear to our understanding.

Now it will not be denied that what is thus said concerning the senses is in part true. The qualities of bodies, as color, form, and substance, are *to us*, as determined by our particular powers of perception in relation to such qualities. But this admission, while conceding that we do not know things *in themselves*, leaves the trustworthiness of what we know of them in their *relation to us* un-

disturbed—we *do* know them as they *appear to us*, and in this knowledge we possess all that is needful for us, or designed for us. But the Idealist goes beyond this, and leaves not to the senses, or to the understanding, the power to give us certainty of any kind. "Time and space themselves are not external, but internal entities; they have no outward existence." Of course, as it is with time and space, so must it be with all that is supposed to have place in them. So far the issues of this philosophy are in skepticism—skepticism the most scientific and rigid. Our necessary ideas in relation to things in themselves are not true. Our necessary ideas in relation to things as they appear to us are not true. These things have *no* existence, except as the mind of the individual, from a necessity of its own nature, calls them into existence. Our existence, accordingly, consists in the perpetual construction of a Great Lie—in the ceaseless weaving of an Eternal Falsehood. The mind itself creates all externality, and all externality is a Phantasm, an Appearance, not a Reality.

Men who invoke the spirit of skepticism after this manner, need be men of some forecast. To raise the Evil One and to lay him again have not been always the same thing. But thus far, as Mr. Carlyle justly observes, Hume and Kant go together. "Here, however," says our author, "occurs the most total diametrical divergence between them. We allude to the recognition, by the Transcendentalists, of a higher faculty in man than understanding; of Reason (*Vernunft*), the pure, ultimate light of our nature; wherein, as they assert, lies the foundation of all Poetry, Virtue, Religion; things which are properly beyond the province of the Understanding, of which the Understanding *can* take no cognizance, except a false one."—*Ibid.* p. 223. According to the terminology of Kant, the Reason which comes thus to the rescue of the human spirit, should be described as the "Practical Reason;" of which Sir William Hamilton says, "it is not essentially different from the *Moral Sense*, the *Moral Faculty* of Reid and Stewart."—(*Hamilton's Reid*, p. 592.) Thus the battle, after all, with German Transcendentalists, as with other people, lies very much between the common sense—the intuitive beliefs of men, on the one side, and skepticism on the other—with this difference only, that the ground ceded to the Skeptic by the Idealist, is ground which cannot fail, in the great majority of instances, to give the former a prodigious advantage

over the latter. It being once taught that everything external is illusive, that even the laws of the human understanding are a cheat, it may well go hard with the man who shall attempt to prove that the natural "insight" or "intuition" of the mind may be trusted. Everything up to this point having proved treacherous, the presumption would seem to be, that here also treachery awaits us. Nature has played the man false so long, that we scarcely dare blame him if he should be found slow to believe her, even when she seems to speak the truth. To dogmatize never so gravely in defence of the moral element in man, as bespeaking his moral destiny, will avail little with multitudes who have been so deeply schooled in skepticism before coming to this topic. The mischief, gentlemen, is done. You have thrown open the gates, and should have laid your account with finding the inundation irresistible. Mr. Carlyle, in common with Bishop Berkeley, may regard the Deity as the great sustaining power of the universe, in place of that imaginary thing called matter, and may flatter himself, as the good bishop did before him, that in so doing he has struck down the black sceptre of atheism, with "all its sickly dew;" but such a doctrine, though certainly fatal to atheism, leads by a sequence no less certain to pantheism. This we should predict as its necessary tendency, apart from experience, and the recent history of Germany furnishes abundant confirmation of this judgment. Idealism and Pantheism have always gone together in the East; it remained to be seen that the same relation would be demonstrated as natural to them in the West. The God thus realized, is either the unjust god of Proudhon; or the god of Spinoza and Hegel, who ceases to be unjust only by ceasing to be free.

If, as Mr. Carlyle somewhere says, our youth spend too much time in "questions about Destiny," we fear this is not the philosophy to shorten their labors in that direction. In fact, we much suspect that our author not only lacks the power, but even the inclination to do much towards making the difficult plain in such connections. There is a fitful, restless, impatient tendency in him, that does not allow of his looking at any abstract subject continuously enough to penetrate it thoroughly and cohesively. Rather than that, he turns from it in disgust, or takes it as it is, the light and darkness being commingled as they may, trusting to the next plunge into it to give him a better insight into its nature. As we shall pres-

ently see, his mind is not only more intuitional than logical, but is so governed by the former faculty, as to leave small space indeed for the play of the latter. Hence that hazy love of mystery which prevents his associating the idea of greatness with anything altogether intelligible. It is not enough to say with Burke, that obscurity is one source of the sublime, our author knows nothing of sublimity without it. Could we, from the stores of our own dullness, pour forth some rays of light on Mr. Carlyle's dark questions, we doubt much his being found disposed to thank us for our doings; and could we bring certain portions of our enlightened public over to the admiration of certain fancies of our author, in which the said public at present see no sort of beauty, we think it probable he would begin to regard such admiration, in this change of circumstances, as a very doubtful indication of wisdom. Certain it is, that in many an instance he seems to prefer the darkness to the light, and never gives vent to his sarcastic rhetoric with more merciless effect than when directed against the men who, from grinding hard at their logic-mill, are disposed to think themselves "very knowing."

"In a lower sense," he writes, "the rudest mind has still some intimation of the greatness of Mystery. If Silence was made a God by the Ancients, he still continues a government clerk among the Moderns. As nothing that is wholly seen through has other than a trivial character, so anything professing to be great, and yet wholly to see through itself, is already known to be false, and a failure. Whatsoever can proclaim itself from the house-tops may be fit for the hawker, and for those multitudes that must needs buy of him; but for any deeper sense may as well continue unproclaimed."—*Essays*, iii. p. 294.

This is not exactly the style of writing to be expected from one who must know that the last thing to be feared in a condition like ours, is the absence of the mysterious. Every man who puts knowledge into the place of ignorance, puts something into the place of mystery. For ourselves, we greatly prefer the knowledge which speaks, to the mystery that speaks not, or whose supposed speaking proves too often to be a misinterpretation and a falsehood. There is "something rotten in the state of Denmark," when ignorance is bepraised as though it might be the mother of devotion, or of any other good thing on God's earth; and we cannot avoid the impression that the secret of Mr. Carlyle's philippics against the "doubtings,"

the "introspections," and the "questionings," by which the forces of modern mind are said to be so much consumed, and to no purpose, will be found in an unavowed conviction that, for the benefit of minds in that mood, he has himself very little to offer. His recipe for all evils goes within a small compass—it is to believe, and to work, and to be assured that this must end well. If you ask *what* you should believe, the answer is—what man believes. If you ask what man believes, the answer is—what you believe. Nor do you get anything much more definite than this, interrogate as you may. All beyond is mystery—impenetrable, irremovable mystery. The terms, God, Truth, Faithfulness, Nobleness, often occur, but a singular vagueness rests upon their meaning, and beyond the undefined gleams of light towards which these terms point, all is darkness, a darkness to be felt. Often does he assert that his great, if not his only hope of the world, is in the imperishable tendency of men towards hero-worship. For knowledge in relation to the future, they must be content to wait. For any solution of the mysteries of the present, they will labor in vain. But the excellence of human virtue they may comprehend, and to live to that is—to live. Mr. Carlyle may bear with this dimness of knowledge—this depth of mystery—as something poetical and grand; to ourselves, it would be all but unendurable.

IV. But, as we have intimated, Mr. Carlyle has his theory on the capacities of the human mind in relation to such subjects, and one which disposes him to attach great importance to the mind's supposed *Insight* or *Intuition*, and very little importance to its supposed logical power. He has seen that a man may be very logical without being very wise; and that the articles of a man's creed may be defined to the utmost possible nicety, while the influence of that creed upon his life may not be very perceptible. That this is not a state of things to admire, all men will admit; but in place of being observant of the limits to which this evil is restricted, and endeavoring to bring the faith and feeling of men into better keeping, Mr. Carlyle breaks off into declamations like the following, on the uselessness of Logic, and the impotence of the human Understanding:—

"The healthy understanding, we should say, is not the Logical, argumentative, but the In-

tuitive; for the end of Understanding is not to prove, and find reasons, but to know and believe. Of logic, and its limits, and uses and abuses, there were much to be said and examined; one fact, however, which chiefly concerns us here, has long been familiar; that the man of logic and the man of insight, the Reasoner and the Discoverer, or even Knower, are quite separable,—indeed, for the most part, quite separate characters. In practical matters, for example, has it not become almost proverbial that the man of logic cannot prosper? This is he whom business people call Systematic, and Theorizer, and Word-monger; his *vital* intellectual force lies dormant or extinct, his whole force is mechanical, conscious; of such a one it is foreseen that, when once confronted with the infinite complexities of the real world, his little compact theorem of the world will be found wanting; that unless he can throw it overboard, and become a new creature, he will necessarily founder. Nay, in mere Speculation itself, the most ineffectual of all characters, generally speaking, is your dialectic man-at-arms; were he armed *cap-a-pie* in syllogistic mail of proof, and perfect master of logic-fence, how little does it avail him! Consider the old Schoolmen, and their pilgrimage towards Truth: the faithfullest endeavor, incessant, unwearied motion, often great natural vigor, only no progress; nothing but antic feats of one limb poised against the other; there they balanced, somerseted, and made postures; at best gyrated swiftly, with some pleasure, like Spinning Dervishes, and ended where they began. So is it, so will it always be, with all System-makers and builders of logical card-castles; of which class a certain remnant must, in every age, as they do in our own, survive and build."—*Essays*, iii. 280.

In reply to all this, it will be at once admitted that logic is a mere implement—the mere tool by which a man works. It will be admitted, also, that the use of this implement belongs mainly to one faculty of the mind, and that the man who is a man of one faculty will be sure to be a man of small achievement. But it does not follow because the mere logician is likely to be somewhat of a pedant, that the man who is a logician and something more, will so be. No, nor does it follow because men of genius often reason logically without the smallest aid from the technical forms of logic, that logic itself is not a science, and one admitting of being reduced to form with great advantage, in common with all other sciences. But the course generally pursued by the school of polemics with which Mr. Carlyle must be classed is, to confound logic, as a mere implement, with the logical faculty; and to describe that faculty itself as aiming at achievements admitted to be beyond its province; and this done, the passers-by are called upon to join

in a loud laugh at the overthrow of the paper constructions with which logicians can allow themselves to be beguiled. But, in fact, to laugh at the logical doings of the understanding, because they are defective if taken alone, is about as rational as that Mr. Carlyle should call upon the good people at Chelsea to laugh at his one leg, because it does not enable him to walk without assistance from the other. All the merriment of the above extract resolves itself into a fit of mirth over a supposition so truly ridiculous as that the action of the mind to be healthy and complete must embrace the exercise of more than a single faculty! The logical faculty is one, the intuitive faculty is another, and no man ever realized a sound mental progress without the joint aid of both. The natural issue of the logical faculty, *without* the aid of the intuitional, is *skepticism*; the natural issue of the intuitional faculty, *without* the aid of the logical, is *mysticism*.

It is true, the intuitional faculty can see further than the logical, but it is only by getting upon its shoulders. Insight, without help from the understanding, would be like physical sight without memory—it would be left to act upon blank ignorance, and could produce no effect beyond the glare of a vacant wonder. In fact, it is the understanding—in other words, experience, that gives sight to intuition, and which, if the man is not to become a dreamy maniac, must do much, even to the last, towards regulating its exercise. We are quite aware that some of the loftiest achievements of genius and religion have been realized as by a glance, or in a manner which has left the mind wholly unconscious at the time as to any act of reasoning. In this manner, the intellect of a Cromwell and a Napoleon, of a Shakspeare and a Burns, often performed their operations. Still the thing done was the doing of the intellect—and was done for a reason. The action of the understanding in such cases, dull as that power is supposed to be, may have been subtle and instantaneous as the lightning; and not a whit the less real because there was no reflex act of the mind present at the moment to take cognizance of it. We know that in expressing himself as he has done on this subject, Mr. Carlyle may plead the authority of Jacobi, Schelling, Schleiermacher, and many more; but we have long ceased to think that everything which happens to come to us clothed in German text must be full of the wise and wonderful.

The effect of long converse with German

writers, on a mind too much disposed of itself towards a certain tone of mysticism, has been to give a considerable tincture of this sort to Mr. Carlyle's speculations. Not that he is of the soft, passive, almost helpless temperament to which mysticism is so congenial. On the contrary, there is a self-sustained bravery—an "up and at 'em" spirit in him, which, at first sight, looks like anything rather than the stuff from which you might hope to form a good mystic. But this very energy, this passion to be doing, is itself little favorable to patience of thought, and when allied with an active imagination, may often end in something not remarkable for its wisdom. It is a fact, accordingly, that the most ardent natures, even when possessed of the loftiest intellect, have not unfrequently taken with them remnants of prejudices, superstitions, mysticisms, hardly to be looked for in such fellowship. The culture of men of great force has been often thus unequal, and the strength which makes them what they are, acts, in such cases, as a light to render the weakness that still lingers in them only the more conspicuous. The invective and sarcasm so often directed by Mr. Carlyle against logic and logicians, do much to betray, to all men of sense, the weak side of his own genius. Every man of this sort, on reading such a passage as we have last quoted, will be ready to say—"This is all amusing enough, but be sure of it, my good friend, a little more of the breadth and compactness which the logician so much values, would be to yourself a very profitable acquisition." The same inference is deducible from the cloudy and rambling style in which our author throws off his thoughts. Clearness and relativeness of ideas the mystic covets not. The more his thoughts resemble wandering stars—beautiful, but dim and relationless—the better. It belongs equally to oracles and to mystics to express themselves in sententious terms, with a meaning carefully loose, and often in a manner to leave the question more in darkness than they found it. We must leave our readers to say if this be not very much the character of Mr. Carlyle's writings, especially in relation to those more profound matters of speculation, towards which, by the bent of his genius, he is so much disposed. Even his metaphysics are pictures, but they are all of the *Salvator Rosa* school, wild and dark, everywhere more suggestive than complete.

Mystics, indeed, have been, in some rare instances, mathematicians and logicians; but they have known how to restrict these

sciences to a particular class of objects, and have always bidden them tarry below, when they have felt disposed to ascend into the clouds in search of their elysium. In the manner of Mr. Carlyle, they have allied the logical and mathematical to the understanding, and to insight they have given a world of its own. The two faculties are treated as having nothing in common, and the two worlds to which they respectively have reference are viewed as the diverse of each other. This partition once admitted, it is easy to conceive how something of a *La Place* and a *Swedenborg*, of a *Newton* and a *Jacob Böehme*, may be united in the same person. In the case of Mr. Carlyle, however, there is little need of this partition. The two provinces do not so exist in him as to make it indispensable. So strong in his leaning to the side of what may be done by insight in all the higher regions of thought, that he does not, *will* not reason, in any continuous manner, in relation to matters of any kind. It is hardly too much to say of him, that what he may not do by a few rapid touches, he is content to leave undone—that what he may not know by simply gazing at it, he is content to be without knowing. In such habits we recognize some of the most characteristic elements of mysticism. It is of the nature of mysticism that its inward tendencies should be to it as a revelation, and that its truth, derived even from that source, should be something suggested by the feeling and imagination, more than something wrought out by the understanding. We say not that Mr. Carlyle does not think—does not fix his thoughts steadily on particular truths, or particular aspects of character. Our statement is, that his meditateness is converged on points; that these points, from being viewed in isolation, often swell into undue proportions, and come up before you too much in the phantasmagoria style, as artificial lights amidst a wide surrounding darkness. Nothing, we conceive, could be a sorer trial to his patience than an argument on a moral subject, that should be at once formal, consecutive, and of wide compass, whatever might be its excellence. Hard would it be to persuade him that the same point might not be reached by a route not a tenth part so long or so laborious; yea, hard would it be to prevent his thinking that there must be something sinister in a mode of approach so fox-like in its caution.

V. If our readers have been in agreement with us thus far in our estimate of Mr. Car-

lyle's writings, they will be prepared for our next statement in relation to them—viz., that viewed in reference to instruction, the knowledge conveyed by them does not often rise above the level of *Half-truths*.

Of this fact, illustration has been furnished by each of the topics that have passed under our review. That faith should be described as of such moment, and that so much should be said tending to show that the nature of the things believed is of little significance; that the truth in all religions should be so well appreciated, but in such a manner as to leave scarcely anything of special value to any one religion; that a disposition to meditate on the deeper questions of being should be so far indicated, but in such mode as to end in a sort of worship of the obscure and mysterious; and that seeing the logical faculty in man cannot do everything, it should be henceforth derided as a presumptuous pedant who can do nothing—all these are instances of the tendency in the mind of our author to push particular aspects of truth to an extreme, so as not only to give a part of the truth merely in place of the whole, but to present that part considerably distorted. As this peculiarity in the thinking of Mr. Carlyle is one deeply affecting his pretensions as a "teacher" of his generation, it will be proper to glance at a few further instances. One of his often-repeated lamentations is, as we have in part seen, to the effect of the old saying, "The former times were better than these." Take the following as a specimen:—

"Truly it may be said the Divinity has withdrawn from the earth; or veils himself in that wide-wasting whirlwind of a departing era, wherein the fewest can discern his goings. Not Godhead, but an iron, ignoble circle of necessity embraces all things; binds the youth of these times into a sluggish thrall, or else exasperates him into a rebel. Heroic action is paralyzed; for what worth now remains unquestionable with him? At the fervid period, when his whole nature cries aloud for action, there is nothing sacred under whose banner he can act; the course, and kind, and conditions of free action are all but undiscoverable. Doubt storms in on him through every avenue; inquiries of the deepest, painfulest sort must be engaged with; and the invincible energy of young years waste itself in skeptical, suicidal cavilings; in passionate 'questionings on destiny,' whereto no answer will be returned."—*Essays*, iii. 310.

To this effect is the language of our author nearly everywhere, when comparison is to be made between "past and present." His

grief is, that "heroic action is paralyzed—nothing remains unquestionable—the godlike has vanished from the earth!" But is it true that the godlike was really a very conspicuous thing in those bygone times? Did they, indeed, set such pattern in civil affairs as the moderns would do well to follow?—such pattern in religion? It must be confessed that in those days the presence of the rough—and, we suppose we must say, the strong hand, was more visible than now. Men were hung, emboweled, and quartered in a style to which our deteriorated nerves are little accustomed. Scarcely a market-cross was there, in an obscure town, that could not boast of the times it had been adorned with traitor-limbs. Our prisons, too, in those truly earnest ages, bore a much nearer resemblance to the home of the infernals naturally awaiting all culprits, than anything that could find tolerance amidst the mawkish sentimentalisms of these degenerate days. The things, moreover, as said or done, which might give a man the chance of being thus provided for by the public liberality, were felicitously numerous; while the evidence which sufficed to secure conviction was the most convenient imaginable to that end. It is true the people who died of pestilence, from filth, discomfort, and bad ventilation, were as twenty to one compared with the surplusage of that sort so dispensed with at present; but then, the comfort was, men were not bored with the endless quackeries familiar to us under the name of Factory bills, Poor-law bills, Health-of-towns bills, Aldermanic soup-kitchens, and Charity-mongering of all sorts.

Then, as to the mental condition of those times, when nobles signed with the cross, and when clerks only could read their mother tongue, who can doubt the intelligence—the fine feeling which must then have pervaded the body politic? In respect to religion, the blessedness is said to be—"There is no Methodism; Religion is not yet a horrible wrestling Doubt; still less a far horribler composed Cant, but a great, heaven-high Unquestionability."—*Past and Present*, p. 90. Yes, good reader, mark that! no Cant—nothing of that in all those "cantos," "cantings," or "chauntings," as the word now is, which were then so much like the beginning and the end of everything religious. No "Doubt" either, religion a great "Unquestionability!" Happy times, when to be great in the virtue of believing was not to believe in the face of doubt, but because to do other than believe was not

possible! Fortunate era, when religion came to men, not as a something to be studied, thought out, and to be believed for a reason, but as a smooth, pudding-faced "unquestionability," and when it rose thereby to the palmy state that may be fittingly described as godlike! Envidable times, moreover, must they have been, when men who themselves believed at such small cost, could send the man or woman showing signs of inability to do likewise, to the dungeon, the rack—burning the flesh of the doubter, and sending the horrors of many deaths through the heart of all his kindred!

But in sober seriousness this is too bad, and Mr. Carlyle should know that if there were nothing beside to prevent the great majority of men of matured thinking in this country from placing more than a very limited confidence in his judgment, his ill-founded declamation on this topic would be enough to force such distrust upon them. We wish to look to the past with all the worshipful feeling it may claim from us, but whether looking to past or present, we are concerned to do so with discrimination and fairness. Burke's "Vindication of Natural Society" did well enough as a joke, but that Mr. Carlyle should attempt something so much like it as no joke at all, is a little astounding.

How to account for it in the case of such a man we know not, unless it be that the understanding, that it may avenge itself upon him for the many sad libels he has cast upon that faculty, does sometimes leave him to do his best wholly without its assistance. That there are certain capabilities of our nature which have been otherwise, and it may be more forcibly directed, among our rude progenitors than among ourselves, no man will deny—it being strictly natural that your North American Indian should evince a sharpness of perception in some respects which you will seek in vain among the dwellers in Threadneedle street. But it has been left to Mr. Carlyle to seem to say that, for this reason, it would be well to see the banks of the Thames again overshadowed with their primeval forests; and that to free the country from the cockneyism of Epsom on the Derby-day, it would be good to reduce it once more to the dominion of such naked sentimentalists as were addressed by Queen Boadicea. It is a truth that our civilization is far from what it should be, but it is not true that the civilization of the present is, in reality, a deterioration from the rudeness of the past.

We are aware that passages might be extracted from Mr. Carlyle's works of a showing somewhat different from the passage just cited. But our answer is, that if such more rational statements are to be taken as meaning what they seem to mean, then some nine-tenths of what the author has written on the same subject should never have been written. In the great majority of cases, when such comparative references to the past are made, the only reasonable inference is, that Mr. Carlyle regards the civilization of the present as being *in the main* a lamentable deterioration from the general state of things in remote times. That our civilization is not all that it should be, is *half* the truth on this question; but that the barbarism of the past is something better is *not* the other half—it is an error.

Similar is the tone of onesidedness and exaggeration of our author in reference to another favorite topic—the mission of the "Worker." On this theme his utterances, up to a certain point, are most truthful, healthy, breathing the soul of manhood. He is no admirer of the "greatest happiness" principle; he would substitute for it the greatest "doing" principle. He believes in the happiness of the doer, not at all in the happiness of the non-doer. Men he regards as sent into the world to devise schemes of labor, and by every true laborer happiness is left to come in the wake of labor or not, as the case may be.

"Work is Religion, and whatsoever Religion is not Work may go and dwell among the Brahmins, Antinomians, Spinning Dervishes, or where it will; with me it shall have no harbor. Older than all preached Gospels was this unpreached, inarticulate, but ineradicable, forever enduring, Gospel: Work, and therein have well-being. All true work is sacred; in all true work, were it but true hand-labor, there is something of divineness. Labor, wide as the earth, has its summit in heaven. Sweat of the brow, and up from that to the sweat of brain, sweat of the heart; which includes all Kepler calculations, Newton meditations, all Sciences, all spoken Epics, all acted Heroisms, Martyrdoms—up to that 'Agony of bloody sweat,' which all men have called divine. O brother, if this is not 'worship,' then I say the more pity for worship; for this is the noblest thing yet discovered under God's sky."—*Past and Present*, pp. 271, 272.

Work, then, is both worship and well-being. True—unquestionably true, certain other things being understood. But it will be seen that it is not enough that our author should thus stoutly rebuke the people, who trust more to the articles they have believed,

or to the prayers they have repeated, than to the works they have done. It does not satisfy him that a man's work should be declared to be good, or even a great good, it must be the only good. To place it abreast with the direct acts of worship will not suffice—it must supplant such worship—it must be all that such worship can be only in semblance. "Work, never so Mammonish, mean," is described as the great purifier of humanity, as having a "divineness in it;" while worship in the ordinary and formal sense drops wholly out of sight, as possessing nothing beyond a fictitious value. The more heroic, the more godlike men are in their labors, the better; but the fair conclusion from the general language of our author on this subject is, that the man whose course has never risen above that of honest industry, has therein lived the life of a true worshiper, and that from the review of such a life he may look with confidence to that which is to follow. Thus, from being in danger of supposing ourselves religious in proportion to the number of beads we have counted, we come to be in danger of supposing ourselves religious in proportion to the pelf we have realized. That religious formalism may cease to be mischievous, a worldly formalism is so belauded, that in effect the counting-house comes into the place of the church-pew, the ledger into the place of the Bible; it being clear that these, in common with the plough and the loom, must have a "divineness" in them. In language conducting us to such results, every dispassionate man must see a spirit of exaggeration, bespeaking great confusion of thought, and tending strongly to beget such confusion. That all the lawful work of man is a kind of worship, is a truth never denied; but that many actions not usually comprehended under that term are also worship, is no less a truth; and by restricting the meaning of the term worship, as he has done, Mr. Carlyle has again given us half a truth in the place of the whole truth. Nor is the error here one of mere negation. As usual, it leads to mischiefs sufficiently positive. For one of its effects is, that men are virtually taught to think that the only preparation really necessary to fit them for the next world, is that they should have acquitted themselves with a fair degree of honesty and industry in the labor or traffic of the present. Whatever Mr. Carlyle may intend by his discouragements on this subject, it is within our own knowledge that this is the interpretation put upon his teaching by not a few of his disci-

ples. The heaven they expect—certainly the only heaven for which they make any preparation, is one in which all reputable people, accustomed to the earnest and thrifty occupations of the present life, will be sure to find congenial occupation. In vain does he rail at mere mammonism so long as scorn like the following is put on the self-knowledge and self-culture, which can alone lead to a higher worship:—

"The latest Gospel in this world is, Know thy work and do it, 'Know thyself;' long enough has that poor 'self' of thine tormented thee; thou wilt never get to 'know' it, I believe! *Think it not thy business, this of knowing thyself;* thou art an unknowable individual: know what thou canst work at; and work at it, like a Hercules! That will be thy better part."—*Past and Present*, p. 264.

We could multiply illustrations of this tendency very largely, did our limits permit. The work at the head of this article, entitled "Chartism," for example, would furnish rich material for this purpose. We can imagine Mr. Carlyle as dealing with such a book, so as to furnish from the resources of his sarcasm no little merriment to a large class of his admirers, by contrasting the promise of such a publication with the performance. In the course of this argument, the reader finds that here, as elsewhere, he

"—never is, but always to be blest."

Everybody in turn is censured as not understanding this subject, and as not dealing with it aright; while from the author himself, nothing comes beyond the slightest hints and vestiges of thought in relation to it, leaving the main facts in the vast and complex problem as far from solution as ever. Everywhere you see him sorely tried by the stupidity of the people about him, by the stupidity of parliamentary people among the rest; and everywhere you see him as if conscious that he is himself well supplied with the sort of wisdom which these dullards so greatly need, but somehow his wisdom is slow in getting utterance, and you reach the end of the book without discovering it. To the most urgent demand made upon him by the "practical man," who at length entreates him to descend from the clouds, and to deign to be intelligible, his answer is—Tell your parliament folk to send the people you cannot employ as emigrants where they may find employment; and tell them to see to it that the rest learn reading, writing, and summing! Some fresh sunny bits of truth, and

some good artistic sketches may be found even in this treatise ; but had a book of the same substance, purporting to be an exposition of Chartism, proceeded from another man, we think we know the kind of designation our author would have given it.

On the whole, from this peculiarity in the manner of Mr. Carlyle, he is by no means a safe author to put into the hands of young men who do not bring some power of independent thinking to what they read. His half-truths, and his truths exaggerated so as to become untruths, are thrust upon you so capriciously, that the uninitiated, and such as consult him only by snatches, are in danger of carrying away some new crudity at every new reading.

VI. The *Politics* of Mr. Carlyle are somewhat peculiar. In fact, they are no politics at all ; they consist only of the raw material from which politics are made. Judging from the language in which "the powers that be" are commonly described by him, you would class him with the most ferocious of Radicals. That such a man should write a book about Chartism, will appear to you as one of the most natural things in the world. In reality, however, there is hardly a man in the three kingdoms at a further remove from Chartism, Radicalism, or any thing of that sort, than our brave author. In his view, "the five points" would be no remedy, but an implement of destruction—of destruction to the hands that should wield them. The need of this multitude is, that they should be well governed by their betters, not that they should be allowed to try their "prentice hand" at the work of governing themselves. Of the competency of the multitude anywhere to such a work, Mr. Carlyle has the meanest possible opinion. On the contrary, in the virtues of aristocratic and monarchical authority, he believes with a firmness not second to that of Burke or Pitt, of Eldon or Lyndhurst. Before an aristocracy of iron, or before a despotism wrought up from material still more irresistible, he would, upon occasion, bow down and worship, saying, Thou, too, art from Heaven ! The good for which he calls, and for which his calls are earnest and unceasing, is good government. Whether this government shall come from the individual, the few, or the many, is a mere circumstance ; his concern is that it should come—come in such power as to compel the fools to obey the wise, the bad to stand in awe of the good. His wrath against kings is not that each of

them is the first man in his dominions, but that he is this by institution and accident, not by certain essentials of manhood lifting him thus high above his fellows. So of nobles ; by all means let there be nobles, but let them be natural nobles, not beings to whom artificial usage may give the mere clothing of nobility. Have the reality, brethren, is the entreaty of our author, not some piece of law-made imbecility or knavery thrust into its room. He has no quarrel with leadership, when it happens to fall to such men as King Alfred or Senator Hampden. His only fear about men of this order is, lest they should not impress their own will sufficiently on the subject wills about them. He is for a government everywhere by heroic qualities, as far as may be by heroes. He demands obedience to such rule in the spirit of an Eastern despot, and in the spirit of such a despot would he sweep away the base and refuse herd that should dare to rebel against it. A purely democratic government he regards as the impossible in politics ; or as that which, if possible, would be, not as some wise people think, a paradise restored, so much as pandemonium made visible. Of all follies in this shape, the idea of the government of the many by the many he accounts the most unsocial, the most irreligious, the most like Bedlam. This is a somewhat curious creed to be broached in this England of ours, in the year of grace 1849.

"The notion that a man's liberty consists in giving his vote at election-hustings, and saying, 'Behold now, I, too, have my twenty-thousandth part of a Talker in our National Palaver ; will not all the gods be good to me ?' is one of the pleasantest ! Nature, nevertheless, is kind at present, and puts it into the heads of many, almost of all. The liberty, especially, which has to purchase itself by social isolation, and each man standing separate from the other, having 'no business with him' but a cash account, this is such a liberty as the Earth seldom saw ;—as the Earth will not long put up with, recommend it how you may. This liberty turns out, before it have long continued in action, with all men flinging up their caps round it, to be, for the Working Millions, a liberty to die by want of food ; for the Idle Thousands and Units, alas, a still more fatal liberty to live in want of work ; to have no earnest duty to do in this God's-World any more. What becomes of a man in such a predicament ? Earth's Laws are silent ; and Heaven's speak in a voice which is not heard. No work, and the ineradicable need of work, give rise to new, very wondrous life-philosophies, new, very wondrous life-practices ! Democracy, the chase of Liberty in that direction, shall go its full

course; unrestrainable by him of Pferdefuss-Quacksalber, or any of his household. The Toiling Millions of Mankind, in most vital need and passionate instinctive desire of Guidance, shall cast away False-Guidance; and hope, for an hour, that No-Guidance will suffice them: but it can be for an hour only. The smallest item of human Slavery is the oppression of man by his Mock-Superiors; the palpablest, but I say at bottom, the smallest. Let him shake off such oppression, trample it indignantly under his feet; I blame him not, I pity and commend him. But oppression by your Mock-Superiors well shaken off, the grand problem yet remains to solve: That of finding government by your Real-Superiors! Alas, how shall we ever learn the solution of that, benighted, bewildered, sniffing, sneering, God-forgetting unfortunates as we are? It is a work for centuries; to be taught us by tribulations, confusions, insurrections, obstructions; who knows if not by conflagration and despair! It is a lesson inclusive of all other lessons; the hardest of all lessons to learn."—*Past and Present*, pp. 293-295.

We know not what some of our ultra friends, in things civil and ecclesiastical, will say to this. To distrust, depreciate, and check the impulsive spirit of the age after this manner! To doubt—to dare to doubt the competency of the people to put Realities into the place of the Mockeries which now befool and oppress them! Of course every unit in every great community must see that in such sneers he is himself sniffed at, and will feel like the old prophet, that he "doth well to be angry." We ourselves, non-democratic as we are sometimes thought to be, share in some degree in this virtuous indignation. For, strange to say, our own views are much more radical than those of Mr. Carlyle. There is much truth in his sayings, of which some awkward illustrations have come up on the Continent during the last twelve months, but it is truth in profile, not truth fronting us with its own full aspect. We protest, once for all, against this idolatry of great men, and against this handing over the world as a perpetual heirloom to such men. We hold it to be the great duty of every true friend of his species to diminish the power of great men as far as possible, by endeavoring to diffuse as much greatness as may be through society at large. Let the power of government be restricted to an individual, or to a few, in the body politic, and in that degree you restrict the life proper to the said body to parts of the system, in place of giving it healthy diffusion through the whole. There is a sickness at the core of this hero-worship. It is just the opposite of the good old proverb,

"The man's best helped who helps himself." Its tendency is to perpetuate in humanity generally a feeling of dependence, helplessness, and despair. It dooms the multitude to passiveness, it gives warrant to the few above them in lording it over them. Some of our eloquent advocates of democracy, who make their own use of Mr. Carlyle's invectives against the "sham" aristocracies of the past and present times, would perhaps find the new order of aristocrats, for which our author pleads, quite as little to their mind, were these self-willed gentry to make their appearance among us in great numbers. It is a little alarming, too, that Mr. Carlyle should be found so ingenious in giving a plausible aspect to the "tyrant's plea" in favor of the autocratic doings of his heroes. It would be easy to show that his casuistry in such cases becomes dangerously flexible. Be sure of it, our good democratic friends, Mr. Carlyle is not with you. The only thing you may expect from his hands is a change of masters.

VII. With regard to Mr. Carlyle's *Style*, no man can pretend that it is either original or natural. Nevertheless, in his hands, it is not without its attractions, and to some of the peculiarities of his genius it is very convenient.

Hume has somewhere said, that when any language has been well worked, so that the finished use of it becomes an easy attainment, it is to be expected that some men will break away from the received standard, and will aim to arrest attention by extravagance and oddity. That the style of Mr. Carlyle is a reaction somewhat of this nature is obvious, but it is a reaction not wholly without reason. In common with John Foster, it belongs not to the cast of his intellect to be taken with the platitudes which, during the last century, and even later, have been so often set forth in high-sounding Ciceronian rhetoric. The fastidiousness of this class of writers, about the nice selection of words, and the artificial structure of sentences, ending, for the most part, in a mouthy nothingness, could not fail greatly to offend the more masculine sense of such men. Better, in their view, almost anything, than the everlasting round of these mawkish euphonies. With this feeling we can sympathize. So we presume felt Edmund Burke and Junius, Sydney Smith and Hazlitt; and so we presume feels Mr. Macaulay, and more we could name. With these writers, language is not an affair of music, but of mean-

ing; not an adjustment of sounds, but an instrument for the clear, keen, and forcible conveyance of thought. They retain much of the smoothness of their predecessors, but it is with a point and vigor of their own. Every sentence they utter is transparent, but at the same time seems to strike and ring as it passes you. This does not content Mr. Carlyle. In aiming to avoid the pompous mannerism of the moderns, he has fallen back upon the quaint mannerism of his predecessors. His alternative seems to lie between a smooth weakness or a rugged strength. The middle ground, which so many gifted men among his contemporaries have chosen, is not to his mind. Hooker is much more to his taste than Burke, Thomas Brown than Babington Macaulay. That he is wrong in this decision is a point on which we have no doubt. The principles of taste, or, we would rather say, the laws of language in composition, are not so indeterminate as our author appears to assume. On this subject, the decisions practically given by the most cultivated mind, in the most favored periods of history, should count for something. These decisions should have sufficed to suggest, that it would be possible to give a graphic force to our modern English without attempting to resuscitate the half-formed English of two centuries since for that purpose. It betrays weakness, and not strength, thus to borrow from the past when we should be giving to the present. With less eccentricity in this shape, Mr. Carlyle's writings would have found more readers among his contemporaries, and would have stood a better chance of being read by posterity. His gains from the grotesque oddness in which he indulges, have to be put over against his losses. The same effort to be natural, would have yielded him much more than the same return.

We are far, however, from meaning to say that this terse, antique style is without its charm. When not so overcharged with affectations and uncouthness as to become absurd, and, except in the pages of Mr. Carlyle, unprecedented, there is in it a force and beauty which we feel to be genuine. In our old writers it harmonizes well with the grave and elaborate architecture, furniture, and costume we are wont to associate with the men and women of England some two or three centuries since. As spoken and written in those days, this fine old speech of ours is often laden with thought, deep in pathos, and rich in humor. Nothing could exceed the condensation, the precision, and

the picturesqueness of which our language was shown to be susceptible by some of our best writers in the days of Elizabeth and James the First. The tongue which gave such full and flexible conveyance to the fine conceptions of Ascham and Hooker, Spenser and Shakspeare, is not itself at fault if readers ever sleep under it. It is manifest to us that Mr. Carlyle, with all his faults, shares in no mean degree in the genius of such men; and it is only when even such obsolete forms of utterance are not remote and strange enough to satisfy his passion for the unconventional, or more properly—to use a term of his own sort—*unmodern*, that he ever ceases to be interesting. So far as regards the topic in hand, you may feel at every step that little steady light is likely to be thrown upon it, and that to almost every second statement you have modification to propose, or exception to take; but with all this sense of failure in respect to what is, or should be, the main object of the writer, you come upon separate thoughts deserving note, or old thoughts presented with new vividness—upon touches of feeling, sallies of imagination, a play of humor, and a power of painting both scenes and characters, which beguile you from page to page with an interest that rarely falters.

Take the following sketch of some of our Milesian visitors as a specimen of artistic power. It is from the volume on Chartism, of which, as regards its main purport, we have spoken so little favorably:—

"Crowds of miserable Irish darken all our towns. The wild Milesian features, looking false ingenuity, restlessness, unreason, misery, and mockery, salute you on all highways and byways. The English coachman, as he whirls past, lashes the Milesian with his whip, curses him with his tongue; the Milesian is holding out his hat to beg. He is the sorest evil this country has to strive with. In his rags and laughing savagery he is there to undertake all work that can be done, by mere strength of hand and back, for wages that will purchase him potatoes. He needs only salt for condiment; he lodges to his mind in any pighutch or doghutch, roosts in out-houses; and wears a suit of tatters, the getting off and on of which is said to be a difficult operation, transacted only in festivals and the hightides of the calendar. The Saxon man, if he cannot work on these terms, finds no work. He, too, may be ignorant; but he has not sunk from decent manhood to squalid apehood: he cannot continue there. American forests lie untilled across the ocean; the uncivilized Irishman, not by his strength, but by the opposite of strength, drives out the Saxon native, takes possession in his room. There abides he in his squalor and unrea-

son, in his falsity and drunken violence, as the ready-made nucleus of degradation and disorder. Whosoever struggles, swimming with difficulty, may now find an example how the human being can exist, not swimming, but sunk. Let him sink, he is not the worst of men; not worse than this man. We have quarantines against pestilence, but there is no pestilence like that; and against it what quarantine is possible? It is lamentable to look upon."—p. 28.

The next specimen we select almost at random. It is a note on the dispatch of Cromwell, written from the field of battle, after "Naseby Fight;" and, short as it is, may suffice to show the pictorial vividness with which the writer can give, not only historical facts, but thoughts of such abstraction and depth, as to seem little susceptible of such management, though greatly needing it:—

"John Bunyan, I believe, is this night in Leicester—not yet writing his 'Pilgrim's Progress' on paper, but acting it on the face of the earth, with a brown matchlock on his shoulder. Or rather, *without* the matchlock, just at present; Leicester and he having been taken the other day. 'Harborough Church' is getting 'filled with prisoners' while Oliver writes—and an immense contemporaneous tumult everywhere going on!

"The 'honest men who served you faithfully on this occasion,' are the considerable portion of the army who have not yet succeeded in bringing themselves to take the Covenant. Whom the Presbyterian party, rigorous for their own formula, call 'schismatics,' 'sectaries,' 'anabaptists,' and other hard names; whom Cromwell, here and elsewhere, earnestly pleads for. To Cromwell, perhaps, as much as to another, order was lovely, and disorder hateful; but he discerned better than some others, what order and disorder really were. The forest-trees are not in 'order' because they are all clipt into the same shape of Dutch dragons, and forced to die or grow in that way; but because in each of them there is the same genuine unity of life, from the inmost pith to the outmost leaf, and they do grow according to that! Cromwell naturally became the head of this schismatic party; intent to grow, not as Dutch dragons, but as real trees; a party which naturally increased with the increasing earnestness of events and of men."—*Cromwell's Letters*, i. pp. 215, 216.

Our next passage is of another sort, of the sort too frequent in the later writings of our author, in which the ordinary rules of language are set strangely at defiance, and names and phrases are driven with such pell-mell intenseness one over the other, that the object of the writer seems to be, not so much to make himself intelligible, as to conceal his meaning—not to give clearness and projectiveness, if we may so speak, to

thought, so much as to overlay it with a hurly-burly of names, innuendoes, and we know not what.

"Man of Genius? Thou hast small notion, meseems, O Mæcenas Twiddledee, of what a Man of Genius is. Read in thy New Testament and elsewhere—if, with floods of mealy-mouthed inanity, with miserable froth-vortices of cant, now several centuries old, thy New Testament is not all bedimmed for thee. *Canst* thou read in thy New Testament at all? The Highest Man of Genius, knowest thou him; Godlike and a God to this hour? His crown a Crown of Thorns? Thou fool, with *thy* empty godhoods, Apotheoses *edge-gill*; the Crown of Thorns made into a poor jewel-room crown, fit for the head of blockheads; the bearing of the Cross changed to a riding in the Long-Acre Gig! Pause in thy mass-chantings, in thy litanyings, and Calmuck prayings by machinery; and pray, if noisily, at least in a more human manner. How with thy rubrics and dalmatics, and clothwebs and cobwebs, and with thy stupidities and groveling baseheartedness, hast thou hidden the Holiest into all but invisibility."—*Past and Present*, p. 390.

An author who treats his reader with some such tirade as this at the interval of every two or three pages, needs have his redeeming qualities somewhere. Few readers would be found consenting to be pelted to death with such a jargon—to bear it at bearable distances is bad enough. It is obvious that a mannerism of this sort once adopted must soon become mechanical and easy. Its wild Orson strength depends less on the brilliancy of a man's genius than on the ardor of his passions, and some other equally subordinate peculiarities. Even the calmer and less exceptionable style of our author is of a sort to become easy by practice; and in its abruptness, brevity, and indefiniteness, it possesses many advantages. With reference to all subjects on which to express yourself with fullness and precision might occasion trouble, and expose you to trouble, the *conveniences* of such a style are considerable. It is a blessed saving of expenditure in this way, when a man is allowed to be as clear, or just as curt and misty, as he pleases. Mr. Carlyle avails himself freely of this privilege. His sentences often seem to drop into nonentity at about the middle, giving you hints only as to the remainder. Very often, accordingly, you find that you have been disposed to give the writer credit for knowing much more than he has communicated; and for much more, we may suppose, in many cases, than he really does know. It is only courteous to conclude that the man

who intimates significantly that a subject is profound, is a person who could fathom that profundity for you, if in the humor to attempt it. But it is when Mr. Carlyle becomes somewhat mystical in his cogitations, that this half-way hinting and cloudy style is especially serviceable. On such occasions it becomes all that the hocus-pocus of the magician could desire. Nor is even this the extent of its serviceableness. By this means, beyond doubt, he often obtains the credit of having uttered something very novel or profound, when nothing of the sort has proceeded from him. We have sometimes thought that no little amusement might be furnished to parties who like to be made merry, were another Sydney Smith to take up a series of passages overlaid by the obscurity and verbal jumble by which our author's style is so often distinguished, and to translate such passages into a little plain English, in parallel columns. The result would be a humorous exhibition of the possibility of so disguising thought by a little legerdemain of this sort, as to prevent our seeing at once that it is a very old acquaintance that has put on this new garb, or some very shallow personage that has given himself this air of wisdom. We do not of course say that Mr. Carlyle intends playing off any such bit of roguery upon his readers, but the thing follows naturally from the mannerism that is so much to his taste. Of course the imitators of Mr. Carlyle aim not so much at appropriating the higher qualities of his style, as at its pure oddities and willfulness, and it must suffice to say of such self-reliant gentlemen, they have their reward.

Many, then, are the excellencies that should be conceded to the writings of Mr. Carlyle. His literary criticisms, if viewed as a whole, are second to none that our age has produced. The great moral end contemplated in all his labors deserves our warm commendation. His life is the result of his own grave maxims—he works, works earnestly, and as in the sight “of the eternities.” His virtue is the virtue of a lofty stoicism, as regards himself, but blended often with a kindliness not of stoic origin when bearing upon his fellow-men. His sympathies with humanity are enlightened, thorough, and generous. Even his not infrequent outbursts of wrath spring from that source. It is, for the most part, the contrary of the humane and the noble that he hates. His homage to sincerity—to this, not in the superficial and commonplace form generally noticeable in the world, but in a larger and deeper sense—

is such as should command respect from the men of all creeds. His great business is with the spiritualities of men. It is with a view to these mainly that he meddles with temporalities. His great solicitude is, that each man may be made to see that he himself has a soul, that all the men about him have souls, and that beyond this hubbub life there are moral retributions awaiting souls. To the great object of conveying such truth to men, he has brought genius, learning, culture—all of a high order. It is to us a sorrowful fact, that a life so far directed to noble purposes should not be more wisely regulated, so as to better secure them.

In reviewing the ground we have traversed, it will not be difficult to discover the causes of the probable—we may say of the certain failure of the mission to which he has committed himself. We have seen that the grand fault in nearly all his investigations is their one-sidedness; a fault which is inseparable from its twin-brother—exaggeration. We know not a single truth embraced by him that has not been so adopted as to confirm this statement. All his errors come from his truths. All his truths, accordingly, are more or less corrupted truths. No one of them has been retained within its due limits, and exhibited in its strict integrity and purity. His favorite dogmas are so petted, that they become dreadfully impatient of rivals. Like all despots, they acquire a sharp scent of treason, and are bent upon sending competitors to the bowstring, especially those nearest of kin. The truth he defends is generally some neglected truth, and his tendency is to magnify it beyond all bounds. We may say of him as of Prince Rupert, that he is good at a charge; but his soul, commanding as it is, lacks that fine balancing of the forces of the human spirit which is seen in Cromwell. His strength is converged on points, is pushed to excess, and through an ill-regulated impetuosity ends in disaster. It is not the broad and steady power that has reference to the whole field, which can deem it manly to take counsel of discretion, and which, in consequence, deserves to succeed. Hence the mischief he has brought upon interests which he really means to serve has been at least as conspicuous as the good. Almost everywhere he has done more to disturb the old landmarks of truth than to settle them. As it has been, in this respect, so we fear it will continue to be. The error of your men who would be accounted more earnest and thorough than their fellows is almost uniformly in this direction. Some truths so absorb

their conscientiousness as to leave them no conscience for other truths.

One natural consequence of this tendency in the mind of Mr. Carlyle is seen in the frequency of the real or apparent contradictions in his writings. It is thus, for example, with what he says about modern industry. At one moment it is godlike—at another, the meanest grade of mammon worship. It is thus with his doctrine concerning truth, as opposed to falsehood. Here, it is of the greatest worth imaginable; there, it seems to drop into a strange insignificance. It is thus with the past compared with the present; with the human nature delineated in one chapter, compared with the same nature delineated in another. Hence, as we have said, the kind of favoritism to which our author has attained with sections of men in parties the most widely severed from each other. All these seeming contradictions Mr. Carlyle could no doubt in some measure explain. Our complaint is that the explanation should be needed, especially on so large a scale. Some of these contradictions do not admit of explanation at all, without giving up all the certainties of language. But though to reconcile such passages is not possible, it is quite possible to see how they have originated. Mr. Carlyle's writing must be of the strong—the intense cast. Every truth exaggerated, however, is a truth exaggerated at the cost of what is due to some other truth; and as the truth thus wronged to-day, is seen in the calmer retrospect of to-morrow to have been so dealt with, some attempt is made at reparation, and as everything our author does must be done with intenseness, this attempt at reparation becomes in its turn exaggeration. The result is, that perplexing degree of see-saw, say and unsay, of which we speak.

In short, we must say of Mr. Carlyle that he is in all things too subjective. It is in a large degree his own temperament that gives complexion and color to everything about him. He discriminates, but it is always with a strong bias derived from what is personal. All things take their place and shade with him from impulse and imagination, more than from the understanding, or from the reason rightly understood. This is eminently the case with regard to religion. Christianity, according to the general estimate formed of it, is no resting-place to himself; and from this fact he too readily passes to the conclusion, that the time for its being the resting-place to minds of earnest and independent thought has nearly passed away. He has

his own ideas, moreover, of moral obligation, which, in the manner of Kant, bring with them as corollaries the ideas of a moral ruler and of a moral retribution. With these simple elements in ethics and theology, as faint rays of light amidst a deep environment of darkness, he finds that he can himself manage to live, to be strong-hearted, and to meet death; and here again the inference is of the same order—the faith which suffices for me may suffice for all men.

But in respect to the first of these points it is to be observed, that Mr. Carlyle's insensibility to the force of evidence in the shape of fact and history is not in accordance with the more general laws of mind as hitherto developed in the world's history—but the reverse. In this respect, he is the exception more than the rule. So with reference to the second point: in his own case this simple moral consciousness may suffice to give him a moral law and a moral government; but to cast the minds of men in general on that one element for guidance, would be to deal with a world possessing much more of the weakness and perverseness, than of the simplicity of childhood, in a manner that would be scarcely expedient were it filled with a race of philosophers. It is within small limits only that the mind of Mr. Carlyle can be taken as a counterpart to the mind of the species, but his reasoning often proceeds on the assumption that the two are identical. We are aware he expects much from the influence of heroes, who are to embody the philosophical for the benefit of the crowd: but he has himself admonished us that heroes can accomplish little so long as the people themselves possess little sympathy with the heroic.

By such steps, however, Mr. Carlyle has passed to the responsibility—the serious responsibility, of leadership in the half-literary, half-philosophical crusade now carried on against the claims of the Christian revelation in this country. The aim of the parties engaged in this enterprise is to reduce all historical creeds to the same level, as varying indeed in the degrees of their goodness or badness, but as being alike of merely human origin—leaving our race to such moral intelligence as it may possess, as its only guide in all time to come. Because an external revelation is not necessary to *awaken* the religious sentiment in man, or to give him his *capacity* for becoming a religious being, it is concluded that such a revelation cannot be needed to give a *wiser culture* to that sentiment, a *nobler elevation* to man's religion

Against this widely-prevalent, but most pernicious of all possible delusions, we enter our solemn protest. Nor do we know of any work by which sound-hearted Christian men may better serve their generation than by exposing and resisting this error to the utmost. So far from "Discourses on the Evidences" having lost all aptitude and value, as Mr. Carlyle and his disciples intimate—it is by demonstrating that the sacred Scriptures are historically truthful, and that the doctrine set forth in them is worthy of the origin they claim, that the great need of the age must be met. For the battle now is,

not so much with the bald atheism of the first French Revolution, as with an ethical theism, allied with all the trappings of philosophy and taste, and which can only be met by showing that the results of this theism do not meet the need of humanity, and that the adaptation of the contents of the New Testament combine, with its historical proofs, to settle its divine origin. It is only as this shall be done that we may confide in the stability of our Christianity; and to prevent the doing of this is, accordingly, the great aim of the anti-Christianism of the times.

LOLA MONTES.—The recent disclosures regarding this notorious lady have made the public aware that, before her marriage with Captain James, in the summer of 1837, she was known by the name of Eliza Rosanna Gilbert. The circumstances under which she subsequently assumed the title of "Lola Montes" have not yet been very clearly explained; but it appears that she occasionally called herself also "Marie Parris y Montes." It is under this name that she figures in the Letters Patent by which the late King of Bavaria created her Countess of Lansfeldt. Notwithstanding the King's Letters Patent, and a grant by the Queen of Bavaria of the insignia of the order of Maria Theresa, entitling the bearer to "les grandes et les petites entrées," the high noblesse of Munich openly manifested their indignation at the scandalous creation; and the families of Arco, Schoenborn, and Basseinheim, the oldest and most illustrious in Bavaria, suddenly quitted the capital, declaring that they would never return. There is reason to believe that Lola Montes was born in India, but of Irish parents, her father being a Captain Gilbert in the Company's service. After the death of that gentleman, his widow married, in India, Major Craigie, Deputy-Adjutant-General; and Miss Gilbert was sent to Scotland to be educated under the eye of some of her step-father's relatives in Montrose. Here she showed an uncontrollable love of fun and mischief; and one of her girlish exploits in sticking flowers into the wig of an old gentleman who sat before her in the church is still freshly remembered. From Montrose she was sent to a boarding school in England. Meanwhile

her mother returned from India, having for her fellow-passenger a young countryman, Lieutenant James, with whom she proposed to visit Ireland. Miss Gilbert was summoned to Liverpool to meet her mother, whom it was intended she should accompany on the Irish tour; but when the party was on the eve of departure, one morning Lieutenant James and Miss Gilbert were missing, and soon afterwards they presented themselves to Mrs. Craigie as having been clandestinely married. The nuptials were subsequently formally celebrated in Ireland, and the pair proceeded to India. What followed on the lady's return from that country has been made matter of notoriety. It is less generally known that after the affair with Captain Lennox, Mrs. James came down to Edinburgh, where she resided for some time with a relative of her step-father, in Nelson street. During her sojourn here, she was an unsuccessful petitioner to Mr. Murray for leave to try her fortune as a performer on the boards of the Edinburgh theatre. Her subsequent adventures in London, Paris, and Munich, are too well known to need recapitulation. The infatuated youth, Lieutenant Heald, who figures as the husband of Betsy Watson, *alias* Rosa Anna Gilbert, *alias* Mrs. Captain James, *alias* Lola Montes, *alias* the Countess of Lansfeldt, in addition to estates which he holds in Lincolnshire, has considerable landed property in the district of Freebridge Marshland, Norfolk, and particularly in the neighborhood of Walpole St. Peter's. Lola Montes and her present husband have left Paris for Germany.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE DECISIVE BATTLES OF THE WORLD.

BY PROFESSOR CREASY.

NO. VIII.—THE BATTLE OF CHALONS, A. D. 451.

"Those few battles, of which a contrary event would have essentially varied the drama of the world, in all its subsequent scenes,—Marathon, Arbela, the Metaurus, CHALONS, and Leipsic."—HALLAM.

"The discomfiture of the mighty attempt of Attila to found a new Anti-Christian dynasty upon the wreck of the temporal power of Rome, at the end of the term of twelve hundred years, to which its duration had been limited by the forebodings of the heathen."—HERBERT.

A BROAD expanse of plains, the Campi Catalaunici of the ancients, spreads far and wide around the city of Châlons, in the northeast of France. The long rows of poplars through which the river Marne winds its way, and a few thinly-scattered villages, are almost the only objects that vary the monotonous aspect of the greater part of this region. But about five miles from Châlons, near the little hamlets of Chape and Cuperly, the ground is indented and heaped up in ranges of grassy mounds and trenches, which attest the work of man's hands in ages past; and which, to the practiced eye, demonstrate that this quiet spot has once been the fortified position of a huge military host.

Local tradition gives to these ancient earth-works the name of Attila's Camp. Nor is there any reason to question the correctness of the title, or to doubt that behind these very ramparts it was that, 1398 years ago, the most powerful Heathen king that ever ruled in Europe mustered the remnants of his vast army, which had striven on these plains against the Christian soldiery of Thoulouse and Rome. Here it was that Attila prepared to resist to the death his victors in the field; and here he heaped up the treasures of his camp in one vast pile, which was to be his funeral pyre should his camp be stormed. It was here that the Gothic and Italian forces watched, but dared not assail, their enemy in his despair, after that great and terrible day of battle.

The victory which the Roman general, Aetius, with his Gothic allies, then gained over the Huns, was the last victory of Imperial Rome. But among the long Fasti of her triumphs, few can be found that, for their importance and ultimate benefit to mankind, are comparable with this expiring effort of her arms. It did not, indeed, open to her any new career of conquest—it did not consolidate the relics of her power—it did not turn the rapid ebb of her fortunes. The mission of Imperial Rome was, in truth, already accomplished. She had received and transmitted through her once ample dominion the civilization of Greece. She had broken up the barriers of narrow nationalities among the various states and tribes that dwelt around the coasts of the Mediterranean. She had fused these and many other races into one organized empire, bound together by a community of laws, of government, and institutions. Under the shelter of her full power, the True Faith had arisen in the earth, and during the years of her decline, it had been nourished to maturity, it had overspread all the provinces that ever obeyed her sway. For no beneficial purpose to mankind could the dominion of the seven-hilled city have been restored or prolonged. But it was all-important to mankind what nations should divide among them Rome's rich inheritance of empire; whether the Germanic races should form states and kingdoms out of the fragments of her domain, and become the free members of the commonwealth of Christian Europe; or

whether pagan savages, from the wilds of Central Asia, should crush the relics of classic civilization, and the early institutions of the Christianized Germans, in one hopeless chaos of barbaric conquest. The Christian Visigoths of King Theodoric fought and triumphed at Châlons side by side with the legions of Aetius. Their joint victory over the Hunnish host not only rescued for a time from destruction the old age of Rome, but preserved for centuries of power and glory the Germanic element in the civilization of modern Europe.

By the middle of the fifth century, Germanic nations had settled themselves in many of the fairest regions of the Roman Empire, had imposed their yoke on the provincials, and had undergone, to a considerable extent, that moral conquest which the arts and refinements of the vanquished in arms have so often achieved over the rough victor. The Visigoths held the north of Spain, and Gaul south of the Loire. Franks, Allemanni, Alans, and Burgundians, had established themselves in other Gallic provinces, and the Suevi were masters of a large southern portion of the Spanish peninsula. A king of the Vandals reigned in North Africa; and the Ostrogoths had firmly planted themselves in the provinces north of Italy. Of these powers and principalities, that of the Visigoths, under their King Theodoric, son of Alaric, was by far the first in power and in civilization.

The pressure of the Huns upon Europe had first been felt in the fourth century of our era. They had long been formidable to the Chinese Empire; but the ascendancy in arms which another Nomadic tribe of Central Asia, the Sienpi, gained over them, drove the Huns from their Chinese conquest westward; and this movement once being communicated to the whole chain of barbaric nations that dwelt northward of the Black Sea and the Roman Empire, tribe after tribe of savage warriors broke in upon the barriers of civilized Europe, "*Velut unda supervenit undam.*" The Huns crossed the Tanais into Europe in 375, and soon reduced to subjection the Alans, the Ostrogoths, and other tribes, that were then dwelling along the course of the Danube. The armies of the Roman Emperors that tried to check their progress were cut to pieces by them, and Pannonia and other provinces south of the Danube were occupied by the victorious cavalry of these new invaders. Not merely the degenerate Romans, but the bold and hardy warriors of Germany and Scandinavia,

were appalled at the numbers, the ferocity, the ghastly appearance, and the lightning-like rapidity of the Huns. Strange and loathsome legends were coined and credited, which attributed their origin to the union of

"Midnight foul and hideous hags"

with the evil spirits of the wilderness. Tribe after tribe and city after city fell before them. Then came a pause in their career of conquest in Southwestern Europe, caused probably by dissensions among their chiefs, and also by their arms being employed in attacks upon the Scandinavian nations. But when Attila (or Atzel, as he is called in the Hungarian language) became their ruler, the torrent of their arms was directed with augmented terrors upon the West and South; and their myriads marched beneath the guidance of one master-mind to the overthrow both of the new and the old powers of the earth.

Recent events have thrown such a strong interest over everything connected with the Hungarian name, that even the terrible renown of Attila now impresses us the more vividly while we are watching the exploits of those who claim to be descended from his warriors, and "ambitiously insert the name of Attila among their native kings." The authenticity of this martial genealogy is denied by some writers, and questioned by more. But it is at least certain that the Magyars of Arpad, who are the immediate ancestors of the bulk of the modern Hungarians, and who conquered the country which bears the name of Hungary, in A. D. 889, were of the same stock of mankind as the Huns of Attila were, even if they did not belong to the same subdivision of that stock. Nor is there any improbability in the tradition, that after Attila's death many of his warriors remained in Hungary, and that their descendants afterwards joined the Huns of Arpad in their career of conquest. It is certain that Attila made Hungary the seat of his empire. It seems also susceptible of clear proof that the territory was then called Hungvar, and Attila's soldiers Hungvari. Both the Huns of Attila and those of Arpad came from the family of Nomadic nations, whose primitive regions were those vast wildernesses of High Asia, which are included between the Altaic and the Himalayan mountain-chains. The inroads of these tribes upon the lower regions of Asia and into Europe have caused many of the most remarkable revolutions in the history of the

world. There is every reason to believe that swarms of these nations made their way into distant parts of the earth at periods long before the date of the Scythian invasion of Asia, which is the earliest inroad of the Nomadic race that history records. The first, as far as we can conjecture, in respect to the time of their descent, were the Finnish and Ugrian tribes, who appear to have come down from the Altaic border of High Asia towards the northwest, in which direction they advanced to the Uralian mountains. There they established themselves, and that mountain-chain, with its valleys and pasture-lands, became to them a new country, whence they sent out colonies on every side; but the Ugrian colony which, under Arpad, occupied Hungary, and became the ancestors of the bulk of the present Hungarian nation, did not quit their settlements in the Uralian mountains till a very late period, and not until four centuries after the time when Attila led, from the primary seats of the Nomadic races in High Asia, the host with which he advanced into the heart of France.*

Attila was not one of the vulgar herd of barbaric conquerors. Consummate military skill may be traced in his campaigns; and he relied far less on the brute force of armies for the aggrandizement of his empire, than on the unbounded influence over the affections and the fears of friends and foes, which his genius enabled him to acquire. Austerely sober in his private life—severely just on the judgment-seat—conspicuous among a nation of warriors for hardihood, strength, and skill in every martial exercise—grave and deliberate in counsel, but rapid and remorseless in execution—he gave safety and security to all who were under his dominion, while he waged a warfare of extermination against all who opposed or sought to escape from it. He watched the national passions, the prejudices, the creeds, and the superstitions of the varied nations over which he ruled, and of those which he sought to reduce beneath his sway. All these feelings he had the skill to turn to his own account. His own warriors believed him to be the inspired favorite of their deities, and followed him with fanatic zeal; his enemies looked on him as the pre-appointed minister of heaven's wrath against themselves; and though they believed not in his creed, their own made them tremble before him.

In one of his early campaigns he appeared

before his troops with an ancient iron sword in his grasp, which he told them was the god of war whom their ancestors had worshiped. It is certain that the nomadic tribes of Northern Asia, whom Herodotus described under the name of Scythians, from the earliest times worshiped as their god a bare sword. That sword-god was supposed, in Attila's time, to have disappeared from earth; but the Hunnish king now claimed to have received it by special revelation. It was said that a herdsman, who was tracking in the desert a wounded heifer by the drops of blood, found the mysterious sword standing fixed in the ground, as if it had darted down from heaven. The herdsman bore it to Attila, who thenceforth was believed by the Huns to wield the Spirit of Death in battle; and their seers prophesied that this sword was to destroy the world. A Roman,* who was on an embassy to the Hunnish camp, recorded in his memoirs Attila's acquisition of this supernatural weapon, and the immense influence over the minds of the barbaric tribes which its possession gave him. In the title which he assumed, we shall see the skill with which he availed himself of the legends and creeds of other nations as well as of his own. He designated himself "ATTILA, Descendant of the Great Nimrod. Nurtured in Engaddi. By the Grace of God, King of the Huns, the Goths, the Danes, and the Medes. The Dread of the World."

Herbert states that Attila is represented on an old medallion with a Teraphim, or a head, on his breast; and the same writer adds: "We know, from the 'Hamartigenea' of Prudentius, that Nimrod, with a snake-haired head, was the object of adoration of the heretical followers of Marcion; and the same head was the palladium set up by Antiochus Epiphanes over the gates of Antioch, though it has been called the visage of Charon. The memory of Nimrod was certainly regarded with mystic veneration by many, and by asserting himself to be the heir of that mighty hunter before the Lord, he vindicated to himself at least the whole Babylonian kingdom.

"The singular assertion in his style that he was nurtured in Engaddi, where he certainly had never been, will be more easily understood on reference to the twelfth chapter of the Book of Revelations, concerning the woman clothed with the sun, who was to bring forth in the wilderness—where she

* See Pritchard's Researches.

* Priscus apud Jornandem.

hath a place prepared of God'—a man-child, who was to contend with the dragon having seven heads and ten horns, and rule all nations with a rod of iron. This prophecy was at that time understood universally by the sincere Christians to refer to the birth of Constantine, who was to overwhelm the paganism of the city on the seven hills, and it is still so explained; but it is evident that the heathens must have looked on it in a different light, and have regarded it as a foretelling of the birth of that Great One who should master the temporal power of Rome. The assertion, therefore, that he was nurtured in Engaddi, is a claim to be looked upon as that man-child who was to be brought forth in a place prepared of God in the wilderness. Engaddi means a place of palms and vines in the desert; it was hard by Zoar, the city of refuge, which was saved in the vale of Siddim, or Demons, when the rest were destroyed by fire and brimstone from the Lord in heaven, and might, therefore, be especially called a place prepared of God in the wilderness.*

It is obvious enough why he styled himself "By the Grace of God, King of the Huns and Goths;" and it seems far from difficult to see why he added the names of the Medes and the Danes. His armies had been engaged in warfare against the Persian kingdom of the Sassanidæ, and it is certain that he meditated the invasion and overthrow of the Medo-Persian power. Probably some of the northern provinces of that kingdom had been compelled to pay him tribute; and this would account for his styling himself King of the Medes, they being his remotest subjects to the South. From a similar cause he may have called himself King of the Danes, as his power may well have extended northwards as far as the nearest of the Scandinavian nations; and this mention of Medes and Danes as his subjects, would serve at once to indicate the vast extent of his dominion.†

The immense territory north of the Danube and Black Sea, and eastward of Caucasus, over which Attila ruled, first in conjunction with his brother Bleda, and afterwards alone, cannot be very accurately defined, but it must have comprised within it, besides

the Huns, many nations of Slavic, Gothic, Teutonic, and Finnish origin. South also of the Danube, the country, from the river Sau as far as Novi in Thrace, was a Hunnish province. Such was the empire of the Huns in A.D. 445; a memorable year in which Attila founded Buda on the Danube, as his capital city, and ridded himself of his brother by a crime which seems to have been prompted not only by selfish ambition, but also by a desire of turning to his purpose the legends and forebodings which then were universally spread throughout the Roman Empire, and must have been well known to the watchful and ruthless Hun.

The year 445 of our era completed the twelfth century from the foundation of Rome, according to the best chronologers. It had always been believed among the Romans that the twelve vultures which were said to have appeared to Romulus, when he founded the city, signified the time during which the Roman power should endure. The twelve vultures denoted twelve centuries. This interpretation of the vision of the birds of destiny was current among learned Romans, even when there were yet many of the twelve centuries to run, and while the imperial city was at the zenith of its power. But as the allotted time drew nearer and nearer to its conclusion, and as Rome grew weaker and weaker beneath the blows of barbaric invaders, the terrible omen was more and more talked and thought of; and in Attila's time, men watched for the momentary extinction of the Roman State with the last beat of the last vulture's wing. Moreover, among the numerous legends connected with the foundation of the city, and the fratricidal death of Remus, there was one most terrible one, which told that Romulus did not put his brother to death in accident, or in hasty quarrel, but that

"He slew his gallant twin
With inexpiable sin,"

deliberately, and in compliance with the warnings of supernatural powers. The shedding of a brother's blood was believed to have been the price at which the founder of Rome had purchased from destiny her twelve centuries of existence.*

We may imagine, therefore, with what

* See the Notes to Herbert's Attila.

† See the narrative of Priscus.

‡ In the "Niebelungen-Lied," the old poet who describes the reception of the heroine Chrimhild by Attila [Etsel], says that Attila's dominions were so vast, that among his subject-warriors there were Russian, Greek, Wallachian, Polish, and even Danish knights.

* See a curious justification of Attila for murdering his brother, by a zealous Hungarian advocate, in the note to Pray's "Annales Hunnorum," p. 117. The example of Romulus is the main authority quoted.

terror in this, the twelve hundredth year after the foundation of Rome, the inhabitants of the Roman Empire must have heard the tidings, that the royal brethren Attila and Bleda had founded a new Capitol on the Danube, which was designed to rule over the ancient Capitol on the Tiber; and that Attila, like Romulus, had consecrated the foundation of his new city by murdering his brother, so that for the new cycle of centuries then about to commence, dominion had been bought from the gloomy spirits of destiny in favor of the Hun, by a sacrifice of equal awe and value with that which had formerly obtained it for the Roman.

It is to be remembered that not only the pagans, but also the Christians of that age, knew and believed in these legends and omens, however they might differ as to the nature of the superhuman agency by which such mysteries had been made known to mankind. And we may observe, with Herbert, a modern learned dignitary of our church, how remarkably this augury was fulfilled. For, "if to the twelve centuries denoted by the twelve vultures that appeared to Romulus we add for the six birds that appeared to Remus six lustra, or periods of five years each, by which the Romans were wont to number their time, it brings us precisely to the year 476, in which the Roman Empire was finally extinguished by Odoacer."

An attempt to assassinate Attila, made, or supposed to have been made, at the instigation of Theodoric the younger, the Emperor of Constantinople, drew the Hunnish armies, in 445, upon the Eastern Empire, and delayed for a time the destined blow against Rome. Probably a more important cause of delay was the revolt of some of the Hunnish tribes to the north of the Black Sea against Attila, which broke out about this period, and is cursorily mentioned by the Byzantine writers. Attila quelled this revolt, and having thus consolidated his power, and having punished the presumption of the Eastern Roman Emperor by fearful ravages of his fairest provinces, Attila, in 450 B. C., prepared to set his vast forces in motion for the Conquest of Western Europe. He sought unsuccessfully by diplomatic intrigues to detach the King of the Visigoths from his alliance with Rome, and he resolved first to crush the power of Theodoric, and then to advance with overwhelming power to trample out the last sparks of the doomed Roman Empire.

A strange invitation from a Roman prin-

cess gave him a pretext for the war, and threw an air of chivalric enterprise over his invasion. Honoria, sister of Valentinian III., the Emperor of the West, had sent to Attila to offer him her hand and her supposed right to share in the imperial power. This had been discovered by the Romans, and Honoria had been forthwith closely imprisoned. Attila now pretended to take up arms in behalf of his self-promised bride, and proclaimed that he was about to march to Rome to redress Honoria's wrongs. Ambition and spite against her brother must have been the sole motives that led the lady to woo the royal Hun; for Attila's face and person had all the natural ugliness of his race, and the description given of him by a Byzantine ambassador must have been well known in the imperial courts. Herbert has well versified the portrait drawn by Priscus of the great enemy of both Byzantium and Rome:—

"Terrific was his semblance, in no mould
Of beautiful proportion cast; his limbs
Nothing exalted, but with sinews braced
Of Chalybæan temper, agile, lithe,
And swifter than the roe; his ample chest
Was over-brow'd by a gigantic head,
With eyes keen, deeply sunk, and small, that
gleam'd
Strangely in wrath, as though some spirit un-
clean

Within that corporal tenement install'd
Look'd from its windows, but with temper'd fire
Beam'd mildly on the unresisting. Thin
His beard and hoary; his flat nostrils crown'd
A cicatrized, swart visage,—but withal
That questionable shape such glory wore
That mortals quail'd beneath him."

Two chiefs of the Franks, who were then settled on the Lower Rhine, were at this period engaged in a feud with each other; and while one of them appealed to the Romans for aid, the other invoked the assistance and protection of the Huns. Attila thus obtained an ally, whose co-operation secured for him the passage of the Rhine; and it was this circumstance which caused him to take a northward route from Hungary for his attack upon Gaul. The muster of the Hunnish hosts was swollen by warriors of every tribe that they had subjugated; nor is there any reason to suspect the old chroniclers of willful exaggeration in estimating Attila's army at seven hundred thousand strong. Having crossed the Rhine, probably a little below Coblenz, he defeated the King of the Burgundians, who endeavored to bar his progress. He then divided his vast forces into two armies,—one of which march-

ed northwest upon Tongres and Arras, and the other cities of that part of France; while the main body, under Attila himself, marched up the Moselle, and destroyed Besançon, and other towns in the country of the Burgundians. One of the latest and best biographers of Attila* well observes, that "having thus conquered the eastern part of France, Attila prepared for an invasion of the West Gothic territories beyond the Loire. He marched upon Orléans, where he intended to force the passage of that river, and only a little attention is requisite to enable us to perceive that he proceeded on a systematic plan: he had his right wing on the north for the protection of his Frank allies; his left wing on the south for the purpose of preventing the Burgundians from rallying, and of menacing the passes of the Alps from Italy; and he led his centre towards the chief object of the campaign—the conquest of Orléans, and an easy passage into the West Gothic dominion. The whole plan is very like that of the allied powers in 1814, with this difference, that their left wing entered France through the defiles of the Jura, in the direction of Lyons, and that the military object of the campaign was the capture of Paris."

It was not until the year 451 that the Huns commenced the siege of Orléans; and during their campaign in Eastern Gaul, the Roman General Aetius had strenuously exerted himself in collecting and organizing such an army as might, when united to the soldiery of the Visigoths, be fit to face the Huns in the field. He enlisted every subject of the Roman Empire whose patriotism, courage, or compulsion could collect beneath the standards; and around these troops, which assumed the once proud title of the legions of Rome, he arrayed the large forces of barbaric auxiliaries, whom pay, persuasion, or the general hate and dread of the Huns, brought to the camp of the last of the Roman generals. King Theodoric exerted himself with equal energy. Orléans resisted her besiegers bravely as in after times. The passage of the Loire was skillfully defended against the Huns; and Aetius and Theodoric, after much manœuvring and difficulty, effected a junction of their armies to the south of that important river.

On the advance of the allies upon Orléans, Attila instantly broke up the siege of that city, and retreated towards the Marne.

He did not choose to risk a decisive battle with only the central corps of his army against the combined power of his enemies; and he therefore fell back upon his base of operations; calling in his wings from Arras and Besançon, and concentrating the whole of the Hunnish forces on the vast plains of Châlons-sur-Marne. A glance at the map will show how scientifically this place was chosen by the Hunnish general, as the point for his scattered forces to converge upon; and the nature of the ground was eminently favorable for the operations of cavalry, the arm in which Attila's strength peculiarly lay.

It was during the retreat from Orléans that a Christian hermit is reported to have approached the Hunnish king, and said to him, "Thou art the Scourge of God for the chastisement of the Christians." Attila instantly assumed this new title of terror, which thenceforth became the appellation by which he was most widely and most fearfully known.

The confederate armies of Romans and Visigoths at last met their great adversary face to face, on the ample battle-ground of the Châlons plains. Aetius commanded on the right of the allies; King Theodoric on the left; and Sangipan, King of the Alans, whose fidelity was suspected, was placed purposely in the centre, and in the very front of the battle. Attila commanded his centre in person, at the head of his own countrymen, while the Ostrogoths, the Gepidæ, and the other subject allies of the Huns, were drawn up on the wings. Some manœuvring appears to have occurred before the engagement, in which Aetius had the advantage, inasmuch as he succeeded in occupying a sloping hill, which commanded the left flank of the Huns. Attila saw the importance of the position taken by Aetius on the high ground, and commenced the battle by a furious attack on this part of the Roman line, in which he seems to have detached some of his best troops from his centre to aid his left. The Romans, having the advantage of the ground, repulsed the Huns, and while the allies gained this advantage on their right, their left, under King Theodoric, assailed the Ostrogoths, who formed the right of Attila's army. The gallant king was himself struck down by a javelin, as he rode onward at the head of his men, and his own cavalry charging over him, trampled him to death in the confusion. But the Visigoths, infuriated, not dispirited, by their monarch's fall, routed the enemies op-

* Biographical Dictionary commenced by the Useful Knowledge Society in 1844.

posed to them, and then wheeled upon the flank of the Hunnish centre, which had been engaged in a sanguinary and indecisive contest with the Alans.

In this peril Attila made his centre fall back upon his camp; and when the shelter of its intrenchments and wagons had once been gained, the Hunnish archers repulsed without difficulty the charges of the vengeful Gothic cavalry. Aetius had not pressed the advantage which he gained on his side of the field, and when night fell over the wild scene of havoc, Attila's left was still undefeated, but his right had been routed, and his centre forced back upon his camp.

Expecting an assault on the morrow, Attila stationed his best archers in front of the cars and wagons, which were drawn up as a fortification along his lines, and made every preparation for a desperate resistance. But the "Scourge of God" resolved that no man should boast of the honor of having either captured or slain him; and he caused to be raised in the centre of his encampment a huge pyramid of the wooden saddles of his cavalry: round it he heaped the spoils and the wealth that he had won; on it he stationed his wives who had accompanied him in the campaign; and on the summit Attila placed himself, ready to perish in the flames, and bask the victorious foe of their choicest booty, should they succeed in storming his defences.

But when the morning broke and revealed the extent of the carnage, with which the

plains were heaped for miles, the successful allies saw also and respected the resolute attitude of their antagonist. Neither were any measures taken to blockade him in his camp, and so to extort by famine that submission which it was too plainly perilous to enforce with the sword. Attila was allowed to march back the remnants of his army without molestation, and even with the semblance of success.

It is probable that the crafty Aetius was unwilling to be too victorious. He dreaded the glory which his allies the Visigoths had acquired; and feared that Rome might find a second Alaric in Prince Thorismund, who had signalized himself in the battle, and had been chosen on the field to succeed his father, Theodoric. He persuaded the young king to return at once to his capital; and thus relieved himself at the same time of the presence of a dangerous friend, as well as of a formidable though beaten foe.

Attila's attacks on the Western Empire were soon renewed; but never with such peril to the civilized world as had menaced it before his defeat at Châlons. And on his death two years after that battle, the vast empire which his genius had founded was soon dissevered by the successful revolts of the subject nations. The name of the Huns ceased for some centuries to inspire terror in Western Europe, and their ascendancy passed away with the life of the great king by whom it had been so fearfully augmented.

NEWSPAPER PARAGRAPHS.—In the Sabbath cause, when anything new occurs, people oppress themselves by writing numberless letters to impart the intelligence. They do well, for in this way they reach a little circle. But were they, for their many letters, to substitute one well-considered "paragraph," they would do better, for they would at once inform a thousand correspondents; and not only so, but secure the publication of their tale in newspapers by dozens, each of which might have its thousand readers. A letter slays its thousands, but a paragraph slays its tens of thousands. "Paragraph! paragraph! paragraph!" then, say we, to all the friends. In an arduous Edinburgh struggle, some years ago, the author knows that three gentlemen, in a manner, beat the town, by meeting every day, with

every newspaper laid before them, and following up every statement with an instant answer and exposure—a sort of incessant battery, against which nothing can stand. The power of the newspaper press is infinite. It is like the caloric of nature; it overspreads the whole face of society; it insinuates itself into the darkest and coldest, and penetrates the most obtuse regions. The ever-recurring "article" is like the water-drop, which, small and light in look, will, oft repeated, pierce the hardest rock. To the religious press, the obligations of the friends of this cause are unspeakable; and the irreligious helps it too, if not by its violence, at least by its constrained spreading of intelligence; for, with exceptions, the newspaper press at large is fair.—*J. Bridges, Esq.*

From the North British Review.

THE RIVER JORDAN AND THE DEAD SEA.

- . *Narrative of the United States Expedition to the River Jordan and the Dead Sea.* By W. F. LYNCH, U. S. N., Commander of the Expedition. With Maps and numerous Illustrations. London, 1849.
- . *Narrative of an Expedition to the Dead Sea.* From a Diary, by one JOHN PASTY. Edited by EDWARD P. MONTAGUE, attached to the United States Expedition Ship "Supply." Philadelphia, 1849.

So, the disenchantment of the world goes on! The world's gray fathers were content with seven wonders. Thirty years ago, we might learn by books that there were at least a hundred wonders of the world; but where now is there *one* to be found? No sooner did the phrenologists find out the whereabouts of our faculty of "wonder," or "marvelousness," than straightway there ceased to be anything in the world to wonder at. About a hundred years ago, almost everything beyond our own islands, and even much that was in them, was wonderful to us. The world was so unknown—men and nature were so little understood—that all things beyond the range of every-day experience were marvelous; and where so much regarded as strange was known to be true, unthought-of and endless wonders were supposed to lie hid in the unascertained portions of the world. Hence the imaginary voyages of Robinson Crusoe, of Philip Quarll, of Richard Davis, of Peter Wilkins, and of Captain Lemuel Gulliver, were scarcely beyond the bounds of human credulity, and were by not a few received as true accounts of true voyages. Indeed, it might have been thought to require some hardihood to distrust even the immortal Captain, seeing that his "true effigies," in a very respectable peruke, were, as we happened lately to notice, prefixed to the early editions of his work. Who shall indeed set bounds to the possibilities of pleasant wonder, when the learned of the land were convinced by the daring impudence of George Psalmanazar, and were eager to send missionaries and Bibles to the interesting people to whom he professed to belong, and for whom he invented a language, the grammar of which seems to us the most daring attempt

ever made to throw dust into learned eyes. But, that learned eyes are not always the keenest, seems to be shown by the temporary success of that most astonishing experiment upon human credulity. O! happy people, who lived in days when there was something to wonder at—when the fountains of marvelousness, now, in these latter days, dried up, played in full stream, and sprinkled some refreshing excitements over this dreary life. But what have we now left? All the world has been disenchanted; every creek and cranny has been explored; and we have long ceased to expect the accounts of newly-discovered islands and continents, which ever and anon gladdened the hearts of our ancestors with something new and marvelous. Even if we had that expectation, it would cease to be exciting. We should be sure that the unknown would be like something we know. There is really nothing new under the sun—nothing even in expectation. Even the interior of Africa, still unexplored—and from whose gates Dr. Billoblotzky now returns bootless home—is regarded with but languid interest by all but the one in ten thousand who has some zeal for geographical discovery. There is sure to be some sand: But what do we want to know of more sands, and sand-storms, and camels, and all that sort of thing? There is, perhaps, a lake: Well, there is nothing wonderful in that—we know all about lakes. There are, perhaps, new tribes of blacks: Nay, spare us—what do we want of any more blacks? We know all about them through and through; and what signifies some trifling addition to their variety—a darker or lighter shade—a stronger or laxer twist of wool—a somewhat less utterable

jargon—a somewhat more hideous buggaboo? There is no bracing wonder here. We do not expect a new animal—scarcely a new plant; and when lately we were authentically told of a real wonder, in the shape of a sea-serpent, one half the world rose in its wrath at the attempt upon its organ of wonder, and at the assault upon its firm purpose not to wonder at anything the world contains; and the other half turned lazily upon its side, grunting—"Phsaw, what is there wonderful in a sea-serpent? An eel is a sea-serpent—a conger is a sea-serpent—and one somewhat bigger than a conger-eel is no great matter."

Now-a-days, we know the Persians, the Turks, the Arabs, the Hindoos, better than our grandfathers knew the French, the Italians, the Spaniards, or the Germans. The North American Indians, the South-Sea Islanders, the Esquimaux, we know far better than the Russians, Danes, and Swedes were known a hundred years ago. Even the Chinese have ceased to amaze us. Their tails—why, fifty years ago we were ourselves not tailless;—their edible bird-nests turn out, when seen and explained, to be nothing *very* strange. Cats may be, after all, not bad eating;—and the small feet of the ladies may, for aught we know, be a salutary domestic institution.

Then, look at the results which the existing facilities of intercourse have produced upon our estimate of places which it was once an untiring wonder to talk of, and a life-adventure to visit. Rome and Naples are as well known to us as Paris was some fifty years ago. Constantinople is better known to us than Rome was then; and with Jerusalem, Cairo, Damascus, we have now a far better acquaintance than we had twenty years ago with Petersburg, Lisbon, or Madrid. Palestine once afforded rich material for the play of the associative faculty upon the organ of wonder; but presently came that great iconoclast, Dr. Robinson of New York, who, by disproving one thing and doubting another, has left but little even there, in that cherished corner of the world, for the wonder of which entire belief is a most essential condition.

Wonder belongs to a time of ignorance, and we say that the days of ignorance have passed. What is there to wonder at? We know everything: and that which we understand ceases to be wonderful. Look at the map of the world. There is not a spot on which we can lay the finger whose inhabitants are not well known to us. They are differenced

by small matters—dress, habits of life, shades of color, climatic influences. Strip them of these, and we come by a swift process to our brothers—the sons of a common father—like ourselves in all that is essentially the man; moved by the same impulses, subject to the same pains and the same pleasures, subdued by the same dreads, and nourished by the same hopes. The psychologist who dissects their souls finds them all as like to one another, and all as like to us, as does the anatomist who explores their bodily frame. So with animals. All the most remarkable creatures of the world have been brought to us from the uttermost parts of the earth; and existences which to our grandfathers were all but fabulous, we now regard as familiar things. Our zoological gardens and menageries; our "Penny Magazines" and "Museums of Animated Nature," have quite disenchanted this branch of the world's life. Its strangest things have passed from the realm of wonder; and the discovery of a really new beast, or bird, or reptile, would now awaken but a languid interest in the general mind. So of plants. Where are their wonders now? Within thirty years, thousands of plants from all parts of the globe, most of which had not even been heard of, and many of which were examined with wonder, have become the well-known inmates of our stoves, our greenhouses, and even our gardens. A morning's walk, or a short ride, will take any inhabitant of London and other large towns among the most remarkable forms of transmarine vegetation. Here are the palms and bananas of tropical climes, breathing an atmosphere by which you are almost suffocated; there a thousand whimsical shapes of the cacti and of the unearthly orchids meet the view; and here the singular pitcher-plants distill their waters. Depart now, wonder-proof! Travel where you will, you will see, you can see, nothing to astonish—nothing more wonderful than that which you have seen with your own eyes at home.

And even in the phenomena of nature, the age of wonder has passed. We know everything; we can account for everything. Gases, vapors, and electric fluids are familiar things. We not long ago looked upon their spontaneous operations in nature with awe and wonder. But by and bye we grew bold in the presence of those awful powers. We ventured to lay our hands upon their manes, we vaulted upon their backs, and soon bowed down their terrible strength to our service.

Besides, this in which we have lived has been in all respects a most extraordinary age.

It has been full of all kinds of wonders—social, moral, historical, physical, scientific—so vast, so prodigious, as to render familiar to us, as matters of present interest and daily thought, results and facts, greater, intrinsically more strange, than any that past ages, or any that distant countries offer to our notice. This has tamed down the sense of wonder. We can wonder at nothing; for nothing is so wonderful as the things that have become our daily food. Even history is disenchanted. The strangest things have become comprehensible, possible, commonplace. The great conquerors of ancient days have in our own times been surpassed. The revolutions—the changes of past times—each one of which was a subject of curious speculation, have been exceeded in our own days. Subversions, any one of which was erewhile good talk for a century, have been crowded upon us by the dozen within the space of a few weeks. If the sense of wonder in civilized man has not been wholly destroyed, we cannot doubt that this age in which we live will be looked back upon by our children's children as more replete with wonders than any which the world's history has hitherto recorded.

But what has all this to do with the Dead Sea? it may be asked. Much every way. Amid the general diswonderment of the world, we could feel that at least the Dead Sea, with all its mysteries, its horrors and marvels, was left to us. It became a sort of safety-valve for the fine old faculty—the source of so much innocent excitement, which was smothered everywhere else under heavy masses of dull facts and circumstances. But gradually, and with aching hearts, we have seen this retreat cut off from us. One traveler after another has stripped off some one of the horrors which overhung its deeps, or rested on its shores; and now at last it stands naked before us—a monument, indeed, of God's wrath against the sins of man, but invested with none of the supernatural horrors ascribed to it, or exhibiting any of the features which are not the natural and inevitable effect of the peculiar condition into which it has been brought.

As the books now before us bring all the questions with respect to this Lake into their final condition, they afford us a favorable opportunity of stating the question as regards the past history of the Dead Sea horrors, and of showing what has been really done by the Expedition in advancement of our knowledge. In this we must rely chiefly upon our own resources; for the Commander of the Expedition helps us very little further than by

stating what he saw, and what he did. He appears to have had a sincere zeal in the enterprise, which originated in his suggestions, and he exhibited much energy and considerable tact in carrying out his objects in spite of the obstacles he encountered. He also knew *how* to observe, at least as a sailor, and he states well and clearly the process and results of his observation; but he scarcely knew *what* to observe, and certainly has not turned the rare advantages committed to him to all the account of which they would have been susceptible in the hands of a more literate traveler. Oh, that Dr. Robinson or Eli Smith had been of the party! Between their learning and deep studies in Palestine geography, and Lieutenant Lynch's practical energies, we might have had something far more worthy than the book before us of being set forth as the result of this most praiseworthy and liberal enterprise, which is in every way most creditable to the United States Government, and contrasts advantageously with the unutterable meanness of our own Government in all things of the sort. What is there in our position which places the inevitable mark of shabbiness, procrastination, and futility upon whatever our rulers do for the encouragement (!) of literature, art, and scientific investigation? Despotism powers act handsomely in such matters. So, as we now see, in this and other instances, can a Republican Government, quite as amenable as our own to the people for the employment of public money. Whence this unhappy *peculiarity*, for it is no less, of *our* position among the nations of the earth—with wealth more abundant—dominions more widely spread—and advantages far greater than any other nation ever possessed? We hope to look into this matter some day; but must now keep to our text.

Before proceeding to state the results which have been promised, we may give the reader some notion of the books before us. The second and smaller of them has been procured with difficulty; and the accounts which fell under our notice in American papers might have been sufficient to prevent the desire to see it; but it occurred to us that the different position and point of view of the writer would induce him to state some particulars which might throw light on the other account, or furnish some points of comparison with, or of contrast to it. We are bound to say, that in this case there has been discreditable haste even in the authentic account by the Commander of the Expedition, in taking advantage of the public curiosity, without propor-

tionate regard to the real advantage of the public and the interests of science, by the preparation of a well-digested account of the explorations. The writer actually apologizes for the manifest defects of his book on that very ground.

"As soon as possible after our return, I handed in my official report, and, at the same time, asked permission to publish a narrative or diary, of course embracing much, necessarily elicited by visiting such interesting scenes, that would be unfit for an official paper. To this application I was induced by hearing of the proposed publication of a Narrative of the Expedition, said to be by a member of the party. The permission asked was granted by the Hon. J. G. Mason, Secretary of the Navy, with the remark—'I give this assent with the more pleasure, because I do not think that you should be anticipated by any other who had not the responsibility of the enterprise.'

"Feeling that what may be said on the subject had better be rendered imperfectly by myself than by another, I have been necessarily hurried; and the reader will decide whether the narrative which follows was elaborately prepared, or written 'currente calamo.'"—Pp. v. vi.

It would, however, have been much better that it should not have been so written. The object was not adequate to justify the production of a very crude account—which this certainly is—of an Expedition to which the public funds had been applied, and in the results of which all Christendom was interested. After all, the rival account was produced before the authentic statement appeared; and the object of haste being thus frustrated by a work which could satisfy no cultivated mind, more time might have been safely taken. Perhaps, indeed, our worthy sailor could not, with any amount of time, have produced a much better book; and we regret that he had not been advised to put his materials into hands better qualified than his own to do them justice. Dr. Robinson might have made something of them. The lesser book, however, appeared before the other, and was an obvious and gross attempt to forestall the market. On its appearance it was disavowed by Lieutenant Lynch; and from the explanations which passed on both sides in the American papers, but which do not appear in either of these volumes, it seems that Mr. Montague is an Englishman, who held a petty officer's berth on board the "Supply." He was left ill of the small-pox at Port Mahon on the outward passage, and saw nothing of the Expedition from the 1st of February, 1848, two months before it landed in Syria, until it re-embarked at Mal-

ta on the 12th September following. It is evident, therefore, that he has no responsibility save of literary execution for that part which relates to this long interval, and which, he alleges, (but not in the book) was prepared from the diary of one of the men. His claim to any peculiar qualification for this task is not very clear, unless it be that he performed part of the outward voyage with those who afterwards formed the exploring party—and to which very common run he devotes no less than ninety pages. Again, he was with them for several weeks on the homeward voyage, and might have picked up by questioning the men all that he here states. But we believe, from internal evidence, that he had, as he states, the diary of one of the men for his guidance. There is, indeed, in the part Montague might have furnished for his own observations, the same vile taste, the same school-boy balderdash, and the same wretched forecastle slang as in the rest; but it is only afterwards that we encounter the peculiar American crow which pervades the rest of the volume, and continually starts up in such delicious phrases as, "We Yankee boys flinch not; we fear neither the wandering Arab nor the withering influence of disease; we fear neither the heat of the sun nor the suffocating sirocco. We have determined souls, enduring constitutions, plenty of provisions, lots of ammunition, swords, bowie knife, pistols, Colt's revolvers, and a blunderbuss which is capable to scatter (*sic*) some fatal doses among any hostile tribe; we have officers as determined, cool, and brave as—ourselves (!); and for a commander, one of the best, most humane, thoughtful, and generous men in the world, who lacks nothing in the sense of "bravery," and the resolute "go-a-head" spirit of a real, true-born American." Again—"We Yankee boys can perform wonders, and are not yet out of spirits." Again—"Such an accumulation of difficulties and disappointments are sufficient to cause any other than *Americans* to give up to despair." Again—"However, the true-born, undaunted American never flinches from his duty," and so on, "cock-a-doodle doo!" after the manner of Captain Ralph Stackpole, throughout. From this and other signs, we have no doubt that *this* account of the Expedition was drawn from the notes of one of the American sailors (they were all picked native-born Americans) of the Expedition; and though upon the whole a worthless, trashy book, one may pick up a notion or two out of it, seeing that it is at least real, when we

are enabled to view the same object through the eyes of *both* the commander and of one of his men.

The larger and authoritative work will considerably disappoint expectation on the grounds at which we have already hinted. Notwithstanding the gallant author's disavowal of "author craft," the work has most visible signs of book-making. The information respecting the proceedings of the Expedition is not advantageously exhibited, for want of adequate information in the writer; and taking it as it is, it might, with great advantage, have been compressed within half the space over which it is spread; for there is much in the volume on common and exhausted topics and places before we come to the Jordan and after we leave the Dead Sea. It may also be added that the book is disfigured by much of a kind of uncouth and very commonplace sentimentality, which is fearfully out of keeping in the account of a scientific Exhibition. Perhaps, however, the very qualities which detract from the value of the work in the eyes of serious philosophers may help it much in the circulating libraries—and it is certainly a sufficiently readable book. In our esteem the value of the work is greatly enhanced by the engravings. These are from drawings by Lieutenant Dale, the second in command of the Expedition, and who appears to have well merited the designation of a "skillful draughtsman," which is given to him. The interest of these lies in their representing subjects mostly new to the eyes of those who have been wearied with the five-hundredth repetition of the same scenes and objects. The views on the Dead Sea are of special and remarkable interest, and the costume figures are also striking and suggestive, although with one or two exceptions very wretchedly engraved; and the effect of the Arabian figures is spoiled by the stiff cable ropes which are twined around the *koofeyehs*, or head-shawls, in place of the soft twists of wool or camels' hair of which this head-band is really composed. But the sketch-map of the whole course of the Jordan between the lakes of Tiberias and Asphaltites, with its rapids and innumerable bends, and that of the Dead Sea, through its whole extent and in its true shape and proportions, are both invaluable; and their production, without a word of letterpress, were well worth the whole cost and labor of the Expedition.

The history of that Expedition we may now state, before examining the results which it has realized.

After the surrender of Vera Cruz in May, 1847, when there was no more work for the United States navy in these parts, Lieutenant Lynch applied to his government for leave to circumnavigate and thoroughly explore the Dead Sea. After some consideration, a favorable decision was given, and he was directed to make the requisite preparations. At the beginning of October the lieutenant was ordered to take the command of the store ship "Supply," formerly the "Crusader." This vessel was to be laden with stores for the squadron in the Mediterranean; and while preparing for this regular duty, the commander made the arrangements that appeared needful for the more special service. He had constructed, by special authority, two metallic boats, one of copper and the other of galvanized iron. These boats were so constructed as to be taken to pieces for convenience of transport across the land; but, as the taking the boats apart was a novel experiment, and might prove unsuccessful, two low trucks (or carriages without bodies) were provided, for the purpose of endeavoring to transport the boats entire from the Mediterranean to the Sea of Galilee. The trucks, when fitted, were taken apart, and compactly stowed in the hold, together with two sets of harness for horses. The boats, when complete, were hoisted in, and laid keel-up on a frame prepared for them; and with arms, ammunition, instruments, tents, flags, sails, oars, preserved meats, cooking utensils, the preparations were complete. Nothing that could conduce to the safety or success of the Expedition seems to have been overlooked. Air-tight gum-elastic water-bags were even procured, to be inflated when empty, for the purpose of serving as life-preservers to the crew in case of the destruction of the boats. Great care was also taken in the selection of the crew intended for the special service. Ten "young, muscular, native-born Americans, of sober habits," were chosen, and from each of them was exacted a pledge to abstain from intoxicating drinks. "To this stipulation," says the commander, "under Providence, is principally to be ascribed their final recovery from the extreme prostration consequent on the severe privations and great exposure to which they were unavoidably subjected." Besides these few men, Lieutenant Dale and Midshipman Aulick were attached to the Expedition; and the commander had with him his son, who took charge of the herbarium. Thus the party consisted in all of fourteen persons, to whom were subsequently

added, as volunteers, Mr. Bedlow and Dr. Anderson, the former at Constantinople, and the latter at Beirut, where also an interpreter was acquired in the person of an intelligent native Syrian, called Ameuny. We should like to know whether this was the person of the same name who, a few years back, studied in King's College, London. We feel almost sure that this is the same person; and, in that case, we know that he was qualified to render far greater services to the Expedition than he has credit for on the face of the narrative.

The Supply sailed from New York on the 21st November, 1847, and reached Smyrna on the 18th February, 1848. From Smyrna the officers of the Expedition proceeded to Constantinople in the Austrian steamer, with the view of obtaining from the Sultan, through the American minister, permission to pass through a part of his dominions in Syria, for the purpose of exploring the Dead Sea, and of tracing the Jordan to its source. The account of this journey occupies too much space; and even the writer of the lesser account, although avowedly remaining behind at Smyrna, treats us to an account of Constantinople, prepared, it would seem—like the other notices of places which he is fond of thrusting in—from those invaluable authorities, the geography books for the use of schools.

The commander had the honor of an audience of the young Sultan, and manifests some disposition to plume himself upon the republican freedom of his demeanor. There is, we must say, much bad taste of this sort throughout the book. We are also indulged with some rather twaddling observations upon the character of the Sultan, and the impending downfall of the Turkish empire. The latter is a subject on which we are sorely tempted to have our say too; but we will not at this time allow even Lieutenant Lynch to seduce us from our proper theme. The desired authorization was granted; and the Sultan even appeared to manifest some interest in the undertaking, and requested to be informed of the results.

Thus armed with all necessary powers, the officers returned to Smyrna, rejoining the Supply, which sailed the next day (March 10) for the coast of Syria, and, after touching at Beirut and other places, came to anchor in the Bay of Acre, under Mount Carmel, on the 28th.

The Expedition men, with the stores, the tents, and the boats, having landed, an encampment was formed on the beach, and

the Supply departed to deliver to the American squadron the stores with which it was charged, with orders to be back in time for the re-embarkation of the exploring party. "With conflicting emotions," writes Lieutenant Lynch, "we saw the Supply stand out to sea. Shall any of us live to tread again her clean, familiar deck? What matters it! We are in the hands of God, and, fall early or fall late, we fall with his consent." There was certainly room for serious reflection. The fates of the unhappy Costigan, and more recently of Lieutenant Molyneux, both of whom perished of fever caught on the Dead Sea, were but too well calculated to damp the spirits of the adventurers. Even the thoughtless sailors felt this influence:—

"We had been told," it is stated in the Montague book, "that there never was an expedition planned to explore the Dead Sea which had prospered; some fatality, like the unerring dart of an eagle, had always pounced upon its brave fellows: they had been sick, and lingered but a short while, and had died in this unfriendly climate; or had been attacked by the bloodthirsty Arabs, plundered, and then murdered. These things had taken place so recently, that the murderer has scarce sheathed his sword—the smoke from his pistol has scarce died away in the atmosphere—the unerring spear has scarce stayed from its quivering—and the blood of the murdered has scarcely yet been dried up by the prevailing heat, or absorbed by the surrounding earth. But we Yankee boys," &c.

The first difficulty of a practical nature was how to get the boats across to the Sea of Tiberias. The copper boat, we should have noticed, was named Fanny Mason, and the other Fanny Skinner—two very pretty and appropriate names for the navigation of the Sea of Death. The boats, mounted on the trucks, were laden with the stores and baggage of the party, and all was arranged most conveniently—only the horses could not be persuaded to draw. The harness was also found to be much too large for the small Syrian horses; and although they manifestly gloried in the strange equipment, and they voluntarily performed sundry gay and fantastic movements, the operation of pulling was altogether averse to their habits and inclination. What was to be done? Oxen might have been tried, and we have no doubt that they would have performed the task well; but they were all engaged in the labors of the field, it being now "the height of *seed-time*," (which must be a mistake for *harvest*,) and Lieutenant Lynch gen-

erously hesitated to withdraw them from that essential labor. He was thinking of taking the boats to pieces, though most reluctant to adopt that course, when the idea of trying whether camels might not be made to draw in harness crossed his mind. The experiment was tried; and all hearts throbbed with gratitude as the huge animals, three to each, marched off with the trucks, the boats upon them, with perfect ease. It was a novel sight, witnessed by an eager crowd of the natives, to whom the successful result disclosed an unknown accomplishment in the patient and powerful animal, which they had before thought fit only to plod along with a heavy load upon his back.

This difficulty, and some others, thrown in their way by the Governor of Acre, being removed, the party at length set forth from the coast on the 4th of April. They were accompanied by "a fine old man, an Arab nobleman, called Sherif Hazza of Mecca, the thirty-third lineal descendant of the prophet." As he appeared to be highly venerated by the Arabs, Lieutenant Lynch thought it would be a good measure to induce him to join the party; and he was prevailed upon to do so with less difficulty than had been anticipated. Another addition to the party was made next day in the person of a Bedouin sheikh of the name of Akil, with ten well-armed Arabs. This person, described as a powerful border sheikh, had become known to them at Acre, and on now visiting him at his village of Abelin, he was induced to attend the Expedition with "ten spears," which, with the sheikh and Sherif, and the servants of the latter, made fifteen Arabs in all. The exploring party itself amounted to sixteen, with the interpreter and cook; so that altogether, with the Arabs gallantly mounted, with their long tufted spears, the mounted seamen in single file, the laden camels, and the metal boats, with flags flying, mounted on carriages, drawn by huge camels, the party presented rather an imposing aspect. "It looked," says the commander, proudly, "like a triumphal march."

Some difficulty was experienced in getting the boats over the broken and rocky upper country, the roads being no better than mule tracks; but by breaking off a crag here, and filling up a hollow there, and by sometimes abandoning the road altogether, difficulties were overpassed, and the whole equipage reached the brink of the slopes overlooking the basin of the Galilee lake. How to get them down into the water was still some question.

"Took all hands up the mountain to get the boats down. Many times we thought that, like the herd of swine, they would rush precipitately into the sea. Every one did his best, and at length success crowned our efforts. With their flags flying we carried them triumphantly beyond the walls [of Tiberias] uninjured, and amid a crowd of spectators, launched them upon the blue waters of the Sea of Galilee—the Arabs singing, clapping their hands to the time, and crying for *backshish*—but we neither shouted nor cheered. From Christian lips it would have sounded like profanation. A look upon that consecrated lake ever brought to remembrance the words, 'Peace, be still!' which not only repressed all noisy exhibition, but soothed for a time all worldly care. Buoyantly floated the two 'Fannies,' bearing the stars and stripes—the noblest flag of freedom now waving in the world. Since the time of Josephus and the Romans, no vessel of any size has sailed upon this sea; and for many, many years but a solitary keel has furrowed its surface."—P. 162.

This "solitary keel" is, it appears, the same that the party bought for six pounds, and put in repair to relieve the other boats in transporting the baggage. It was called "Uncle Sam;" and on the 10th of April the boats were pushed off from the shelving beach, and sought the outlet of the Jordan; Uncle Sam, rowed by Arabs, being preceded by his two fair daughters—Fanny Mason leading the way, closely followed by Fanny Skinner; the allied Bedouins, with the cattle, proceeding along the shore, under the command of Lieutenant Dale. The real business of the Expedition here commenced, and, aware of this, the commander made a division of labor, assigning to each officer and volunteer his appropriate duty. Mr. Dale was to make topographical sketches of the country; Dr. Anderson was to make geological observations and collect specimens; Mr. Bedlow was to note the aspect of the country on the land route, and the incidents that occurred on the march; Mr. F. Lynch was to collect plants and flowers for the herbarium; to Mr. Aulick, who had charge of the Fanny Skinner, was assigned the topographical sketch of the river and its shores; and Lieutenant Lynch himself, in the Fanny Mason, undertook to take notes of the course, rapidity, color, and depth of the river and its tributaries, the nature of its banks, and of the country through which it flowed—the vegetable productions, and the birds and animals which might be seen, and also to keep a journal of events.

The descent of the river occupied above a week, as the bathing-place of the pilgrims, somewhat above the Dead Sea, was not

reached until the night of the 17th. During this time the water party had generally, in the evening, joined the land party on the shore, and remained encamped until the morning. But little information concerning the river could be obtained at Tiberias, and it was therefore with considerable consternation that the course of the Jordan was soon found to be interrupted by frequent and most fearful rapids. Thus, to proceed at all, it often became necessary to plunge with headlong velocity down the most appalling descents. So great were the difficulties, that on the second evening the boats were not more than twelve miles in direct distance from Tiberias. On the third morning it became necessary to abandon poor Uncle Sam, from its shattered condition. It was seen that no other kind of boats in the world, but such as those which had been brought from America, combining great strength with buoyancy, could have sustained the shocks they encountered. The boats were indeed sorely bruised, but not materially injured, and a few hours sufficed to repair all damages.

The immense difference between the levels of the Lake of Tiberias and the Dead Sea—the latter having been, by the best observations hitherto obtained, ascertained to be no less than 984 feet lower than the former—had recently been called in question both by Dr. Robinson and Carl Ritter. In the "*Bibliotheca Sacra*" for August, 1848, Dr. Robinson has a statement on the subject, which may be thus summed up:—

The result of the survey made by Lieutenant Symonds of the Royal Engineers gives 1311.9 feet for the depression of the Dead Sea, and 328 for that of the Lake of Tiberias below the sea-level of the Mediterranean. Seeing that the distance between the two lakes does not exceed one degree, this would give to the river Jordan, which passes from the one to the other, a descent of 16.4 feet per mile. Of several rapid rivers, whose course is stated, the lower part of the Orontes, "roaring over its rocky bed," and unnavigable, and the Missouri at the Great Falls, are the only ones whose rapidity of descent can compare with this. "But the Jordan, so far as known, has neither cataracts nor rapids, and its flow, though swift, is silent. Yet, of the 984 feet of its descent in 60 geographical miles, there is room for three cataracts, each equal in descent to Niagara: and there would still be left to the river an average fall equal to the swiftest portion of the Rhine, including the cataract of Schaffhausen." On these grounds Dr.

Robinson hinted there might probably be some error in the calculation, affecting the results. We must admit there was ample ground for the doubt thus expressed, and which the great Prussian geographer declared that he shared—but seeing that a few weeks were destined signally to subvert the whole reasoning, and the doubt that rested on it, there is a striking resemblance between this and Mr. Cobden's famous declaration respecting the unchangeable peacefulness of Europe. The great secret of this depression is solved by our explorers on the basis of the very facts whose non-existence Dr. Robinson too hastily assumed. First, there *are* rapids. The boats plunged down no less than twenty-seven very threatening ones, besides a great number of lesser magnitude; and then, although the direct distance between the two lakes does not exceed sixty miles, yet the distance actually traversed by the stream in its course—found to be exceedingly tortuous—is at least 200 miles, reducing the average fall to not more than six feet in each mile, which the numerous rapids in that distance render very comprehensible. Thus the great depression of the Dead Sea below the Lake of Tiberias is established both by scientific calculation and by actual observation—by two independent lines of proof, which support and corroborate each other.

The larger narrative traces with great and proper minuteness the changing aspects and circumstances of the river at the successive stages of progress. These details are so numerous and so various that it is difficult to generalize them. We are, therefore, glad that Montague's sailor, in his more general and less responsible view, supplies a few lines, which, corroborated as they are by the Commander, will serve our purpose well. He says,—

"The banks of the Jordan are beautifully studded with vegetation. The cultivation of the ground is not so extensive as it might be, and as it would be, if the crops were secured to the cultivator from the desperadoes who scour the region. The waters of the Jordan are clear and transparent, except in the immediate vicinity of the rapids and falls. It is well calculated for fertilizing the valleys of its course. There are often plenty of fish seen in its deep and shady course; but we see no trace of the lions and bears which once inhabited its thickets: now and then are to be seen footsteps of the wild boar, which sometimes visits the neighborhood."

The wide and deeply depressed plain through which the river flows, is generally barren, treeless, and verdureless; and the

mountains, or rather, the cliffs and slopes of the risen uplands, present, for the most part, a wild and cheerless aspect. The verdure—such as it is—may only be sought on and near the lower valley or immediate channel of the Jordan. No one statement can apply to the scenery of its entire course; but the following picture, which refers to nearly the central part of the river's course, some distance below Wady Adjlun, is a good specimen of the kind of scenery which the passage of the river offers. It is also a very fair example of the style in which Lieutenant Lynch works up the passages he wishes to be most impressive:—

"The character of the whole scene of this dreary waste was singularly wild and impressive. Looking out upon the desert, bright with reverberated light and heat, was like beholding a conflagration from a window at twilight. Each detail of the strange and solemn scene could be examined as through a lens.

"The mountains towards the west rose up like islands from the sea, with the billows heaving at their bases. The rough peaks caught the slanting sunlight, while sharp black shadows marked the sides turned from the rays. Deep-rooted in the plain, the bases of the mountains heaved the garment of the earth away, and rose abruptly in naked pyramidal crags, each scar and fissure as palpably distinct as though within reach, and yet we were hours away; the laminations of their strata resembling the leaves of some gigantic volume, wherein is written, by the hand of God, the history of the changes he has wrought.

"Towards the south, the ridges and higher masses of the range, as they swept away in the distance, were aerial and faint, and softened into dimness by a pale transparent mist.

"The plain that sloped away from the bases of the hills was broken into ridges and multitudinous, cone-like mounds, resembling tumultuous water at 'the meeting of two adverse tides;' and presented a wild and chequered tract of land, with spots of vegetation flourishing upon the frontiers of irreclaimable sterility.

"A low, pale, and yellow ridge of conical hills marked the termination of the higher terrace, beneath which swept gently this lower plain with a similar undulating surface, half redeemed from barrenness by sparse verdure and thistle-covered hillocks.

"Still lower was the valley of the Jordan—the sacred river!—its banks fringed with perpetual verdure; winding in a thousand graceful mazes; the pathway cheered with songs of birds, and its own clear voice of gushing minstrelsy; its course a bright line in this cheerless waste. Yet beautiful as it is, it is only rendered so by contrast with the harsh, calcined earth around."—Pp. 232, 233.

Of the manner in which the rapids were

passed, the following passage will afford an adequate notice:—

"At 10. 15 A. M., cast off and shot down the first rapid, and stopped to examine more closely a desperate-looking cascade of eleven feet. In the middle of the channel was a shoot at an angle of about sixty degrees, with a bold, bluff, threatening rock at its foot, exactly in the passage. It would therefore be necessary to turn almost at a sharp angle in descending, to avoid being dashed in pieces. This rock was on the outer edge of the whirlpool, which a caldron of foam swept round and round in circling eddies. Yet below were two fierce rapids, each about 150 yards in length, with the points of black rocks peering above the white and agitated surface. Below them, again, within a mile, were two other rapids—longer, but more shelving, and less difficult.

"Fortunately, a large bush was growing upon the left bank, about five feet up where the rush of the water from above had formed a kind of promontory. By swimming across some distance up the stream, one of the men had carried over the end of a rope, and made it fast around the roots of the bush. The great doubt was, whether the hold of the roots would be sufficient to withstand the strain, but there was no alternative. In order not to risk the men, I employed some of the most vigorous Arabs in the camp to swim by the side of the boats, and guide them, if possible, clear of danger. Landing the men, therefore, and tracking the Fanny Mason up stream, we shot her across; and gathering in the slack of the rope, let her drop to the brink of the cascade, where she fairly trembled and bent in the fierce strength of the sweeping current. It was a moment of intense anxiety. The sailors had now clambered along the banks, and stood at intervals below, ready to assist us, if thrown from the boat and swept towards them. One man with me in the boat stood by the line; a number of Arabs were upon the rocks and in the foaming water, gesticulating wildly, their shouts mingling with the roaring of the boisterous rapids, and their dusky forms contrasting strangely with the effervescing flood, and five on each side, in the water, were clinging to the boat, ready to guide her clear of the threatening rock if possible.

"The Fanny Mason, in the meanwhile, swayed from side to side of the mad torrent like a frightened bird, straining the line which held her. Watching the moment when her bows were in the right direction, I gave the signal to let go the rope. There was a rush—a plunge—an upward leap, and the rock was cleared—the pool was passed! and, half full of water, with breathless velocity, we were swept safely down the rapids. Such screaming and shouting! The Arabs seemed to exult more than ourselves. It was in seeming only. They were glad—we were grateful. Two of the Arabs lost their hold, and were carried far below us, but were rescued with a slight injury to one of them."—Pp. 189, 190.

The following, which is one of the best

descriptions, has reference to an earlier portion of the river's course, about one-third from the Lake of Tiberias:—

"For hours in their swift descent the boats floated down in silence—the silence of the wilderness. Here and there were spots of solemn beauty. The numerous birds sang with a music strange and manifold; the willow branches were spread upon the stream like tresses, and creeping mosses and clambering weeds, with a multitude of white and silvery little flowers, looked out from among them; and the cliff swallow wheeled over the falls, or went at his own will, darting through the arched vistas, and shadowed and shaped by the meeting foliage on the banks; and above all, yet attuned to all, was the music of the river, gushing with a sound like that of shawms and cymbals. There was little variety in the scenery of the river; to-day the streams sometimes washed the bases of the sandy hills, at other times meandered between low banks, generally fringed with trees, and fragrant with blossoms. Some points presented views exceedingly picturesque—the mad rushing of a mountain torrent, the song and sight of birds, the overhanging foliage and glimpse of the mountains far over the plain, and here and there a gurgling rivulet pouring its tribute of crystal water into the now muddy Jordan; the western shore was peculiar from the high calcareous limestone hills which form a barrier to the stream when swollen by the efflux of the Sea of Galilee during the winter and early spring; while the left and eastern bank was low and fringed with tamarisk and willow, and occasionally a thicket of lofty cane, and tangled masses of shrubs and creeping plants, gave it the appearance of a jungle. At one place we saw the fresh track of a tiger [leopard?] on the low, clayey margin, where he had come to drink. At another time, as we passed his lair, a wild boar started with a savage grunt, and dashed into the thicket; but for some moments we tracked his pathway by the shaking cane, and the crashing sound of broken branches.

"The birds were numerous; and at times, when we issued from the shadow and silence of a narrow and verdure-tinted part of the stream into an open bend where the rapids rattled and the light burst in, and the birds sang their wilderness song, it was, to use a simile of Mr. Bedlow, like a sudden transition from the cold, dull-lighted hall, where gentlemen hang their hats, into the white and golden saloon, where the music rings, and the dance goes on."—Pp. 212, 213.

The passage of the river was accomplished without any real opposition from the neighboring Arabs—all hostile demonstration being apparently held in check by the manifest strength of the party. Some friendly intercourse, indeed, took place at different points. We observe generally that the explorers, with their minds preoccupied with ideas of North American Indians, greatly

underrate the position, character, and knowledge of the Arabs. Indeed, they are plainly called "savages;" but they are not savages, unless the patriarchal fathers of Scripture history were savages, which no one ever thought. This misapprehension of the Arabs is, of course, exhibited in a still more exaggerated form in the narrative of Montague's sailor, whose less cultivated perceptions are still more obtuse. He ventures to say, in one place, that the Arabs wondered how the boats could walk the waters without legs!

All this that relates to the Jordan is new, valuable, and important. It is the real, great work of the Expedition. We absolutely knew next to nothing about the river between the two lakes before, except just below where it leaves the upper lake, and just above where it enters the lower; but here the whole river is set forth before us, and all the mysteries connected with its course are completely solved. For this, the commander is well entitled to the gold medal by the Royal Geographical Society, which we should hope will be awarded to him. In the Dead Sea, the additions to our knowledge are less striking and important. The lake had been viewed at nearly all points by different travelers; the comparison of whose statements furnished a sufficiently correct idea of the figure and directions of the lake, and of the peculiar phenomena which it offers. In most respects, therefore, the business here was not to discover anything new, but to verify previous accounts; and in most respects, all the accounts given by the best of former travelers—especially such as subvert the old traditions of the lake—are abundantly confirmed, and settled beyond all further doubt or question. In fact, the navigation of the lake in boats is not a new thing—it having been previously done by an Irishman, Costigan, and more recently by an Englishman, Lieutenant Molyneux, of H. M. S. *Spartan*. Indeed, the latter officer had also performed the same passage down the Jordan; and had he lived to impart to the public the fruit of his observations, the interest of the present Expedition would have been forestalled, and its facts anticipated at all points. It is to the credit of Lieutenant Lynch that he manifests a full consciousness of the claims of his predecessors. He even gives the name of Point Costigan to one of the points of the peninsula, towards the south of the Dead Sea, and of Point Molyneux to the other; and it is certainly not the least of our obligations to these officers, that their prior claims, in

all probability, prevented these spots from being ornamented with the names of Fanny Mason and Fanny Skinner, if not of Uncle Sam. It is bad enough as it is, to see an ancient and a sacred soil thus desecrated with any modern and Frankish names. Dr. Robinson would have ascertained the native names of those places; and our explorers might, if they had chosen, have done the same, by the aid of so accomplished and excellent an interpreter as Mr. Ameuny. We hope this sort of folly will end here. It is quite enough that the geographical nomenclature of half the world is ruined by this frightful bad taste, without the sacred land itself being exposed to the same deep abasement.

The Expedition spent no less than twenty-two nights upon the lake. During this time the whole circuit of it was made, including the back-water at the southern extremity, which had never before been explored in boats. Every object of interest upon the banks was examined; and the lake was crossed and recrossed in a zigzag direction through its whole extent, for the purpose of sounding. The figure of the lake, as laid down in the sketch-map, is somewhat different from that usually given to it. The breadth is more uniform throughout; it is less narrowed at the northern extremity, and less widened on approaching the peninsula in the south. In its general dimensions it is longer, but is not so wide as usually represented. Its length by the map is forty miles, by an average breadth of about nine miles. The observations and facts from day to day are recorded in Lieutenant Lynch's book; and it is by reading them that the reader must realize the impressions which the survey is designed to produce, for the author does not take the trouble to combine his results in one clear and connected statement; indeed, the want of these occasional generalizations of details, which the reader of such a work is entitled to expect, and which, it might be thought, might have been easily given as a general retrospect of the whole, is the great defect of the book. Dr. Robinson, in his really great work on Palestine, after giving the details of his explorations, pauses on every vantage-ground to survey the scene, and to state the general effect and character of the whole. But nothing of the kind is attempted by our author, who seems to have been either ignorant of this necessity, or to have lacked the skill to supply it. The sea-custom of keeping an account of minute particulars and observations from day to day in

the log-book, tends to create a habit of correctly observing and registering small details, but is perhaps unfavorable to the formation or cultivation of the faculty of generalization. On the other hand, there are men who can only

"See things in the gross,
Being much too gross to see them in detail."

One of this sort is Montague's sailor, who, being incapable of following the observations of his commander, and being, as it seems, only partially acquainted with other than the most obvious results, states general impressions rather than particulars; and we are not sure but that in this way he renders to the common reader the general effect of the whole much more effectively than his commander, whose account alone is, however, here of any scientific value. It has seemed to us, indeed, that this part of Montague's book is better done than any other. He here makes a most distinct impression, and, but for the egregious blunders into which he falls whenever stating what men know from *reading*, we might suppose that in this portion of the work he had access to better information than in other parts. This writer does not lack power of observation; and his errors are mostly in those allusions to "things in general," in which only a man possessed of assured knowledge from reading and study can be always correct. We are not sure that the blunders made in allusions of this sort—which are as plenty as blackberries—and the disgust one feels at the vile slang which turns up every now and then, tends to create an under-estimate of the truthfulness of many observations on matters that fall within the fair scope of an intelligent seaman's knowledge.

The only passage in which Lieutenant Lynch attempts to furnish us with something like the result of his exploration is this:—

"We have carefully sounded the sea, determined its geographical position, taken the exact topography of its shores, ascertained the temperature, width, depth, and velocity of its tributaries, collected specimens of every kind, and noted the winds, currents, changes of the weather, and all atmospheric phenomena. These, with a faithful narrative of events, will give a correct idea of this wonderful body of water as it appeared to us.

"From the summit of these cliffs, in a line a little north of west, about sixteen miles distant, is Hebron, a short distance from which Dr. Robinson found the dividing ridge between the Mediterranean and this sea. From Beni Na'im, the reputed tomb of Lot, upon that ridge, it is

supposed that Abraham looked 'towards all the land of the plain,' and beheld the smoke 'as the smoke of a furnace.' The inference from the Bible, that this entire chasm was a plain sunk and 'overwhelmed' by the wrath of God, seems to be sustained by the extraordinary character of our soundings. The bottom of this sea consists of two submerged plains, an elevated and a depressed one; the last averaging thirteen, the former about *thirteen hundred* feet below the surface. Through the northern, and largest and deepest one, in a line corresponding with the bed of the Jordan, is a ravine, which again seems to correspond with the Wady el-Jeib, or ravine within a ravine, at the south end of the sea.

"Between the Jabok and this sea, we unexpectedly found a sudden break-down in the bed of the Jordan. If there be a similar break in the water-courses to the south of the sea, accompanied with like volcanic characters, there can scarce be a doubt that the whole Ghor has sunk from some extraordinary convulsion, preceded, most probably, by an eruption of fire, and a general conflagration of the bitumen which abounded in the plain. I shall ever regret that we were not authorized to explore the southern Ghor to the Red Sea.

"All our observations have impressed me forcibly with the conviction that the mountains are older than the sea. Had their relative levels been the same at first, the torrents would have worn their beds in a gradual and correlative slope; whereas, in the northern section, the part supposed to have been so deeply engulfed, although a soft, bituminous limestone prevails, the torrents plunge down several hundred feet, while on both sides of the southern portion the ravines come down without abruptness, although the head of Wady Kerak is more than a thousand feet higher than the head of Wady Ghuweir. Most of the ravines, too—as reference to the map will show—have a southward inclination near their outlets; that of Zirka Main or Callirohoe especially, which, next to the Jordan, must pour down the greatest volume of water in the rainy season. But even if they had not that deflection, the argument which has been based on this supposition would be untenable; for tributaries, like all other streams, seek the greatest declivities, without regard to angular inclination. The Yermak flows into the Jordan at a right angle, and the Jabok with an acute one to its descending course.

"There are many other things tending to the same conclusion; among them the isolation of the mountain of Usdum; its difference of contour and of range, and its consisting entirely of a volcanic product.

"But it is for the learned to comment on the facts we have laboriously collected. Upon ourselves the result is a decided one. We entered upon this sea with conflicting opinions. One of the party was skeptical, and another, I believe, a professed unbeliever of the Mosaic account. After twenty-two days' close investigation, if I am not mistaken, we are unanimous in the conviction of the truth of the Scriptural account of the destruction of the Cities of the Plain. I

record with diffidence the conclusions we have reached, simply as a protest against the shallow deductions of would-be unbelievers."—Pp. 378-380.

As we have chosen a way of our own in which to state some of the other results of this exploration, we must hasten to complete the historical notice of its incidents, by stating, that before quitting the shores of the Dead Sea, the party made an excursion to Kerak, with the view principally of affording the men an intermediate refreshment from the close atmosphere of the lake. Here there are about 1000 Christians kept in most oppressive subjection by about one-third of the number of Moslem Arabs, who live mostly in tents outside the town. They have commenced building a church, in the hope of keeping all together, and as a safe place of refuge for their wives and children in times of trouble; but the locusts and the sirocco have for the last seven years blasted the fields, and nearly all spared by these distractions has been swept away by the Arabs. They furnished the party with the subjoined appeal to the Christians in America, and which deserves to be known in this country.

"By God's favor!

"May it, God willing, reach America, and be presented to our Christian brothers, whose happiness may the Almighty God preserve! Amen.

"8642.

"BEDUAH.

"We are, in Kerak, a few very poor Christians, and are building a church.

"We beg your excellency to help us in this undertaking, for we are very weak.

"The land has been unproductive, and visited by the locust for the last seven years.

"The church is delayed in not being accomplished for want of funds, for we are a few Christians surrounded by Muslims.

"This being all that is necessary to write to you, Christian brothers of America, we need say no more.

"The trustees in your bounty.

"ABD' ALLAH EN NAHAS, Sheikh.

"YÂKÔB EN NAHAS, Sheikh's brother.

"Kerak, Jamâd Awâh, 1264."

These poor people behaved very well, as they always do, to our travelers; but from the Arabs of Kerak they were, on their return, threatened with much danger—with greater danger, indeed, than had previously been known. But this and all dangers passed, and the survey of the lake being soon after completed, the boats, no longer needed, were taken to pieces, and sent, with two camels' load of specimens, to Jerusalem

whither the party itself followed by the route of Santa Saba. After some stay there, they crossed the country to Jaffa. Nor was this without object or labor, a line of levels having to be carried, with the spirit level of the most recent and improved construction (Troughton's,) from the chasm of the Dead Sea, through the desert of Jordan, "over precipices and mountain ridges, and down and across yawning ravines, and for much of the time under a scorching sun." The merit of this operation is assigned to Lieutenant Dale. The results are not stated, but are said to be confirmatory of the skill and extraordinary accuracy of the triangulation by Lieutenant Symonds.

At Acre the party divided, one portion proceeding in a Turkish brig to Beirut, and the other returning across the country to Tiberias, by way of Nazareth. The object being from hence to follow the Upper Jordan to its source, our interest in the special objects of the Expedition is revived. This part of the business is, however, passed but lightly over, there being no very new or very adventurous work to execute, and, as it seems to us, the officers being but ill-informed as to the points which in this part specially demanded attention.

In his way up the shore of the lake of Galilee, Lieutenant Lynch very modestly expresses an opinion in favor of Tell Hum as the probable site of Capernaum, in preference to Dr. Robinson's Khan Minryeh; and his return to the old ways we hail as a proof of his sound judgment. In respect to Bethsaida he is less fortunate, confounding the northeast Bethsaida with the western Bethsaida, as the city of Andrew and Peter. But mistakes of this sort swarm throughout the work. The chances being only a degree or two less in this work than in Montague's that we encounter a blunder in connection with every proper name that turns up.*

* We note a few specimens. It is "Collingwood," and not Jervis, who is described as breaking the enemy's line at Cape St. Vincent. The prophet "Isaiah," and not Elijah, as resting under the juniper tree in the wilderness. Reland is throughout "Reyland." "The Arab has no name for wine, the original Arabic word for which is now applied to coffee!" The truth being, that one of many Arabic words for wine is so applied. "J. Robinson, D.D., of New York," for E. Robinson, D.D. "The Chinese Kotan" for "Kotou." "Almeidan" for Atmaidan. "We saw the river Cayster (*modern Meander!*)" "Acre derived its name from the church of St. Jean d'Acre." "Saul and his three sons threw themselves upon their swords." "Near the palace [of Beschiktasche on the Bosphorus] stood the column of Simeon and Daniel Stylites,

Between the two lakes the river hastens—a rapid and foaming stream, between a thick border of willows, oleanders, and ghurrah. Of the lake Huleh, nothing is added to our previous information, indeed, scarcely anything is said; and we are quite distressed to say that the commander does not seem to have been at all aware that it was an object of interest to ascertain whether the river from Hasbeiya, which, as the remoter source, must be regarded as the true Jordan, unites with the river from Banias before it enters the lake Huleh, or else reaches it as a separate and parallel stream. Not a word is said on this point, and there is no map or plan that might indicate the view taken of the matter.

The sources of the Jordan have been so often visited, and are so well known, that we could hardly expect much that is new on the subject. We certainly do not find anything that was not previously well known. Upon the whole, this exploration of the Upper Jordan is a failure altogether. But this is excusable, from the unbent attention of men whose energies had of late been greatly overtasked, and who regarded the great objects of their undertaking as already accomplished.

The party proceeded to Damascus, and returned by way of Baalbek to Beirut. It was with dismay that it was found the Supply had not, according to appointment, arrived there to receive them—the rather as Mr. Dale and some of the men became sick, and needed medical assistance. In a few days, however, they all recovered, except that able officer, who, after lingering a few weeks, died of the same low nervous fever which had carried off Costigan and Molyneux—the former explorers of the Dead Sea. He died at a village twelve miles up the Lebanon, to which he had withdrawn, in the hope of being invigorated by the mountain air. The afflicted commander, determined to take the body home, if possible, immediately started with it to Beirut. "It was a slow, dreary ride, down the rugged mountain by twilight. As I followed the body of my late companion, accompanied only by worthy Arabs, and thought of his young and helpless children, I could scarce repress the wish that I had been taken and he been spared." The body was, however, not taken home, but was deposited, "amid unhidden tears and stifled sobs," in the Frank cemetery at Beirut.

two saintly fools, who spent most of their lives upon its summit." Simeon was never near the Bosphorus. But enough of this.

There is much reason to apprehend that the report of the results of this Expedition has suffered much from the loss of this accomplished officer. We see from a paper by Dr. Robinson in the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, for November, 1848, that *he* anticipated this would be the case. He states,—

“Lieutenant Dale had reached the age of thirty-five; he was a man of fine appearance and elegant manners, and was selected by Lieutenant Lynch to be his companion because of his experience in the exploring expedition under Capt. Wilkes, and as an engineer, first in connection with the coast survey, and afterwards in Florida. His loss will doubtless be greatly felt in making up the report of the Expedition, the end of which he was permitted to behold, but not to participate its fruits, nor to enjoy its rewards.”

We grieve to add, from the Preface of the volume before us,—“His wife has since followed him to the grave; but in his name he has left a rich inheritance to his children.” These are sad words, when we recollect the shortness of the interval between the return of the Expedition and the appearance of this statement.

About a week after, being a full month after the return to Beirut, the party embarked on board a French brig for Malta, being tired of waiting longer for the Supply. At Malta they were joined by that vessel on the 12th September, and re-embarking in her, sped homeward, reaching New York early in December, after an absence of something above one year.

Having thus traced the course of the Expedition, we must return to offer the reader some remarks upon the Dead Sea, in connection with those researches concerning it which this American Expedition may be regarded as having consummated.

The name of “Dead Sea” is not known in Scripture, in which it is mentioned by the various names of the East Sea, the Sea of Sodom, the Sea of the Desert, and the Salt Sea. In Josephus and the classical writers, it is known by the name of the Lake of Asphaltites, from the great quantities of bitumen it produced. Its current name doubtless originated in the belief that no living thing could subsist in its waters. In the incidental allusions to it in the Old Testament—for it is not named in the New—there is nothing to suggest a foundation for the statements which have since been disproved; and all recent research confirms the Scriptural intimations. We no sooner, however, get out of the Bible into the Apocrypha,

than we are in the region of exaggeration and tradition. The author of the Wisdom of Solomon, speaking of the cities of the plain, says—“Of whose wickedness even to this day the waste land that smoketh is a testimony, and plants bearing fruits that never come to ripeness; and a standing pillar of salt is a monument of an unbelieving soul.”—x. 7. Here are three points,—smoke rising from the lake; plants whose fruits will not ripen in this atmosphere; and the pillar of salt into which Lot’s wife was turned.

Now it must be confessed that this smoke was a very suitable incident for the imagination to rest upon. It was in keeping. It agreed with the doom in which at least the southern gulf of the lake originated, and suggested that the fires then kindled, and by which the guilty cities were consumed, still smouldered in the depths or upon the shores of the Asphaltic Lake. This smoke, however, turns out to be no other than the dense mist from the active evaporation going on upon the surface, which often overhangs the lake in the morning, and is only dissipated as the sun waxes hot. This is frequently mentioned by our expeditionists. It is seen not exclusively in the morning:—

“At one time to-day, the sea assumed an aspect peculiarly sombre. Unstirred by the wind, it lay smooth and unruffled as an inland lake. The great evaporation enclosed it in a thin transparent vapor, its purple tinge contrasting strongly with the extraordinary color of the sea beneath, and where they blended in the distance, giving it the appearance of smoke from burning sulphur. It seemed a vast caldron of metal, fused but motionless.”—P. 324.

The idea of fire, which is connected with that of smoke, may in part also have originated in the intensely phosphorescent character of these heavy waters by night. We are not certain that this has been noticed by any other than the present travelers.

“The surface of the sea,” says Lieutenant Lynch, “was one wide sheet of phosphorescent foam, and the waves, as they broke upon the shore, threw a sepulchral light upon the dead bushes and scattered fragments of rock.”

Then there are the fruits which will not ripen. It is evident that there are many plants to which the saline exhalations and intense heat of the deep basin of the Dead Sea must be uncongenial, and which will therefore scarcely bring forth fruit to perfection; but there are others with which these conditions agree well, and which will

there yield their fruits. There is not much evidence on this subject to be found in travelers, who have seldom been there in the season of fruit. But our expeditionists found divers kinds of plants and shrubs in vigorous blossom, and which might therefore be expected to yield their fruits in due season. However, the general character of the shores is dismal, from the general absence of vegetation except at particular spots; and it must be admitted that the exhalations and saline deposits are as unfriendly to vegetable life as the waters are to animal existence.

We suspect, however, that the writer of Wisdom had in view those same famous apples of Sodom, of which Josephus speaks as of a peculiar product of the shores of this lake. "These fruits," says Josephus, "have a color as if they were fit to be eaten; but if you pluck them with your hands, they dissolve into smoke and ashes." So Tacitus: "The herbage may spring up, and the trees may put forth their blossoms, they may even attain the usual appearance of maturity, but with this florid outside, all within turns black, and moulders into dust." This plant has of course been much sought after by travelers. Hasselquist and others thought it the fruit of the *Solanum melongena*, or egg-plant, which is abundant in this quarter, but which only exhibits the required characteristics when attacked by insects. But since Seetzen, and Irby, and Mangles, there has been no question that the renowned "apple of Sodom" is no other than the *Osher* of the Arabs, the *Asclepias procera* of the early writers, but now forming part of the genus *Callotropis*. Dr. Robinson gives a good account of it; and our expeditionists add nothing to the information already possessed concerning it. The plant is a perennial, specimens of which have been found from ten to fifteen feet high, and seven or eight feet in girth. It is a gray, cork-like bark, with long oval leaves. The fruit resembles a large smooth apple or orange, and when ripe is of a yellow color. It is even fair to the eye, and soft to the touch, but when pressed, it explodes with a puff, leaving in the hand only the shreds of the rind and a few fibres. It is indeed chiefly filled with air like a bladder, which gives it the round form, while in the centre is a pod, containing a quantity of fine silk with seeds. When green, the fruit, like the leaves and the bark, affords, when cut or broken, a viscous, white milky fluid, called by the Arabs *Osher-milk*, (*Leben-osher*), and regarded by them as a cure for barrenness. This plant, however, which

from being in Palestine found only on the shores of the Dead Sea, was locally regarded as being the special and characteristic product of that lake, is produced also in Nubia, Arabia, and Persia; which at once breaks up this one of the mysteries of the Dead Sea. It is no doubt found on those shores from the climate being here warmer, and therefore more congenial to it than in any other part of Palestine.

As to the pillar of salt into which Lot's wife was turned, the existence of which has been recorded by many traditions, and of which so many travelers have heard vague reports from the natives, it is one of the most remarkable discoveries of our Expedition, that a pillar of salt does exist, which is, without doubt, that to which the native reports refer, and which, or one like which, may have formed the basis of the old traditions. That this pillar, or any like it, is or was that into which Lot's wife was turned, is another question, which it is not needful here to discuss. The word rendered "a pillar," denotes generally any fixed object; and that rendered "salt," denotes also bitumen; and the plain significance of the text would therefore seem to be, that she was slain by the fire and smoke, and sulphureous vapor; and her body being pervaded and enveloped by the bituminous and saline particles, lay there a stiffened and shapeless mass. The text appears to mean no more; but whether this mass may not have formed the nucleus of a mound, or even of a pillar of the same substance, forming as it were the unhonored grave of this unbelieving woman, is a question we are not called upon to consider. If the text required us to understand literally "a pillar of salt," we should know that it existed, and should think it likely that it exists still, and the question would be whether this, which our travelers have found, is that pillar or not. We should probably think *not*; for although its place is in what must have been the general locality of this visitation, yet if Zoar, to which the fugitives were escaping, has been correctly identified (as we doubt not) in Zuweirah, it is difficult to find *this* place for the pillar, upon the route thereto, from any spot which Sodom can be supposed to have occupied. Besides, this pillar is upon a hill, whereas the visitation evidently befell Lot's wife in the plain. The following is the account of it which Lieutenant Lynch gives:—

"To our astonishment, we saw, on the eastern side of Usdum, one-third the distance from its

north extreme, a lofty, round pillar, standing apparently detached from the general mass, at the head of a deep, narrow, and abrupt chasm. We immediately pulled in for the shore, and Dr. Anderson and I went up and examined it. The beach was a soft, slimy mud, encrusted with salt, and a short distance from the water, covered with saline fragments, and flakes of bitumen. We found the pillar to be of solid salt, capped with carbonate of lime, cylindrical in front, and pyramidal behind. The upper or rounded part is about forty feet high, resting on a kind of oval pedestal, from forty to sixty feet above the level of the sea. It slightly decreases in size upwards, crumbles at the top, and is one entire mass of crystalization. A prop or buttress connects it with the mountain behind, and the whole is covered with debris of a light stone color. Its peculiar shape is attributable to the action of the winter rains. The Arabs had told us in vague terms, that there was to be found a pillar somewhere upon the shores of the sea, but their statements in all other respects had proved so unsatisfactory, that we could place no reliance on them."

Not a word is here said respecting the connection of this pillar with Lot's wife; but in a note it is pointed out that "a smaller pillar is mentioned by Josephus, who expresses his belief of its being the identical one into which Lot's wife had been transformed." This is cautious and judicious. Montague's sailor, however, to whom this sort of thing was specially suited, speaks with less reserve; and we remember that this portion of his book had a run through the press in the United States, having been communicated by the publishers before the work appeared. It was well chosen for the purpose of exciting the curiosity of the public for the disclosures the book was to contain. After a somewhat bald description of the pillar, the writer proceeds, and informs us that it was sixty feet high and forty feet in circumference. He then goes on:—

"We cannot suppose that Lot's wife was a person so large that her dimensions equaled that of the column. Many think that the statue of Lot's wife was equal to the pillar of salt which the Bible speaks of, let that pillar be whatever it may, and whatever its size. They will not probably credit that this is the pillar; their preconceived notions have much to do with the matter; and they would have everybody—Americans and Syrians alike—think she was at once transformed into a column of very fine-grained, beautifully white salt, about five feet or a few inches in height, and in circumference that of a middle-aged woman of the nineteenth century. Be that as it may, no two minds have, perhaps, formed exactly the same opinion on this matter who have not visited the spot. But here we are, around this immense column, and we find that it is really of solid rock-salt, one mass of crystalization. It is in the vicinity which is

pointed out in the Bible in relation to the matter in question, and it appears to be the only one of its kind here; and the Arabs of the district, to [by] whom this pillar is pointed out as being that of Lot's wife, [must believe this to be] the identical pillar of salt to which the Bible has reference; the tradition having been handed down from each succeeding generation to their children, as the Americans will hand down to succeeding generations the tradition of Bunker's Hill Monument in Boston. My own opinion on the matter is, that Lot's wife having lingered behind, in disobedience to God's express command, given in order to ensure her safety; that, while so lingering, she became overwhelmed in the descending fluid, and formed the model or foundation for this extraordinary column. If it be produced by common, by natural causes, it is but right to suppose that others might be found of a similar description. One is scarcely able to abandon the idea that it stands here as a lasting memorial of God's punishing a most deliberate act of disobedience, committed at a time when he was about to show distinguishing regard for the very person."—Pp. 201, 202.

We were almost prepared to expect that this writer would shine among those who profess to have seen below the waters the ruins of the submerged cities. Even he, however, does not go to this extent; but, instead, he treats us with a very elaborate picture of the great scene of their destruction, all the outlines of which are amusingly filled up with details which could only be true of New York, or of some other great cities invested with all the circumstances of modern art and civilization.

Among the other traditions of the lake are those which speak of the peculiar density and saline qualities of the waters; that, from the buoyancy imparted to them by this density, bodies could not sink in them; that, from the ingredients they hold in solution, no animal life could exist in these waters; and that, from the pestiferous effluvia, no birds are found near the lake, and that such as attempt to fly across fall dead upon the surface.

As to the density of the waters, it is said by Josephus that Vespasian tried the experiment of tying the hands of some criminals behind their backs, and throwing them into the lake, when they floated like corks upon the surface. This was, it must be admitted, not a very sagacious experiment, the position of the hands behind the back, whereby the dangerous weight of the arms is supported by the water, being the most favorable to floating safely in any waters. This, therefore, could not prove that bodies would not sink; yet being thought to prove that, or to have been intended to prove it, Dr. Pococke's assurance that he not only swam but *dived*

in the water, was thought to show either that the experiment had not been correctly stated, or that the water had, in the course of ages, become more diluted than at the time the experiment was made. This, indeed, is one of the points in which tradition has not erred. From the impregnation of saline and bituminous matters, this water is greatly heavier than that of the ocean. This has been shown by many travelers for a hundred and fifty years past, and scarcely needs the confirmation which our explorers afford. Their long stay on the lake enabled them, however, to put together a greater number of *practical* illustrations of the fact. We will put a few of them together from both books. Some of the particulars almost suggest the idea of a sea of molten metal, still fluid, though cold. The sailor, who took his share in rowing, is most sensible of one of the effects which his commander less notices—the unusual resistance of the waves to the progress of the boat, and the force of their concussion against it. There was a storm of wind when the lake was first entered; and, says this writer, “the waves, dashing with fury against the boat, reminded its bold navigators of the sound and force of some immense sledge-hammers, when wielded by a Herculean power.” Again, he dwells on “the extraordinary buoyancy of the waters, from the fact of our boats floating considerably higher than on the Jordan, with the same weight in them; and the greater weightiness of the water, from the terrible blows which the opposing waves dealt upon the advancing prows of the boat.” There was another circumstance resulting from this density, noticed by the commander, that when the sea rolled, the boats took in much water from the crests of the waves circling over the sides. Before quitting the lake, Lieutenant Lynch

“Tried the relative density of the water of this sea and of the Atlantic; the latter from 25 deg. N. latitude and 52 deg. W. longitude; distilled water being as 1. The water of the Atlantic was 1.02, and of this sea 1.13. The last dissolved 1-11; the water of the Atlantic 1-6; and distilled water 5-17 of its weight of salt; the salt used was a little damp. On leaving the Jordan, we carefully noted the draught of the boats. With the same loads they drew one inch less water when afloat upon this sea than in the river.”—P. 377.

Of the experiments in bathing, little is added to those erewhile so graphically recorded by Mr. Stephens in his *Incidents of Travels*. We suspect, indeed, that Mr. Montague has drawn somewhat upon the

pages of that lively traveler. Stephens says, “It was ludicrous to see one of the horses. As soon as his body touched the water he was afloat, and turned over on his side; he struggled with all his force to preserve his equilibrium, but the moment he stopped moving he turned over on his side, and almost on his back, kicking his feet out of water, and snorting with terror.” This is closely imitated by Montague, who writes, “An experiment with an ass and a horse was also made. They were separately led into the sea, and when the water came in contact with the body of the animals, it was found heavier than the body itself, and consequently supported it upon the surface. The legs of the animals being rendered useless, were brought upon the surface, and they were thrown upon their side, plunging and snorting, puzzled by their novel position.”—P. 219. Now, Lieutenant Lynch, in reporting the same experiment, expressly says, that the animals were *not* turned on their sides; and he is at a loss to account for Stephens’ statement, but by supposing that the animal was in *that* case unusually weak. He admits, indeed, “that the animals turned a little on one side,” but adds, that “they did not lose their balance.” A similar experiment was made at another time with a horse, which “could with difficulty keep itself upright.” In bathing himself, the commander says, “With great difficulty I kept my feet down; and when I laid [lay] upon my back, and drawing up my knees placed my hands upon them, I rolled immediately over.” We fancy that we should have “rolled over” in any water, or even on land, in making that experiment. But, however, the buoyancy of this water is unquestionable; and it is clear that both man and beast may not only roll over, but roll over with impunity upon it. So in Montague’s book we read—

“Most of the men have bathed in its waters, and found them remarkably buoyant, so that they float with perfect ease upon it, and could pick a chicken, or read a newspaper at pleasure while so floating; in fact, it was difficult to get below the surface.”

These, certainly, are rather luxurious ideas for the Dead Sea—floating at ease, without fear of drowning, upon a soft water-bed, picking a chicken and reading a newspaper. Nevertheless, this, like other luxuries, has its penalties—for afterwards we read, “After being in it some few hours it takes off all the skin, and gives one the ‘miserables;’ on wash-

ing in it, it spreads over the body a disagreeable oily substance, with a prickly, smarting sensation." Again—"Another peculiarity was, that when the men's hands became wet with it in rowing, it produced a continual lather, and even the skin is oily and stiff, having a prickly sensation all over it." Hence they washed with delight, when opportunities offered, in the fresh-water streams that came down to the sea.—P. 181.

"We had quite a task to wash from our skin all the uncomfortable substances which had clung to us from the Dead Sea, for our clothes and skin had become positively saturated with the salt water."—P. 189.

But although thus unpleasant, acrid, and greasy, we are assured by Captain Lynch that the water is perfectly inodorous. And he ascribes the noxious smells which pervade the shores, not, as Molyneux supposed, to the lake itself, but to the foetid springs and marshes along the shore, increased, perhaps, by exhalations from the stagnant pools upon the flat plain, which bounds the lake to the north. Elsewhere, he contends, that the saline and inodorous exhalations from the lake itself must be rather wholesome than otherwise; and as there is but little verdure upon the shores, there can be no vegetable exhalations to render the air impure. The evil is in the dangerous and depressing influence from the intense heat, and from the acrid and clammy quality of the waters producing a most irritated state of the skin, and eventually febrile symptoms and great prostration of strength. Under these influences, in a fortnight, although the health of the men seemed substantially sound,

"The figure of each had assumed a dropsical appearance. The lean had become stout, and the stout almost corpulent; the pale faces had become florid, and those which were florid, ruddy; moreover, the slightest scratch festered, and the bodies of many of us were covered with small pustules. The men complained bitterly of the irritation of their sores, whenever the acrid water of the sea touched them. Still, all had good appetites, and I hoped for the best."—*Lynch*, p. 336.

Remarkable effects are afforded by the saline deposits upon the shores. On the peninsula towards the south end,

"There are few bushes, their stems partly buried in the water, and their leafless branches incrustated with salt, which sparkled as trees do at home when the sun shines upon them after a heavy sleet."—*Lynch*, p. 298.

"Overhauled the copper boat, which wore away rapidly in this living sea. Such was the action of the fluid upon the metal, that the latter, so long as it was exposed to its immediate friction, was as bright as burnished gold, but when it came in contact with the air, it corroded immediately."—*Lynch*, p. 344.

"The shores of the beach before me, as I write, are incrustated with salt, and looked exactly as if whitewashed."—*Lynch*, p. 344.

"The sands are not so bright as those of the Mediterranean and Atlantic Oceans, but of a darkish-brown color, and have the same taste as the sea-water, although it seldom distributes its waves over them."—*Montague*, p. 186.

"We noticed, after landing at Usdum, that, in the space of an hour, our very foot-prints upon the beach were coated with crystalization."—*Montague*, p. 207.

"A book of a large octavo size, being dipped in the water, either by accident or otherwise, resisted every attempt made to dry it. I have subsequently seen it in the oven of the ship's galley on several occasions, but without any permanent effect."—*Montague*, p. 224.

Now, as to the non-existence of living things in the water. This tradition, and that respecting the buoyancy of the water, seem to be those alone that are fully true. That creatures from the fresh-water streams that pour into the lake should die in water so essentially different—so salt, so dense, so bitter—was to be expected; but that this condition of the water should be fatal to all animal existence—that it harbored no peculiar forms of life—seemed to require strong proof; and this has, we think, been now sufficiently afforded. This had been stated by other travelers; and being now confirmed by those who were three weeks upon the lake, may be treated as an established fact. No trace of piscatory or lower forms of aquatic life was in all that time seen in these waters. Some of the streams that run into the lake are salt.

"In the salt-water streams there are plenty of fish, which, when they are unfortunately carried into the Dead Sea by the stream, or caught in their own element by the experimentalist, and thrown into it, at once expire and float. The same experiment was made and repeated at the mouth of the Jordan, with ourselves, of fish which we caught there, and cast into the sea; and nature, alike in both instances, immediately refused her life-supporting influence."—*Montague*, p. 223.

The commander himself cites a still more extraordinary fact. In a note at p. 377, he says:—

"Since our return, some of the water of the

Dead Sea has been subjected to a powerful microscope, and no animalculæ or vestige of animal matter could be detected."

This experiment, and proper care to secure some of the water of the lake, reminds us of a curious passage in our favorite old French traveler, Nau, who seems to regard this interest in the lake as a characteristic of Protestantism :—

"Before I finish this chapter, I must not omit to mention one thing that surprised me much in my two journeys. In both there were in the company some heretic merchants, who all manifested a marked devotion for this Sea of Sodom, testifying an extraordinary gladness in beholding it, and filling a large number of bottles with its water, to carry home with them, as if it had been some precious relic. I am not well able to understand the reasons of their devotion, or why they burdened themselves with so much of this water, which is of wrath and vengeance, rather than with that of the Jordan, which is a water of mercy and salvation. In fact, these men declared that there was nothing in all the Holy Land which they had seen with so much gratification." — *Voyage Nouveau*, p. 384.

The scarcity of vegetation upon the bushes would account for the comparative absence of land birds from the lake; and the absence of fishes and other aquatic creatures from the waters would sufficiently explain the absence of aquatic fowl. There is no doubt, for these causes, some scarcity of birds here as compared with other lakes. But the notion that the effluvia of the waters were fatal to birds that attempted to pass, has been disproved during the present century by a great accumulation of evidence, which our explorers have been enabled largely to confirm. In fact, though we have long ceased to have any doubts on this point, we feel somewhat surprised at the number and variety of birds that are mentioned as found upon the borders of the lake, as flying

over it, or as skimming its surface. It is scarcely worth while to multiply instances of what almost every recent traveler has noticed. One instance is sufficient and conclusive, which is, that wild ducks were more than once seen floating at their ease on the surface of the lake. The tradition, now to be treated as obsolete, probably originated in the bodies of dead birds being found on the shore or upon the water. Such were indeed three times picked up by our travelers; but Lieutenant Lynch feels assured that they had perished from exhaustion, and not from any malaria of the sea. Montagué thinks they had rather been shot in their flight, and adds the interesting fact, that they were in a good state of preservation, though they appeared to have been for some time in the water. The water, he adds, seems to have the quality of preserving whatever is cast into it. Specimens of wood found there were in an excellent state of preservation.

We now quit with reluctance a subject in which we feel very much interest. Lieutenant Lynch's book must be pronounced of great value, not only for the additions which it makes to our knowledge, but as the authentic record of an enterprise in the highest degree honorable to all the parties concerned. Our only regret is, that the author's avowed anxiety to occupy the book-market has prevented him from digesting his materials so carefully as the importance of the subject demanded, and has left inexcusable marks of haste, which should in any future edition be removed. Mr. Bentley is not, in this matter, altogether free from blame; for there are numerous persons in this country whose services would have removed most of the grosser errors by which the work is disfigured. As for the other book, what we have already said, we say once more: it is a bushel of chaff, from which those who think it worth their while, and who have sufficient patience and skill, may contrive to extract a few grains of wheat.

SONNET, TO ELIHU BURRITT.

GREAT man! iconoclast, whose deeds betray
The spirit of the God of peace and love,
All hail to thee! the nations yet shall prove
They love thee more than those who slay,
And with war's thunderbolts destroy
Cities, and fields, and homes, where erst abode
The virtues which bring man near unto God,

And give him the first taste of Heaven's pure joy.
Go on, enubilitating senses that are dim,
Lifting the veil they cannot pierce, to view
The misery, the wretchedness and crime
War generates, and will, till peace renew
Her reign millennial; go on, and fame
Shall give to thee a wreath deserved by few.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

EUROPEAN LIFE AND MANNERS.

European Life and Manners ; in Familiar Letters to Friends. By HENRY COLMAN, Author of "European Agriculture, and the Agriculture of France, Belgium, Holland, and Switzerland." 2 vols. Boston and London. 1849.

WHEN the famous Baron Munchausen fastened his horse, one dark winter's night, after a deep fall of snow, to what he supposed was the stump of a tree, and waking next morning saw his steed dangling from the village steeple, his surprise, as he avouches, was extreme. Apparently, however, the veracious baron's astonishment was scarcely greater than that of the author of the "Familiar Letters" on "European Life and Manners," when he found that his friends had actually preserved the numerous epistles which he wrote to them from this side of the Atlantic during a sojourn in Europe of something more than five years. This being the case, our readers do not require to be told that "the letters were not designed for publication." Yet, after all, such was their destiny. Fate proved stronger than free-will. Their extraordinary merit had somehow got bruited abroad ; "many friends expressed a strong wish to possess them, and that," adds Mr. Colman, "is the reason of their publication."

We cannot but think that Mr. Colman was right in yielding to the widely-extended solicitation ; for, though he might have satisfied his friends by a manifold process on a large scale, or even by lithographic aid, the object which those who do *not* write for publication have generally in view, would hardly have been answered ; the letters would not have obtained the popularity which now that they are in print seems likely to attend them ; neither would the world have experienced the gratification which must necessarily follow their perusal. We learn from his preface, that Mr. Colman "had proposed a graver work than this upon European society," that he has actually begun it, and that he designs "presently to give it to the public." But, *en attendant* the fulfillment of this purpose, let us gratefully receive what we have got, and

try to make the most of it. It is not often that we have the opportunity of gazing upon such a "picture of private and domestic life."

In painting this picture, however, Mr. Colman says that his greatest difficulty has been that his letters "may be deemed too personal ;" and his principal anxiety, "lest they should be thought to approach a violation of private confidence." He certainly does make some revelations which border closely on personality, but how far he is obnoxious to the charge of violating private confidence our readers shall form their own opinion. It was, at first, Mr. Colman's determination not to publish a single name ; but he "found this an idle attempt, and that individuals would be traced by circumstances, as certainly as if distinctly announced." To this account, therefore, must be placed the greater part of the startling discoveries which his volumes have made public ; and all we can hope is, that the individuals whose "style of living" he has sketched with the minute pencil of a Gerard Douw, will be as lenient to him as ourselves. They ought to be so, for, according to Mr. Colman's showing, "pains were most kindly taken to initiate me into those particulars ; the information was, though entirely without ostentation, most kindly given ; written lists of servants, and written and printed rules of domestic management, were repeatedly placed in my hands, with a full and expressed liberty to use them as I pleased." To violate private confidence, as far as these things are concerned, is consequently a difficult matter ; but we will not prejudice the question. Mr. Colman gives an equally good reason for turning the knowledge thus obtained to account. The style of living is so "wholly different from that which prevails" in the United States (of which country Mr. Colman is a citizen), and "the interest in these minute details" is so

intense at Boston, New York, and other great cities of the Union, that not to have emptied the vials of his information for the benefit of the American *coteries* (of which Mr. Colman is now, without doubt, the idol) would have been looked upon by his countrymen—and countrywomen—as an act of *lèse-majesté* against the laws of politeness and good manners, which, we gather from the context of his book, appear rather to require extension in his native land. We have, ourselves, implied our obligations to Mr. Colman; but before we proceed to show why, we feel bound to mention that he states in a *second* preface—as a matter deserving to stand apart—that the letters record “only a small portion of the kindness” shown him. What would have been their effect upon the public if the whole had been narrated, we almost tremble to think of.

We shall now, following Mr. Colman's example, plunge *in medias res*.

In the month of May, in the year 1843, he finds himself wandering through the streets of London, in a state of utter amazement at “the wilderness of houses, streets, lanes, courts, and kennels,” in which he is suddenly located. From the particularity of his description, “where seven streets all radiated from one centre,” we suspect he must have made his *début* in the Seven Dials; but it is no matter where, for all he meets enchants and astonishes him. He thus describes the effect produced by the vast extent of London:—

I have walked until I have had to sit down on some door-steps out of pure weariness, and yet have not got at all out of the rushing tide of population. I have rode [ridden] on the driver's seat on an omnibus, and there has been a constant succession of squares, parks, terraces, and long lines of single houses for miles, and continuous blocks and single palaces in the very heart of London, occupying acres of ground. I do not speak, of course, of the large parks, which, for their trees, their verdure, their neatness, their embellishments, their lakes and *cascades*, their waters *swarming with fish*, and covered with a great variety of water-fowl, which they have been able to domesticate, and their grazing flocks of sheep and cattle, and their national monuments, and the multitude of well-dressed pedestrians, and of elegantly-mounted horsemen and horsewomen, and of carriages and equipages as splendid as gold and silver can make them, are beautiful beyond even my most romantic dreams. I do not exaggerate; I cannot go beyond the reality.

This is making the most of the ducks and geese in St. James's Park; but our national vanity will not suffer us to quarrel with Mr.

Colman for slightly overcharging the picture. As Sir Lucius O'Trigger says, “When affection guides the pen, he must be a brute who finds fault with the style;” and the *couleur de rose* of Mr. Colman is of so tender a tint, that we may be pardoned if we see in it the warmth of a stronger sentiment. Was it owing to this amiable feeling, or to “the malady of not listening”—as Falstaff calls premeditated deafness—that Mr. Colman is enabled to say: “Though I have been a great deal in the streets, and in crowds without number, and have seen vexation enough in passing, *I do not think I have heard a single oath since I have been in the city.*” (?) This is something worth noting, even although Mr. Colman had been only ten days in London when he wrote the sentence. The population of London, unless it was then very differently composed, could certainly have furnished no quota of the armies which in my Uncle Toby's time swore so terribly in Flanders. We have a faint idea that the accomplishment is not altogether forgotten at the present day, but we may be mistaken; indeed, on second thoughts, we feel we must be so, for Mr. Colman tells us, a little further on, that “good manners are here evidently a universal study.”

But although an outward decorum is preserved, dissipation has taken deep root in the soil. “The business-shops close at ten, in general; but the ale and wine shops, the saloons, and the *druggists' shops*, I believe, are open all night; and the fire of intemperance, I should infer, was nourished as faithfully as the vestal fire at Rome, and never permitted to go out or to slacken.” Our inference from this passage is, that those who don't or won't drink malt or sherry, indulge in intemperate draughts of spirits of wine at the *druggists' shops*, or they would hardly be included in the same category with the ale and wine shops. Yet again Mr. Colman finds an opportunity of excepting in favor of the Londoners: “*I have scarcely seen a smoker*, and as to a tobacco-chewer, not one.” It is possible, we conceive, for a person to chew tobacco without being discovered—unless he is an American; but we will not insist on this point, as we are not acquainted with any one who indulges in this luxury; but we had fancied that the “smokers” of London were “as plenty as blackberries.” But in this also, it seems, we are wrong, or Mr. Colman's eyesight is on a par with his faculty of hearing. What he says of the ladies is, without doubt, equally true:—

"They have another practice which I equally admire. *They seldom wear false curls.*" We have heard of "fronts" as a not very uncommon article of feminine *coiffure*; but Mr. Colman has of course tested his opinion by a closer inspection than we have been able to bestow, and therefore we yield in this point, as in all others, most willingly. When he speaks of the costume of the bench and the bar, the Blue-coat boys and the court, our doubts for a moment have the mastery over our belief, but they presently subside before Mr. Colman's better knowledge.

"The judges and the lawyers wear wigs, *as they did centuries ago.* The charity boys wear leather-breeches, blue or yellow yarn stockings, shoes with buckles, long coats and bands, which *I presume was the dress of two hundred years ago.* So the court-dress in which you are to be presented at the levees, *is the same that was worn in the days of Queen Elizabeth.*"

We had a notion—an erroneous one, of course—that the court-dress of the present day rather resembled the age of George the Second than that of Elizabeth; and had no idea, until we read the above passage, of the antediluvian antiquity of the lawyers' wigs. Historical accuracy is evidently one of the strong points of our traveled American; he rarely allows an opportunity to escape without adding something to our previous impressions. As, for instance, when speaking of Melrose Abbey, he tells us that it contains the tomb of "Michael Bruce, the celebrated wizard," (a fact which Walter Scott would have given a great deal to know;) and that the "marks of the balls from Cromwell's guns—the first Cromwell, who destroyed the Abbeys in England—are shown upon the walls." By "the first Cromwell" we presume is meant the vicar-general of Henry the Eighth, under whose authority *the English monasteries were suppressed*, but we were not aware, till Mr. Colman told us, that he used cannon for the purpose; or, if he did, that Melrose Abbey, in Scotland, came under his jurisdiction. But there is nothing like information picked up on the spot. The broken walls of Melrose were there to attest that somebody battered them; and as the merit of the act was to be given to a Cromwell, the first, perhaps, has as good a claim to it as the second. Mr. Colman, however, is not a person to take everything upon trust that he is told, for when he visited Abbotsford he was shown "a Roman kettle, said to be 2000 years old, quite like our modern cast-iron pots. *This age struck me as apocryphal.*"

We cannot sufficiently commend our author's caution. He would make an excellent commentator on Layard.

But to return from these generalities, and describe what is far more interesting—the particular experiences of Mr. Colman in that domestic intercourse which has given him so clear an insight into "European life and manners;" though, in doing so, our course must be as erratic as his.

Ostensibly bent on an agricultural mission, and armed with "piles of letters of introduction," which make him acquainted at once with Earl Spencer, who told him that "it was not necessary to have brought any credentials;" with Lord Ashburton, who "writes a civil note," saying he is anxious to serve him "in any practicable way;" with Lord Morpeth, who "is very attentive;" with Mr. Bates, who takes him to "his beautiful villa six miles from London, to pass Sunday with him;" with the Earl of Hardwicke, who is anxious to render him "every attention;" and with a host of gentlemen, "members of Parliament, and others, who have been polite" to him;—having all these facilities, and many more in the background, which are brought forward in due course, he sets out on his voyage of discovery to the new Society Islands.

Mr. Colman's first visit was to Earl Spencer, at Althorpe, where, he says, he "received every polite attention." As this is a favorite phrase with Mr. Colman, we may as well define it at once in his own words.

You will (he says) be glad to hear something of the manner of living in these places; and in this rambling letter I will tell you that, in respect to convenience, comfort, and ease, it is near perfection. As soon as you arrive at the house, your name is announced, your portmanteau is immediately taken to your chamber, which the servant shows you, with every requisite convenience and comfort. At Lord Spencer's the watch opens your door in the night to see if all is safe [How if the door is bolted?], as his house was once endangered by a gentleman's reading in bed; and if he should find your light burning after you had retired, excepting the night-taper, or you reading in bed, without a single word *he would stretch out a long extinguisher and put it out.*

A very ghostly visitation this, and fit for the Castle of Otranto.

In the morning, a servant comes in to let you know the time, *in season for you to dress for breakfast.* At half past nine you go in to family prayers, *if you find out the time.* They are happy to have the guests attend, but they are never asked.

The servants are all assembled in the room fitted for a chapel. They all kneel, and the master of the house or a chaplain reads the morning service. As soon as it is over they all wait until he and his guests retire, and then the breakfast is served. At breakfast there is no ceremony whatever. You are asked *by the servant* what you will have, tea or coffee; or you get up and help yourself. Dry toast, boiled eggs, and bread-and-butter are on the table; and on the sideboard *you will find cold ham, tongue, beef, &c., to which you carry your own plate and help yourself, and come back to the breakfast-table and sit as long as you please.* All letters or notes addressed to you are laid by your plate; and letters to be sent by mail are put in the post-box in the entry, and are sure to go. The arrangements for the day are then made, and parties are formed; horses and carriages for all the guests are found at the stables, and each one follows the bent of his inclination. When he returns at noon, he finds a side-table with an abundant lunch upon it, if he chooses; and when he goes to his chamber for preparation for dinner, *he finds his dress clothes brushed and folded in the nicest manner, and cold water, and hot water, and clean napkins, in the greatest abundance.*

We have no disposition to question the truth of a word of this elaborate statement; not even of the existence of that mysterious place "the entry," to which Mr. Colman is so fond of referring: like the rest of his revelations, it is too circumstantial to admit of a doubt; but what we want to know is, How many of these "polite attentions" are omitted in American country houses? Do the servants there—we beg pardon, we mean the "helps"—*not* announce your arrival? do they *not* carry your portmanteau up stairs for you, call you in the morning, bring your letters, brush your clothes, and supply you with cold water, hot water, and clean napkins? We should imagine *not*, or Mr. Colman would scarcely have been at the pains to tell his countrymen what English servants *do*; and the conclusion we are compelled to arrive at is, that when a stranger pays a visit in the United States, he is necessarily his own porter, his own watchman, and his own shoeblack, and that if he washes his face at all he does it at his own cost and contrivance. Nothing in England seems to have impressed Mr. Colman more forcibly than the manners and proceedings of that useful class of persons whom the Scotch call "flunkies." He says:

Servants are without number. I have never dined out yet, *even in a private untitled family*, with less than three or four, and at several places eight or nine even, for a party hardly as numerous; *but each knows his place; all are in full dress—the liveried servants in livery, and the upper*

servants in plain gentlemanly dress, but all with white cravats, which are likewise mostly worn by the gentlemen in dress. The servants not in livery are a higher rank than those in livery, *never even associating with them.* The livery is of such a description as the master chooses: the Duke of Richmond's were all in black, on account of mourning in the family; the others various, of the most grotesque description, sometimes with and sometimes without wigs, and always in shorts and white silk or white cotton stockings. [We foresee a tremendous social revolution in Boston after this.] Many persons request you not to give any gratuity to the servants; others forbid them accepting any, under pain of dismissal; and at the house of a nobleman of high rank I found a printed notice on my dressing-table to this effect: "*The guests are particularly requested to give no gratuities to the servants.*"

We hope, as Mr. Colman seems in general rather solicitous about his personal expenditure, that he profited by this hint.

A round of visits ensues, to Lord Hather-ton's, Lord Hardwicke's, and other titled and untitled Amphytrions; the former having "the call" with our republican friend. But before he sets out, "Mrs. P——" (whom we strongly suspect from the context to be Mrs. Pendarves) takes him "in her carriage to see the most fashionable *millinery store* and the largest *jewelry store* in the world."

In the letter announcing this fact, Mr. Colman very nearly "forgot to mention" that he was also taken by Mrs. P—— "to see the wedding gear of the Princess Augusta;" luckily, however, he recollects it in the postscript, and enlightens the Bostonians by informing them that "it cost more than a thousand dollars," and was made "of silver and silk interwoven, and covered with Brussels lace."

We next find Mr. Colman domiciliated in the house of "a Member of Parliament," while attending the cattle-show at Doncaster; and the chief thing we learn from this visit is embodied in the form of a maxim, as follows:

As direct introductions seldom take place, you are expected, in such visits, to put yourself in *polite communication* with those who are near you.

That our traveler acted up to his own rule is evident when he says:

There are some gentlemen here with whom I have had long conversations, and *who have asked me repeatedly to visit them, whose names I do not know.*

The value of these invitations is, however, somewhat diminished by their vagueness, it

being difficult to pay a visit to an anonymous host.

We have said that Mr. Colman is careful in matters of personal expense. He illustrates this in Edinburgh, where, there being no nobleman's house convenient, out of the numbers placed at his disposition, he gets into "excellent quarters at nine shillings per week" for his lodgings—a price which we trust secured for him "cold water and clean towels." "Traveling in coaches," he says, "is very expensive; and though I never ride inside when I can ride out, yet one gets to the bottom of one's purse constantly much sooner than you expect it." He has an expedient for avoiding this expense, which he appears to have practiced successfully on one occasion. "I have walked to-day about twelve miles, and to save two miles had to ford the Tweed, *with my trousers and shoes in my hands*," (like Cæsar and his fortunes;) "*not a very pleasant operation*, upon stones of all angles and shapes, which the water, though constantly flowing over them, had done little to soften." Certainly "*not a very pleasant operation*," nor one that, we think, it would be desirable for him to repeat very often, at all events on this side of the Tweed. In Scotland, Melrose and Abbotsford claim, as we have shown, some portion of his time; but the relics of the Wizard of the North (not Michael Bruce), the memorials of Mary Stuart and John Knox, and the monuments of Edinburgh, soon give place to a description of the *ménage* of Lambton Castle, "the seat of the late Lord Durham." Here Mr. Colman is completely at home.

In houses of this kind it is usual to have from forty to fifty servants. The servants' establishment is quite an affair by itself. The steward is at the head; he provides everything, and purchases all the supplies; he oversees all the other servants, and puts on, and where the party is not large, takes everything off from the table, the other servants standing by and waiting upon him. He has a room to himself, well fitted up, and has a large salary. Next to him comes the butler, who takes care of all the wines, fruit, glasses, candlesticks, lamps, and plate, and has an under-butler for his adjunct. Next, in equal authority with the steward, and *having also an elegant parlor*, is the housekeeper; she has all the care of the chambers, the linen, and the female servants. Then comes, next in authority, and perfectly despotic in his own domain, the cook, who is generally French or Italian, and his subalterns. Then come the coachman, the footman, and the ostlers, who, the last, I believe, seldom come into the house. Then there is the porter, who in London houses always sits in the entry, and there either

has an office by the door, or else a table, with pen, ink, paper, &c.; who receives and delivers messages, but does not leave his place, having always servants at hand to wait upon him. Then each gentleman in the house has his own private valet, and each lady her own maid, *who has all the cast-off clothes of the lady*. The ladies, it is reported, never wear a pair of white satin shoes or white gloves more than once; and *some of them, if they find, on going into society, another person of inferior rank wearing the same dress as themselves*, the dress upon being taken off is at once thrown aside, and the lady's maid perfectly understands her perquisite.

There are two difficulties to be got over in this arrangement: first, to discover a person of inferior rank moving in the same society with you; and next, to find that person actually wearing the clothes which you have got on your back. The last-named state of the case seems to belong to the category of Sir Boyle Roche's bird, which was in two places at the same time; but as Mr. Colman is satisfied about its practicability, we shall not venture to express our incredulity. Great truths cannot be too often repeated; and Mr. Colman is unable to part with Lambton Castle without telling how the guests make it out in noblemen's establishments in general, even at the risk of repetition.

In most families the hour of breakfast is announced to you before retiring, and the breakfast is entirely without ceremony. Your letters are brought to you in the morning, and the mail goes out every day. The postage of letters is always prepaid by those who write them, who paste double or single stamps upon them; and it is considered an indecorum to send a letter unpaid, or only sealed with a wafer. Any expense incurred for you, if it be only a penny upon a letter, is at once mentioned to you, and you of course pay it. At breakfast the arrangements are made for the day.

Here follows an account similar to that given at Lord Spencer's. He then continues:

At eleven o'clock there is always a candle for each guest, placed on the sideboard or *in the entry*, with allumettes alongside of them; and at your pleasure you light your own candle and bid good night. *In a Scotch family you are expected to shake hands, on retiring, with all the party, and on meeting in the morning.*

Not always a very safe practice in Scotland, if the popular belief be true.

The English are a little more reserved, though, in general, the master of the house shakes hands with you. On a first introduction, no gentlemen

shake hands, but simply bow to each other. In the morning you come down in undress, with boots, trowsers of any color, frock coat, &c. At dinner you are always expected to be in full dress; straight coat, black satin or white waistcoat, silk stockings, and pumps, but not gloves; and if you dine abroad in London you keep your hat in your hand until you go in to dinner, when you give it to a servant, or leave it in an anteroom. The lady of the house generally claims the arm of the principal stranger, or the gentleman of the highest rank; she then assigns the other ladies and gentlemen by name, and commonly waits until all her guests precede her in to dinner—though this is not invariable. The gentleman is expected to sit near the lady whom he hands in.

Not, as in the Mississippi steamboats, all huddled together.

Grace is almost always said by the master, and it is done in the shortest possible way. Sometimes no dishes are put upon the table until the soup is done with, but at other times there are two covers besides the soup. The soup is various; in Scotland it is usually what they call hodge-podge, a mixture of vegetables with some meat. After soup, the fish cover is removed, and this is commonly served round without any vegetables, but *certainly not more than one kind*. After fish come the plain joints, roast or boiled, with potatoes, peas or beans, and cauliflowers. Then sherry wine is handed by the servants to every one. German wine is offered to those who prefer it; this is always *drank* [drunk] in green glasses; then come the *entrées*, which are a variety of French dishes and hashes; then champagne is offered; after this remove come ducks, or partridges, or other game; after this, the bon-bons, puddings, tarts, sweetmeats, blanc-mange; then cheese and bread and a glass of strong ale is handed round; then the removal of the upper cloth, and oftentimes the most delicious fruit and confectionery follow, such as grapes, peaches, melons, apples, dried fruits, &c. &c. After this is put upon the table, a small bottle of Constantia wine, which is deemed very precious, and handed round in small wine-glasses, or noyau, or some other cordial. *Finger-glasses are always furnished*, though in some cases I have seen a deep silver plate filled with rose-water presented to each guest, in which he dips the corner of his napkin to wipe his lips or fingers. *No cigars or pipes are ever offered*; and soon after the removal of the cloth the ladies retire to the drawing-room, the gentlemen close up at the table, and after sitting as long as you please, you go into the drawing-room to have coffee and then tea.

No dinner-giver in the United States, from Cape Cod to Cape Flattery, need henceforward plead ignorance in excuse for want of hospitality; he has here the whole mystery, from soup to Constantia. Mr. Colman adds, *par parenthèse*, that he "never heard any discussion about the character of wines," (no

host was ever yet known to praise his own claret) "excepting that I have been repeatedly asked what wine we usually drank in America." Mr. Colman does not say what answer he made to this oft-repeated inquiry, but we presume it must have been "sherry cobbler!"

From the solemnity of these dinner-pictures our traveler breaks off with an anecdote of the Queen, which, as we have never met with it before, *or anything like it*, we accordingly quote:

The other day, when the Queen was embarking at Brighton, [which she never did yet] the *usual* carpet was not laid upon the *wharf* [there being no wharf at Brighton]; and the *mayor and aldermen* [there being no such functionaries in the place] *pulled off their scarlet robes of office, and laid them down for the royal lady to walk upon*. The caricaturists now have them drawn up in full array, with asses' ears.

Asses' ears are proverbially long ones, and so must those have been that listened to this story; but such of course were not Mr. Colman's.

The next place of note at which we discover our agricultural friend, is Earl Fitzwilliam's. Here he was perfectly in clover, and our only wonder is that its effect upon him was not such as might have befallen one of his own cows.

I arrived about six, and after a short walk with my noble host, the dressing-bell rung [rang,] and I was shown at once to my chamber. This chamber is a large and superb room, called the blue-room, because *papered with elegant blue satin paper*, and the bed and the windows hung with superb blue silk curtains. *My portmanteau had already been carried there, and the straps untied for opening*; a large coal fire was blazing; candles were burning on the table; and water and everything else necessary for ablution and comfort. There was, likewise, what is always to be found in an English house, a writing-table, letter-paper, note-paper, *new pens*, ink, sealing-wax, and wax taper; and a letter-box is kept in the house, and notice given to the guests always at what hour the post will leave. Precisely at seven o'clock, *after being fully dressed*, I met in the drawing-room the family for dinner. . . . A few minutes after seven, dinner was announced, and the ladies were assigned to the different gentlemen. I had the honor of a companion to wait upon at dinner, who proved a most intelligent and agreeable person, and *though of high rank, without ostentation*. The hall in which we dined was magnificent, and splendidly lighted; the company [Mr. Colman included] extremely brilliant; about twelve persons at table, and eleven men-servants, some in livery, and others in plain *gentlemanly apparel*, but all most neat and elegant. . . . After coffee we

assembled for prayers in the chapel; the ladies into the gallery, the gentlemen on the lower floor, into some elevated side-pews. Thirty or forty servants were in their places when we went in. All kneel, and as soon as evening service is read by the chaplain, we return to the drawing-room, and tea is served. Soon after ten o'clock the candles are brought in, and *quietly* placed upon the side-board. . . . At eleven the ladies retire, and the gentlemen soon *follow suit*. I rise, myself, soon after six, and *sit in my dressing-gown*. At eight, the servant brings *your* clothes, and announces the time for breakfast. Immediately after breakfast, &c. &c.—[a routine which we need not repeat.]

From Lord Fitzwilliam's Mr. Colman goes to a clergyman's in Nottinghamshire; and here, in writing to a friend, he desires him to give the reins to his imagination, in order to conceive his (Mr. Colman's) happiness.

Imagine an elegant dining-room, the table covered with the richest plate, and this plate filled with the richest viands which the culinary art, and the vintage, and the fruit-garden can supply; *imagine a horse at your disposal, a servant at your command to anticipate every want; imagine an elegant bed-chamber; a bright coal fire; fresh water in basins, in goblets, in tubs; napkins without stint, as white as snow; a double mattress, a French bed, sheets of the finest linen, a canopy of the richest silk, a table portfolio, writing apparatus and stationery, allumettes, a night-lamp, candles and silver candlesticks, beautiful paintings, and exquisite statuary—*

We are forced to take breath; we are afraid even to face the "large party of ladies and gentlemen" whom he encountered next day, "as elegant in dress and manners as you can meet with;" still more so to trust ourselves in a room where there are "never less than four men-servants; many times eight or ten, and in one case I counted eleven, eight of whom were in elegant livery, trimmed with silver and with silver epaulettes," &c. &c.

Well might Mr. Colman exclaim to his friend, "What do you think is to become of me?"

What became of him shortly afterwards was this: he paid a visit to Lord Yarborough, and was invited to go out hunting; "the very idea of which," he says, "electrified me, and *my blood still boils at the thought!*" so, instead of hunting, he reserved himself for a few more noble mansions. He is quickly installed at the Duke of Portland's, at Welbeck Abbey, and here he was

"In pleased amazement wholly lost."

I had supposed I had seen several times before the summit of luxurious and elegant living, but this I confess went beyond what I had ever met with. . . . I asked when I retired, "What time do you breakfast?" The duke replied, [says he] "Just what time you please, from nine to twelve." I always came down at nine *precisely*, and found the duchess at *her* breakfast. About half past nine the duke would come in, and the ladies, one by one, soon after! At breakfast the side table *would have on it* cold ham, cold chicken, cold pheasant or partridge, which you ask for, or to which, as is most common, you get up and help yourself. On the breakfast-table were several kinds of the best bread possible, *butter always fresh*, made that morning, as I have always found at all these houses; and if you asked for coffee or chocolate, it would be brought to you *in a silver coffee-pot*, and you helped yourself; if for tea, you would have a *silver urn to each guest*, heated by alcohol, placed by you, a small teapot and a small caddy of black and green tea, to make for yourself, or the servant for you.

Then comes a description of what the luncheon consists of, and then a dinner at Welbeck Abbey; which last contains some good advice: that it may not be missed, we have italicised it.

I have already told you the course at dinner, but at many houses there is always a bill of fare—in this case written—I had almost said engraved—on the most elegant embossed and colored paper, always in French, and passed round to the guests. Three days in succession we had different kinds of excellent fish, taken from ponds directly in the neighborhood of the house, on the duke's own grounds. After dinner, we had, every day, peaches, nectarines, grapes, and pineapples in abundance. There were six of us at dinner daily, and eleven servants, most of them in livery, [we think we see Mr. Colman counting them.] The livery here consists of light yellow shorts and waistcoat, with white cotton or silk stockings, and pumps, a long blue coat trimmed with silver lace and buttons, and silver epaulettes on each shoulder, and white cravats; [as fine as Winifred Jenkins's "goulden bags and jackets," with the advantage of there being something "cumfittable for to eat;"] those out of livery were in full suits of black; and [continues Mr. Colman, hurried away from his subject by the recollection doubtless of what once happened to himself,] *if you meet the female servants of the upper class, you must take care not to mistake them for the ladies of the house, as there is little to distinguish them in point of elegance of dress.*

To this interesting letter is appended a postscript, which, as is often the case with postscripts, contains some of the most valuable information. It is thus stated:

P. S. *I forgot to say, if you leave your chamber twenty times a day after using your basin,*

you would find it clean, and the *pitcher replenished on your return*; and that you cannot take your clothes off, but they are taken away, brushed, folded, pressed, and placed in the bureau; and at the dressing hour before dinner, you find your candles lighted, your clothes laid out, your shoes cleaned, and everything arranged for your use. I never saw more attention. I can hardly conceive of more perfect housekeeping, for you scarcely see or hear anybody unless you ring a bell, when a servant suddenly appears before you, as if from the wainscoting.

If Mr. Colman be at all musical, the least he can do in requital of such unheard-of hospitality will be to get by heart and constantly sing (whenever he is requested to be vocal) the favorite old song of "My Friend and Pitcher." No one, we are persuaded, could do more justice either to his friend or to that most useful of utensils.

Mr. Colman seems to be of opinion that you can never have too much of a good thing; and hence, no doubt, his iteration (which we refrain from qualifying as Falstaff did) respecting the soap and towels and hot water which meet him at every turn when he is out visiting; to the same cause, we suppose, we are indebted for a repetition of the Raleigh story at Cambridge, where he went to see Prince Albert take his doctor's degree, the Queen also being present. "Carpets of crimson cloth were laid through all the passages and yards where the foot of majesty was to tread; and in one spot, where, by some mischance, the carpeting was deficient, *the students pulled off their gowns and spread them for her to step on.*" It is a pity that Mr. Colman does not allude to royalty oftener in the course of his work, for we get a fresh version of this anecdote almost every time the Queen is introduced. He has done enough, however, in this way to convince his fellow-townsmen that somebody always takes off his coat for the Queen to tread upon whenever she appears in public.

For a moment now we are indulged with a glimpse of Mr. Colman in private life, when he is housekeeping on his own account. He appears to be rather put out ("ryled," perhaps, is the more correct expression) at not being surrounded by the attentive domestics who are in the habit, like brownies, of starting out of the wainscot. He is in lodgings in London, where he says: "I have succeeded in getting such lodgings as are comfortable, *with the exception of a dirty servant girl who tends upon me, a maid of all work.*" Owing to the ministration of this dirty Hebe,

Mr. Colman has, for once, an opportunity of showing how people dine who are not on visiting terms with grandees. He takes refuge in "one of the principal eating-houses in Piccadilly, where the cooking is good," and where, on "a plate of roast-beef" and various vegetable adjuncts, he fares sumptuously for a shilling. He was driven to this by the combined influence of dirt and melancholy. "I have tried having dinner in my own room, but it is unsocial and attended with many inconveniences; and it is no saving of expense. It is positively melancholy to be eating my dinner alone" (after having been used to such first-rate company); "and often, when it is half-finished, *I drop my knife and fork in silent amazement*, and try if I cannot think of something besides home" (and his friend the Duke of Portland), "and wish myself anywhere but in this Robinson Crusoe cabin." This letter ends with a jeremiad on the expensiveness of servants' fees, Mr. Colman evidently wishing that the printed directions of "a nobleman of high rank" (see *ante*) were in general circulation amongst the race of chamber-maids, waiters, porters, and coachmen.

From this sad theme, which is abruptly broken off—probably by an invitation,—he jumps again into "the houses of the nobility," there being no happiness for him out of that charmed circle. He feels like Romeo,

"There is no world without Verona's walls
But purgatory, torture, death itself."

He therefore goes to Goodwood, and the visit proves "delightful," the "service at dinner" being "always silver or gold throughout," and at breakfast every cup and saucer "differed in its pattern from another; *that is*, one cup and saucer was different from another cup and saucer." This was delightful enough, but if Mr. Colman had invited a friend to breakfast with him while at his dirty lodgings, he might have witnessed the phenomenon of the odd cups and saucers without going so far as Goodwood. But then there would have been no "lunch" to describe, "consisting of hot meats, *games*, pies, bread, cheese, butter, wines, and porter;" neither could he have been taken "under the care of the duchess," and shown the conservatory, the orangery, the pheasantry, and the dairy; nor have had "two most respectable gentlemen farmers" to wait for him, nor "a servant to open gates;" neither could he have astonished the family of Mr. Gorham, dwelling in "an

excellent and elegant farm-house," "where Mrs. Gorham and one gentleman told me *they were much obliged to me for asking for a cup of tea instead of wine, as they had never tried it before, and considered it a great discovery, of which they should avail themselves hereafter.*"

For the next few months Mr. Colman passes his time in the most elevated regions of polite society; surprising us, however, in one respect, by his refusal to go to court, though repeatedly urged to do so by at least half the nobility, and though Lord Bathurst offered to lend him his shoe-buckles, bag-wig, and other articles of costume. This is a mystery which we are unable to explain; and we leave it unsolved, to go with Mr. Colman to an evening party.

The dresses of the ladies, at their evening parties, are most splendid, and almost wholly of silk of a superior description. The refreshments are of a very simple character. . . . Tea and coffee are seldom handed round. Sometimes you find it in the anteroom, *where you disrobe*, and the servants hand it to you before you are announced in the drawing-room. You are announced always by the servant at the foot of the staircase to the servant at the head, and by the servant at the head to the company. It is very rare that you are introduced to any person on any occasion, either dinner or evening, unless you go to stay, or the party is small; but *it is not deemed improper* that you enter into conversation with your neighbors. The hair [whose hair?] is generally dressed entirely plain, without jewels or flowers, frequently *à la Madonna*, but often with ringlets in front. *Elderly ladies wear their gowns very low in front; young ladies wear their gowns rather high in front, but very low behind, so as to show the bust to advantage.*

These are peculiarities of costume which Mr. Colman seems to have studied with some attention; we therefore venture upon no opinion of our own, though we confess the last corollary puzzles us. But, criticise them as we may, we are glad to see the following admission:—

The dress of the ladies here, in general society, is altogether *more elegant than with us* . . . and I must add, that a longer acquaintance convinces me that they are better educated than the majority of the same class amongst ourselves.

We have mentioned, we think, elsewhere that Mr. Colman has opportunities which do not fall in the way of people generally. He never hears any one swear or quarrel in London; but, to make up for these deficiencies, he sometimes sees a great deal more than

anybody else. He is speaking of the general fondness for flowers in this country, and says: "So strong is this passion, that you see *persons of all conditions* sticking flowers in their buttonholes, or *wearing them in their hats.*" We confess, to our sorrow, that, except by the chimney-sweeps on May-day, we have never seen nosegays worn in hats, though it *is* the fashion with "persons of all conditions" to place them there. We would give something to see one in the Duke of Wellington's hat, or in the Bishop of Exeter's.

Were we to follow Mr. Colman through all his peregrinations in England only, we should fill the magazine, instead of the remaining page allotted to this notice of his volumes. We shall, however, quote one or two more characteristic passages before we close the work. Of dress, he says:—

To go to dinner here, without being in full dress, would be a sad mistake. I have long since found out *that*; and though, in staying at a nobleman's or gentleman's house, he will often say to you, "You need not dress much," I have found the only safe way is to be *perfectly well dressed*, for so always you are sure to find your host and his company. I came near, in one case, making a mistake in this matter which would have been mortifying. I had supposed myself invited to dine only with two or three gentlemen in London, and thought at first I would go without much alteration, having an impression that my host was living in bachelors' quarters. *My good fortune, however, saved me*, and I went as well prepared as I could be. I found, on going, one of the most elegant houses in London, and a brilliant party of ladies and gentlemen of the highest rank. The gentleman was the son of the Archbishop of York, and there I met the Rev. Sydney Smith, whom the Pennsylvanians love so well. My rule, therefore, is invariably to put myself daily in the best condition, humble on my part as it must be, to meet any and everybody. I like the practice. You may dress yourself as you please in the morning, wear the coarsest clothes and the thickest shoes—a checkered shirt and a tarpaulin cap [with a bunch of flowers in it], but at dinner, which is seldom before seven o'clock, every one appears full-dressed, which is, upon the whole, as much a matter of comfort and satisfaction to the individual himself, as it is of proper respect to the company whom you meet.

We wind up with an account of the manner in which Mr. Colman lived at Tredegar, the seat of Sir Charles Morgan, who began his hospitalities by giving his guest "a list of his house servants in the order of their rank," an act of kindness by which Mr. Colman and the American public have largely profited. It was thus he passed his time:—

We breakfasted at ten o'clock, and dined at seven; for those who took lunch it was always on table at two. I had the mornings to myself, until twelve or one o'clock, without interruption; the servant-woman came into my chamber at half past six to make my fire, and the valet soon after to bring my clothes and shoes. . . . We had eight men-servants at dinner constantly, seven of them in livery, with their heads *fully powdered*; and one in black, *looking like a grave old clergyman*, who was the butler, who handed the wine and put every dish on the table. At table no one helps himself to anything—I had almost said, even if it is directly before him—but a servant always interferes. Even the person sitting at your side does not hand his own plate to be helped. *Water cups* are placed by your side, and oftentimes with perfumed water, to wash your hands and lips after dinner; and these are taken away, and *others are put on with the dessert*. You are never urged to eat, and seldom asked what you will have, excepting by the servant. In most cases, *an elegantly written bill of fare*, sometimes on embossed silk paper, is *passed quietly round the table*, and you *whisper to the servant*, and tell him what you will have. The vegetables are never put upon the plate by the person who helps, but are always passed round by the servants. Each guest is of course furnished with a clean napkin, which, after dinner, is never left on the table, but either thrown into your chair, or upon the floor, under the table.

We omit the details of the coffee, tea, conversation, and "whisky-and-water at eleven o'clock," and follow Mr. Colman fairly into bed, where—

Everything is always in the best order; a blazing fire, and a rushlight to burn all night, in a safe, so that no danger can come of it. Your windows and bed-clothes are always closely drawn, your night-clothes hung by the fire to be aired, *the boot-jack and slippers placed by the side of the bed*, and spare blankets folded near you. A bell-rope is always within reach, and not unfrequently *a worked night-cap, to be used if you choose it*.

Then comes, for at least the twentieth time in these volumes, an account of the "pitcher of hot water" in the morning, the "bright copper tea-kettle," the "ham and eggs on the table," the "cold beef, cold fowl, cold everything on the sideboard;" the "letters by your plate," the "mail-bag," the "entry," the "arrangements for the day," the "greatcoat neatly folded," the "hat neatly brushed," the "gloves laid out upon your hat," and the "umbrella in its place."

In describing which, Mr. Colman is anxious that the partner of his bosom, for whose especial behoof this information was originally written, should not imagine that he is *violating confidence*.

Let us at once set his mind easy on this point. We are of opinion that he has only taken a laudable and humane view of a great social question. Mr. Colman passed nearly five years and a half in Europe, the greater part of it in the houses of the English nobility; his "mission" was to acquire a knowledge of the *savoir vivre*, and impart it to his countrymen for their use and edification. If he has not succeeded in his object, the fault cannot well be his, as we think we have shown by the extracts which we have given. We could have adduced many more proofs of his painstaking endeavor to inoculate the New World with the manners of the Old; by quoting, *inter alia*, from what took place at the seat of the Earl of — (the only anonymous nobleman in the book), where "the lady" wore "crimson velvet" one day, "white muslin, a red sash, and a crimson turban," on another, and "a splendid silk dress and a circlet of pearls," on a third; and also by showing how at Woburn he found "a tea-kettle of hot water, and a tub of cold," in his bed-room; how "the usher in the hall" had "the appearance of a gentleman" in "black shorts," and how this gentlemanly man showed him into the drawing-room, where the Duke (of Bedford) met him, and where he met "a very large party of *élégantes*." But the reason we have already given compels us to pause, and we therefore bid Mr. Colman farewell as heartily as any of his numerous noble entertainers; more heartily, perhaps—for *we*, at all events, are very sorry to part with him. In doing so we have one request to make, which is, that instead of the grave work promised in his preface, he make a round of visits in the United States, and inform us faithfully whether the boot-jack, the clothes-brush, the pitcher of hot water, the worked night-cap, and the soap and towel, have yet found their way into the dressing-rooms of the smartest people in creation. Until we are assured of this fact by so competent an authority as Mr. Colman has shown himself to be, we must consider his mission to Europe as still unaccomplished.

From the British Quarterly Review.

MILTON AND THE COMMONWEALTH.

The Prose Works of John Milton. With a Preface, Preliminary Remarks, and Notes. By J. A. ST. JOHN. 3 vols. small 8vo. London: Henry G. Bohn. 1848.

THESE volumes form part of the Standard Library issued by Mr. Bohn. No series of books has ever appeared which, taken as a whole, equals this in value; and no part of the series are we disposed to estimate more highly than the volumes now before us. It has often been matter of regret with the admirers of Milton that his prose writings should be so little known by the reading part of the English public; for, of that rich inheritance of mental treasure which the genius, the thoughtfulness, and the learning of former ages have bequeathed to us, there are few portions which it would more advantage the people of these realms to be familiar with than this. But hitherto this part of our hereditary wealth has been almost inaccessible to the great mass of the people, owing to the inconvenient or expensive forms in which Milton's Prose Works have been published. Mr. Bohn has at length removed this obstacle. He has rolled the stone from the mouth of the well, and we hope many will hasten to fill their pitchers at this copious and healthful spring.

Mr. St. John has done the part assigned to him for the most part well. He rightly appreciates in general Milton's true character and sentiments, and shows a worthy sympathy with both. His Preliminary Remarks and Notes often supply very needful information, and place the reader in the right point of view for apprehending and justly estimating Milton's statements; but his Notes are sometimes irrelevant, and sometimes frivolous. If some he has inserted have a just claim to be there, we do not see why he might not with equal reason have inserted a thousand such besides.

It is not our purpose at present to offer any remarks on Milton's Prose Writings in general. The theme is tempting—as what theme connected with Milton is not?—and

though it has already engaged some illustrious pens, it is by no means so exhausted as to render another survey of it presumptuous or hopeless. But our object at present is more limited. We wish to write the history of a section of Milton's life which has not, we think, received due attention from any of his biographers, and to take note of the works which during that period he composed. We wish to survey his connection with the Commonwealth, to describe the services he rendered to it, and to estimate the worth of his relation to it.

On the 30th of January, 1649, the protracted struggle between arbitrary sovereignty and popular liberty which, for more than twenty years, had agitated England, was brought to a solemn close by the execution of the infatuated prince, who, despising the claims of equity, the auguries of wisdom, and the lessons of experience, had resolved at all hazards to govern a high-minded people according to his sole pleasure. With the life of Charles terminated, for the time, the kingly form and name in Britain. Whilst the snow was yet falling on the velvet pall that covered the headless trunk of the once haughty representative of an imperious line, and whilst the few faithful adherents, who still persisted in showing their allegiance to his memory, were comforting themselves around his bier by interpreting "this sudden whiteness" into a token from heaven of their master's innocence, the bold men, who had fearlessly done the deed, were engaged in drawing up a proclamation in which they forbade all persons whatsoever to presume to declare "Charles Stuart, son of the late Charles, or any other person to be king or chief magistrate of England or Ireland, or of any dominions belonging thereunto," on pain of "being deemed and adjudged a traitor," and made to "suffer accordingly." Seven

days later, they abolished the House of Lords; the next day, they passed a solemn decree abolishing forever the office of king in this nation; and the day following, they gave orders that a new great seal should be engraved, bearing, in place of the effigies of the monarch, a representation of the House of Commons in full session, with this inscription, "The first year of liberty restored, by the blessing of God, 1648."* (o. s.) At the same time, a council of state, consisting of forty persons, was appointed to conduct the government of the nation.

This Council of State, now virtually the Sovereign of England, had, amongst other duties, that of watching over the relations subsisting between this country and foreign powers. Here, as in other departments, they, from the first, took high and manly ground. Little inclined to provoke a rupture with any of the continental powers, they nevertheless resolved not to allow in the least degree the honor or the interest of their country to be abated in their hands. They would do as England had ever done—choose their own allies and deal with them on equal terms. They had not smitten the crown from the head of their own king, to truckle to any of the crowned heads of the Continent. They meant England, now that she was a republic, to be as independent and as mighty amongst the powers of Europe as she had ever been whilst governed by kings. Accordingly, before they had been many weeks in existence as a council, they appointed a committee of their number, consisting of Mr. Whitelocke, Sir Henry Vane, Lord Lisle, the Earl of Denbigh, Mr. Martyn, and Mr. Lisle, or any two of them, "to consider what alliances the Crowne hath formerly had with forreigne states, and what those states are; and whether it will be fit to continue those allyances, or with how many of the said states; and how farr they should be continued, and upon what grounds; and in what manner applications and addresses should be made for the said continuance."† In such lofty style and with such conscious dignity did these republicans set about their work! We may augur that the honor of England is in safe keeping in such hands.

But the Council did not stop here. It

was not enough for them to assert their country's ancient right to choose her own allies and deal with foreign powers in general as she deemed best. A high-minded prince would have done as much; these patriotic republicans determined to do more. They had a mind not only to say to the continental powers what they judged right, but to say it in a tongue which was as much theirs as it was that of any of the powers they addressed. Hitherto, from the time of the Conquest, all foreign correspondence had been conducted in French. But to the thorough English feeling of the republican council this practice seemed a degradation. The French was a good enough tongue for Frenchmen; and for purposes of diplomacy only perhaps too good; but what was that to them who were free Englishmen, and had a tongue of their own of which they were not ashamed, and meant to pursue a straightforward course with all men, and at all times to say with their lips what they purposed in their hearts? They resolved, therefore, to discard the French in their writings to foreign states, and to employ in its stead the *lingua communis* of Christendom, the Latin. Nor were they content to have their thoughts clothed in any sort of Latin which hireling scholarship might supply to them. They would have Latin of the best. Under their sway, England was to be a true Aristocracy—a Reign of the Best; and they resolved that even in the interchange of courtesies or the chafferings of diplomacy with foreign states, their thoughts should be clothed in such a garb that not so much as a dog should move his tongue against it.

Of those who had sate in the high places of learning during the reign of Charles, the greater part had followed the fortunes of the exiled prince; or were hiding their discontent and their scholarship in lonely retreats—*doctores umbratici* against their will; or, like worthy Jeremy Taylor, having escaped ashore upon a plank, and not knowing whether they owed most to "the courtesies of their friends or the gentleness and mercies of a noble enemy," were trying to make the best of a bad business by "gathering a few sticks to warm them, a few books to entertain their thoughts;"*—all of them occupied after a fashion, yet for the interests of their country in the meantime utterly profitless. Still there were a few of the riper scholars of the day whose principles allied them to the victorious party. One

* Guizot, English Revolution, p. 436; Clarendon, Book xi. *sub fine*.

† Book of Orders of the Council of State, cited from the MS. in the State Paper Office, by Mr. Todd, in his Life of Milton, p. 107.

* Discourse of the Liberty of Prophesying—Epist. Dedic. p. 2.

there was especially, whose attachment to the republican cause was enthusiastic, who, from his youth up, had given himself to literature, "taking labor and intense study to be his portion in this life," and who, though he had "applied himself to the resolution to fix all the industry and art he could unite to the adorning of his native tongue," was nevertheless so addicted to the languages of Greece and Rome, that, whilst yet a youth, he had "not merely wetted the tip of his lips in the stream of these languages, but, in proportion to his years, had swallowed copious draughts," and was now, in his maturer age, acknowledged to be one of the first classical scholars of his day. This was Milton, and as he, in virtue of his scholarship, was master of a pure and copious Latinity, being, as one of his critics remarks, "*purioris dicendi generis vehementer studiosus*," the attention of the Council was directed to him as the fittest person to act as their Latin secretary. The same committee which had been appointed to consider the subject of Foreign Alliances was accordingly instructed to "speak with Mr. Milton, to know whether he will be employed as secretary for Forraigne tongues."

According to the testimony of Phillips, Milton's nephew, the attention of the Council of State had been drawn to Milton by the recent publication of his work, entitled, "*The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates*." Wood asserts, and Mr. St. John adopts the assertion, that this treatise was written before the execution of Charles, though it now contains many passages afterward inserted. But this appears to us more than doubtful. It is true, indeed, that the treatise, as we now have it, contains additions to the original text, but these were made between the first and second editions, not, as the words we have quoted would seem to imply, between the writing of the work and its first publication.* As for its being written before the king's death, there is no evidence for that except Wood's assertion; and worthy Anthony was not so minutely exact in all that he uttered, especially when a sectary was in question, that we should allow his bare word to weigh against the internal evidence of the treatise itself, which is all on the side of the opinion that Milton wrote this tract, as well as published

it, in order to justify the Parliament and the Army for their treatment of Charles. Indeed, in his Second Defence, he expressly says as much as that such was the case: "That book," says he, referring to this treatise, "did not make its appearance till after the death of Charles; and was written rather to reconcile the minds of the people to the event, than to discuss the legitimacy of that particular sentence which concerned the magistrates, and which was already executed."*

The main design of the treatise is to assert the responsibility of kings, and the right of subjects to punish tyrants or wicked kings, if need be, with death. It is not, as some have asserted, a plea for regicide in the general, as if Milton, in a rabid and indiscriminating hatred of the very name and office of king, had contended for the extirpation of the entire race of such functionaries.† Still less is it an attack on the unhappy monarch whose execution it by implication justifies; for in referring to it in a subsequent publication, Milton distinctly disavows any intention of attacking Charles in it, or even of directly determining anything in reference to his case; and there is nothing in the treatise itself that is in the least incompatible with this disavowal. Milton was prompted to write it by the unreasonable censures pronounced upon Cromwell and his friends by the Presbyterian party, who, formerly the most bitter enemies of Charles, had become jealous of the growth of the Independents, and of their ascendancy in the Parliament, and were clamoring against the sentence pronounced on the king as abhorrent from the doctrine of Protestants, and of all the reformed churches.‡ This conduct Milton ascribed to mere party spite: he regarded their anger as excited, not by "the act itself, but because it was not the act of their party;" and the assertion they made against it he denounced as "a glaring falsehood," (*falsitas asserta*.) Hence, in order to compose men's minds, he wrote this tract

* Works, vol. i. p. 260.

† See his Second Defence of the People of England, *passim*. "How happy am I," he exclaims, in reference to the favorable reception of his first Defence by Christina, Queen of Sweden, "that when the critical emergencies of my country demanded that I should undertake the arduous and invidious task of impugning the rights of kings, I should meet with so illustrious, so truly a royal evidence to my integrity, and to this truth, that *I had not written a word against kings, but only against tyrants, the spots and pests of royalty*."

‡ Def. Secunda, p. 68, edit. 1654. *Hagae-Comitum*. Works, vol. i. p. 260, of Mr. St. John's edit.

* On the title-page of the second edition, published in 1650, we read that it is "published now the second time, with some additions, and many Testimonies also added out of the best and learnedest among Protestant Divines asserting the position of this Book."

for the purpose of showing "in an abstract consideration of the question, what may be lawfully done against tyrants."* It is one of the most condensed and closely reasoned of all Milton's writings, and satisfactorily establishes those great points of constitutional law which at an earlier period had been advocated by the classic pen of Buchanan, which, in the age succeeding that of Milton, were so logically demonstrated by Locke, and which may now be considered as incorporated with the constitution of our country. Appearing at a time when men's minds were deeply occupied with the question it discusses, public attention was naturally drawn toward it, and through means of it to previous publications of its author. "This treatise," says Phillips, "reviving the fame of other things Milton had formerly published, he was more and more taken notice of for his excellency of style, and depth of judgment; was courted into the service of the Commonwealth; and at last prevailed with (for he never hunted after preferment, nor affected the hurry of public business) to take upon him the office of Latin Secretary."† This fully bears out Milton's own account of the matter:—"No one ever knew me either soliciting anything myself, or through the medium of my friends,—no one ever beheld me in a supplicating posture at the doors of the senate, or the levees of the great. I usually kept myself secluded at home, where my own property, part of which had been withheld during the civil commotions, and part of which had been absorbed in the oppressive contributions which I had to sustain, afforded me a scanty subsistence. . . . I was surprised by an invitation from the Council of State, who desired my services in the office for foreign affairs."‡

Milton entered upon the office to which he was thus honorably called on the 15th March, 1649. The duties which he was here appointed to discharge were somewhat multifarious. Besides those more especially belonging to his office, such as the translating into English of the state papers of foreign

powers addressed to the rulers of the Commonwealth, and conducting their correspondence in return, many other tasks were imposed upon him by those whom he served. They seem, indeed, to have committed to him the whole of what may be called the literary and controversial interests of the government. Hence we find him enjoined to examine papers found on certain suspected enemies of the Commonwealth, or such attacks upon it as appeared in print, and to report to the Council thereon;* to reply to some of these attacks; to defend the policy of the Council against those "designers against the peace of the Commonwealth, by whom it had been impugned;† and even to arrange for the printing of such works as the Council saw meet to issue at the public expense.‡ To a mind like Milton's, delighting to luxuriate in the banquet of letters, and even revolving high thoughts of the additions he was himself to make to that rich repast, it must have been unspeakably irksome to be compelled to attend to all the petty and vexatious duties which were thus imposed upon him. But he bore the yoke cheerfully, and seems to have toiled on with the patience of the veriest drudge in his appointed work. Nay, his heart even appears to have been in his duties, for when he might, without censure, have retired from the office, he spurned the idea as unworthy of his patriotism. It was no paltry love of the gains of office which thus chained him to the oar; for his salary at the highest never exceeded £200 per annum, and to this the only additional perquisite he ever received was permission to reside at Whitehall, a permission which was only given to be soon after recalled.§ It is a sight worth looking at—this man of supernal genius thus taming himself down to the drudgeries of an inferior station, and discharging the dull and irksome tasks of office with a cheerfulness which the merest red-tapist could hardly exceed—and all from a sense of duty, and love for what he esteemed a good and just cause.

The writings which Milton was either directly or indirectly led by his office as

* Ibid.

† Cited by Todd, *Life of Milton*, p. 97.

‡ Second Defence, p. 261. Works, vol. i. We have given the above from the English translation, as it stands in Mr. St. John's edition; but it is rather an imperfect version of the original, and in the concluding part quite wrong. Milton was never in the Foreign Office. What he says is, "Me . . . Concilium Status . . . ad se vocat, meaque opera ad res præsertim externas uti voluit,"—the Council of State summoned me, and desired the use of my services chiefly in foreign affairs.

VOL. XVIII. NO. III.

* Order of Council, May 30, 1649. Ibid. June 23. Ibid. June 25, 1650.

† Ibid. 26th March, 1649; 28th March.

‡ Ibid. 8th January, 1649–50.

§ Milton went to reside in Scotland Yard in the early part of 1651, and he removed from it in the summer of the same year, in consequence of an order of Parliament which deprived him of that residence. He then went to the "pretty garden house," in Petty France, Westminster, where he remained till within a few weeks of the return of Charles II.

Latin Secretary to indite, form a very important part of his prose works. Of these, the least interesting, perhaps, to us now, in reference at least to himself, are the Letters of State which he addressed from time to time in the name of the government of the Commonwealth, to the different European powers. In an historical point of view, indeed, these are valuable, as indicating the footing on which Cromwell and his party stood with the princes and states of the Continent, and as containing an authentic record of the foreign policy of the Commonwealth; but, in relation to Milton, they possess only an inferior interest. It is his pen that indites the words, but the thoughts are the property of others, and chiefly of that imperial intellect which seems to have dazzled and commanded the mind even of Milton, and made him look up to its possessor as the "chief of men." Viewed as the joint production of Oliver Cromwell and John Milton, these letters, even the least important of them, must ever possess a strong attraction; and some of them, especially those which relate to the sufferings of the Waldenses, in which both Cromwell and his Secretary took so thrilling an interest, will ever remain as monuments at once of the high-toned dignity with which England's greatest ruler upheld her rights and the rights of humanity, and of the fitting utterance which England's greatest poet gave to that ruler's will.

The first publication into which Milton's office indirectly led him, was that which appeared under the following title:—"Iconoclastes. In answer to a Book, entitled 'Icon Basilike: the portraiture of his Sacred Majesty in his Solitude and Sufferings.'" The work to which Milton here replies, and which is now pretty generally believed to have been the production of Dr. Gauden, successively Bishop of Exeter and of Worcester after the Restoration, purports to be the composition of the deceased king, and its manifest design is to produce an impression in his favor, by not only defending his conduct to his subjects, but also representing him in the light of a mild, devout, and heavenly martyr. It was published a very short time after the death of Charles, and though there were several who saw through the imposition, and were satisfied it was not the work of the king, (Milton among the rest,) by the country at large, it was received as genuine, and extensively and eagerly perused. To counteract the effect which it was everywhere producing, Milton wrote his

"Iconoclastes;" in which, with great minuteness and vigor, he replies to all that is advanced in the "Icon," in defence of the policy, and in honor of the character of Charles. Written for popular effect, it is much simpler in style, quieter in manner, and more homely in conception, than was usual with its author. Here and there an expression occurs which betrays the poet,* and not seldom the fire of an ardent temper breaks forth in indignant flashes; but for the most part, the "Iconoclastes" is a sober, minute, closely-reasoned, and unimpassioned refutation of the statements of the "Icon." The author's purpose in writing it, he tells us, was "not a desire to descant on the misfortunes of a person fallen from so high a dignity," nor "by fond ambition, or the vanity to get a name, present or with posterity, by writing against a king," but "for their sakes who, through custom, simplicity, or want of better teaching, have not more seriously considered kings than in the gaudy name of Majesty, and admire them and their doings as if they breathed not the same air with other mortal men." Hence he scrupled not to take up the gauntlet which had been thrown down, though a king's, in defence of liberty and the Commonwealth. That the work was written at the request of the Council of State, we know from Milton's own statement;† but that it was a piece of mere hireling service, for which he received a pecuniary reward from the Council—though it has been confidently asserted, and though on the strength of this assertion Milton has been called "a mercenary Iconoclast,"—is altogether untrue. We have the author's own solemn statement to the contrary: "My hands," says he to Morus, "were never soiled with the guilt of speculation; I never was even an obolus the richer by those exertions which you most vehemently traduce."‡ We have the corroborative evidence afforded by the fact that the books of the Council retain no trace of any remuneration having been made to him

* One of his expressions has been borrowed, without acknowledgment, by a poet of our own day. In speaking of a parliament without power of opposing the royal will, he describes it as "struck as mute and motionless as a parliament of tapestry in the hangings." What Milton here applies to tapestry, Campbell applies to painting—

"And Painting mute and motionless
Steals but a glance of time."
Valedictory Stanzas to Kemble.

† Second Def. Work, vol. i. p. 268.

‡ Second Def. p. 243.

for this labor, whilst they do not fail to record the "fitt reward" which the Council awarded to John Durie for translating the work into French. And we have the fact that he was permitted to make the writing of this book suit his own convenience, "beginning it late, and finishing it leisurely in the midst of other employments and diversions"—a favor which, as Mr. Todd justly reasons, would hardly, in the case of a work, the early appearance of which was of importance, have been conceded to a mere hireling scribe.

The "Iconoclastes" appeared in the closing part of the year 1649. The same period witnessed the publication of a work which was destined to involve Milton in the most protracted and the most violent controversy in which he ever embarked. This was the "Defensio Regia pro Carolo I.," by Claude Saumaise, better known as Salmasius.

Charles II. was at this time residing at the Hague, "living with and upon the Prince of Orange," as Clarendon tells us; poor enough and dispirited enough, yet inclined to make an effort or two more to regain the splendid patrimony from which he had been driven. The impression which had been produced in England by the publication of the "Icon Basilike" probably suggested the idea of following it up by a still more energetic attack upon the Commonwealth party. The poor king had one hundred Jacobusses in his purse, and these he resolved to sacrifice in order to procure such a publication. A ready instrument was found in Salmasius, then one of the Professors at Leyden, and who enjoyed the reputation of being one of the most learned men of his age. He was unquestionably a man of abilities. His memory was prodigious; his reading was unbounded; and his ingenuity considerable. His linguistic attainments and his philological writings still command respect; in his own day he was deemed such a prodigy, that people were wont to say that what Salmasius did not know was not knowable. But there were many things he did not know, and many literary qualifications he did not possess; and these, unhappily for him, were the very things and the very qualifications especially requisite for the work to which the exiled prince summoned him. He was ignorant of political science and the principles of social ethics. He was ignorant of

the English constitution, the English history, and the temper of the English people. Worst of all, he was ignorant of his own ignorance, and addressed himself to his task with all the confidence and self-sufficiency which learned ignorance is apt to assume. His temper also was bad; he was overbearing and insolent; and he indulged to its full extent in that license of vituperation which the scholars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries seem to have regarded as their peculiar privilege; judging, apparently, that there was no excess of Scomatism to which a writer might not resort, provided always he kept the peace with Priscian, and clothed his anger in Ciceronian Latin. In his scholarship, moreover, there was all that painful attention to trifles, that "*insanum minutiarum studium*," which Ruhnken tells us is peculiar to otiose litterateurs.* His mind had nothing great in it, nothing comprehensive, nothing original. He was a successful scholar, and nothing more. What Pope has most unjustly put into the mouth of Richard Bentley, was to the letter true of Salmasius:—

"Like buoys, that never sink into the flood,
On Learning's surface we but lie and nod.

For thee we dim the eyes and stuff the head
With all such reading as was never read;
For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
And write about it, goddess, and about it."

When such a man undertook to arraign the people of England, and defend the memory of the beheaded king, what could he do but make pedantry supply the place of intelligence, and substitute effrontery for argument? The "fortiter in re" was beyond his reach, the "*suaviter in modo*" was contrary to his taste and habits. The only course open to him was that which he followed. Shutting himself up in his library, he set himself to quote all sorts of authors in support of the sacredness of kings, and the inviolability of their persons. He starts from the loftiest position of Divine Right! A king!—what is a king? "Plainly he who is the supreme power in the state, a power beholden to none but God, to whom alone the king is obliged to render a reason of his acts, and to none besides—he who may do what he likes, who is exempt from laws, who gives laws, but receives none, and hence judges all, but

* Preface to the *Iconoclastes*.

* Orat. de Doctore Umbrat. p. 13. Opusc. Ruhnken, ed. Kidd.

is himself judged of no one."* This high doctrine he proceeds, by an immense farrago of authorities, to defend as the doctrine held in all ages and by all peoples. "So of old judged the whole East, so the West. In the regions of the North and the South, wherever kings reigned, their subjects had no other opinion, no other custom. Assyrians, Medes, Persians, Romans, Jews, Greeks, Pagans, Christians, thought thus." All this is shown at great length, and with an immense parade of learning. It is not till we reach the eighth chapter, that we find the author preparing to deal with the only really important question in this department of his inquiry—viz., what was the opinion, what the custom of the people of England respecting kings? Here, having neither Talmuds nor classics to quote from, he is sadly puzzled to keep up appearances; still he makes a manful effort, and by help of William of Malmesbury, Matthew of Paris, Gervasius, &c., illustrated here and there by Aristotle, Tacitus, Mela, Juvenal, and others of the ancients, he manages very respectably to fill up a goodly number of pages. In the concluding chapters (x.—xii.) he discusses the character and proceedings of the party by whom the king had been beheaded, and defends the character and conduct of Charles. This is by much the ablest part of his work; it is written with less stiffness and much greater vigor than the preceding parts; and when one compares its animated eloquence and hearty vituperation with the dreary pedantry of the earlier chapters, it is hard to resist the suspicion that some such pen as that of Hyde was at work, and that Salmasius had no other hand in this part of the "Defensio" than that of translating into Latin the thoughts and words of a greatly more vigorous mind than his own.

The publication of this work appears to have produced no great sensation either on the Continent or in England. This is not surprising. Few except unoccupied scholars were likely to toil through its heavy pages; and whilst its main purpose possessed only a secondary interest to the continental nations, its fundamental thesis was one which few Englishmen of any party then in England were prepared to adopt. Those theories of government on which the Divine right of kings is based, were unknown in this country before the days of Laud, and when propounded, they had received little welcome

even from those who afterward periled all in their efforts to support the throne. On the great mass of the people they never made any impression. Among them it had, ever since England was England, been held as a settled thing, that there was a point beyond which no prince could urge his prerogative and no freeborn people could submit; and their history presented to them too many instances in which the haughtiest of their sovereigns had been compelled to respect the popular will, and too many instances in which the reigning dynasty had been changed by force of domestic arms, for them to be very overwhelmingly impressed with a sense of "the divinity that doth hedge about a king." Had Salmasius been more modest—had he assumed lower ground—had he followed up the impression produced by the "Icon Basilike," by, like it, dwelling rather on the personal merits and sufferings of the late king, than by mooted great political and constitutional questions, in which he assumed positions to which few good and no thoughtful men could assent, he would better have served the cause of his employer, and if not in quantity, certainly in quality, rendered a fairer equivalent for his hundred Jacobusses. As it was, he, like many a hired pleader, both before and since, spoiled his cause by overdoing it.

But though the work of Salmasius created no remarkable sensation, it yet contained enough to render it desirable that it should not be left unanswered. Milton was accordingly enjoined, by an order in Council, of the date January 8th, 1649–50, to "prepare something in answer to the booke of Salmasius, and when he hath done itt, bring itt to the Councell." His answer was ready by the close of the year, and on the 23d of December, 1650, it was "ordered that Mr. Milton doe print the treatise which he hath written, in answer to a late booke written by Salmasius against the proceedings of this Commonwealth." The work appeared in the early part of the following year, under the title "*Joannis Miltoni Angli pro Populo Anglicano Defensio contra Claudii Anonymi, alias Salmasii Defensionem Regiam.*"

On this production Milton put forth all his strength. He seems to have entered upon it with the design not merely of defending the Commonwealth, but of crushing the presumptuous pedant by whom it had been assailed. For Salmasius he evidently felt no respect, and to him he shows no pity. With a learning equal at least to his

* Def. Reg. c. 2, *sub init.*

own, and an energy far beyond any he ever possessed, Milton follows him step by step through his book, and does battle with him for every inch of the ground. No weapon of defence or assault that could be pressed into his service does he refuse. Quotations, criticism, sarcasm, puns, nicknames, vituperation, mingle with the acutest reasoning and the loftiest eloquence, in the strange tissue of his Discourse. From gravely discussing a question in history or political science, he suddenly passes to some stern joke upon his antagonist, or some vehement philippic upon the cause he had set himself to advocate. Now he weighs some dictum of Aristotle, or expounds some passage in the Bible, and then he darts away to pounce upon some unlucky solecism in his opponent's Latinity, or to make himself merry over his opponent's domestic thralldom. In reading this treatise, one cannot help thinking of the grim hilarity of the cat, as she tosses and plays with the mouse, which ever and anon she wounds with her talons, and at last utterly devours.

Hobbes is said to have remarked of the two "Defences," that he knew not which contained the best Latin or the worst logic. But there can be no candid and competent judge of either who will hesitate to assign the palm in both to Milton. Such certainly was the verdict of the best judges in his own day. As soon as his work appeared, it was circulated all over the Continent, and everywhere commanded the highest eulogies for its splendid diction, its acute and vigorous reasoning, and its immeasurable superiority to the work in reply to which it was issued. Congratulations poured in upon the author from all quarters; the ambassadors of foreign courts then resident in London paid him formal visits of compliment; and letters from the most distinguished scholars of Europe, expressive of their admiration of his production, were continually reaching him. His book was translated into Dutch, and apparently also into French. Certain it is that it was burnt in France, first at Paris and then at Toulouse; an evidence that it was both hated and feared in that country. Even royalty itself, in the person of Christina of Sweden, perused it with admiration, and gave unmistakeable evidence of approbation by dismissing, if not with indignity, at least without honor, Salmasius from the court. Beyond this general applause, however, the author had no remuneration for his labor, except the thanks of the Council and the gratitude of the best part of his countrymen.

Toland, indeed, has asserted that he received a present of £1000 from the Council. But this is a mistake, as Milton's own assertion in his "Second Defence," and the books of the Council attest.

It is not to be denied that the "Defence of the People of England against Salmasius" is disfigured by many and grievous faults. It must be admitted that it is needlessly prolix, and that much on which its author elaborately dwells is altogether irrelevant to the main question at issue between him and his antagonist. It must be admitted that his retaliation often exceeds the bounds of severity and becomes fierce and truculent. It must be admitted that many of his attempts at wit are miserably abortive, that his puns are, for the most part, about the worst ever perpetrated, and that he is often indelicate and coarse in his sarcasms and allusions. It must be admitted that many of his criticisms are hypercritical, that what he triumphantly holds up to scorn as the barbarisms and blunders in grammar of his antagonist, are not always such; and that sometimes his own pen drops solecisms as gross and unpardonable as any of which he accuses Salmasius.* But whilst all this is

* A famous instance of this occurs in Milton's merciless taunting of Salmasius for saying that the English had committed parricide *in persona regis*—in the person of the king. "What is this," exclaims Milton—"what Latinity ever spoke thus? unless, indeed, you refer to some pretender who, putting on the mask of the king, perpetrated I know not what parricide among the English," &c. Milton here evidently assumes that *persona* is never used by Latin writers in the sense in which we use "person" when we say, "the person of the king;" but always retains its primary meaning of mask, or personation. But this is a mistake. Johnson cites a passage from Juvenal, Sat. iv., v. 14, which clearly establishes the usage; unless, indeed, *persona* there means "character" in the sense in which we speak of a man being a "bad character." But a better authority than Juvenal, no less than Cicero, is indubitably on the side of Salmasius here. In one passage, indeed, he uses the very formula employed by Salmasius; speaking of Caesar's conduct to Pompey, he says, "*in ejus persona multa fecit asperius*."—*Epist. ad Fam.* By the side of this, Salmasius's "parracidium in persona regis" may stand without blushing. Whilst thus over-zealous to find fault with his adversary, Milton falls into a blunder himself. "I will leave you," says he, "to the tender mercies of your own grammaticists; *quibus ego tu deridendum et vapulandum propino*—to whom I propose you to be laughed at and whipped." Milton had probably Terence's expression, "Ego . . . hunc comedendum et deridendum vobis propino," (*Eunuch*, v. 9, 47) in his mind when he wrote this; but in substituting a word for "comedendum," he unfortunately used one which has no existence! This verb "vapulo" signifying

admitted, it must still with justice be affirmed, that for rich and varied learning, acuteness of reasoning, soundness of principle, and rhetorical effect, few efforts of human genius are entitled to rank by the side of Milton's Defence of his countrymen.

The position maintained by Milton through this "Defence" is substantially that which he had already defended in the "Iconoclastes"—the responsibility of kings to their people, the necessary limits of royal prerogative, and the right of the people to resist tyrannical, oppressive, and unjust sovereigns, and even, if need be, to bring them to trial, and when convicted, to punish them. This doctrine he shows to have always been held by the English people, and to have been tacitly acknowledged by the most hasty Plantagenet and the most imperious Tudor that ever filled the English throne. But not content with this, he ascends to a higher region than that of prescription and usage. He appeals to that which is above all statute and contract—the law written on the hearts of men—the code whose edicts embody the great fundamental principles on which all society and all social institutions rest. This is the only line of argument worth the pursuing in such a case. To appeal to statute law and constitutional usage in defence of an act which was virtually the removal of the basis on which statutes and usages rest, seems but a needless waste of logic. The responsibility of kings can never be established by law, because to summon them to an account is, on the part of their subjects, a superseding for the time being of all law—a suspension of the constitution. Nor is the right of a nation to liberty a question of usage or of statute. It is not because our ancestors were free, that we have a title to freedom; any more than it is because our ancestors were clothed, that we have a right to put on clothing. All such rights are natural rights, and when they are to be vindicated, it must be by an appeal, not to regal precedents and constitutional authorities, but to the eternal principles of reason, equity, and common sense.

If the general applause with which Mil-

not to *whip*, but to *be whipped*, it cannot, of course, have a future passive participle. Johnson thinks this blunder a just chastisement inflicted on the poet by the ever-watchful Nemesis! On "persona," Mr. St. John treats his readers to a singularly irrelevant note, consisting chiefly of an extract from Locke on the metaphysical conception of "person;" as if that had aught to do with the usage of a Latin word.

ton's performance was received tended to minister dangerously to his love of fame, "that last infirmity of noble minds," Providence was preparing for him a counteractive discipline, in one of the severest calamities which can befall humanity. His eyesight, which had never been very strong, had, through severe and unseasonable study, been gradually becoming weaker; and though his medical attendants warned him of the danger he was incurring, his determination to serve his country was so resolute, that he persisted in preparing his reply to Salmasius, notwithstanding the increasing failure of his visual organs. The consequence was total blindness, which came upon him in 1652, the year after the publication of his "Defence of the People of England." By his enemies this was eagerly laid hold of, as a proof of the vengeance of Heaven upon the defender of those who had slain the king; but by Milton himself it was regarded in a very different light. With that strong religious feeling, which so remarkably distinguished him, he traced the affliction, indeed, to God; but he viewed it not as a token of the Divine vengeance, but as an act of paternal discipline through which it was deemed needful by the Almighty and the Allwise that he should pass. His conscience bore him witness that "neither in the more early nor in the later periods of his life," had he committed any enormity which might deservedly have marked him out as a fit object for such a calamitous visitation. And when his enemies taunted him with it, his appeal was from their inhumanity and injustice to the Searcher of hearts. "I invoke the Almighty to witness," are his words, "that I never at any time wrote anything which I did not think agreeable to truth, to justice, and to piety. This was my persuasion then, and I find the same persuasion now. Nor was I ever prompted to such exertions by the influence of ambition, by the lust of lucre or of praise; it was only by the conviction of duty, and the feeling of patriotism, a disinterested passion for the extension of civil and religious liberty."* He goes on to state, that though laboring under sickness, and though warned by the physicians that if he did not desist from studious pursuits, his sight would be irreparably lost, "their premonitions caused no hesitation, and inspired no delay. I would not," he adds, "have listened even to the voice of Esculapius himself from the shrine of Epidauris, in prefer-

* Second Defence, p. 235. Works, vol. i.

ence to the suggestions of the heavenly monitor within my breast." These declarations are worthy of all belief; they are in perfect keeping with that antique severity, that stern, inflexible obedience to the voice of duty, which formed one of the characteristic features of Milton.

Some of his biographers have fixed upon the date of Milton's blindness as marking the period of his retirement from the office of Secretary for Foreign Tongues. But this is a mistake. Milton retained the office by successive reappointments till the close of the Protectorate, in 1659. Neither did his employers deem it necessary to remove him, nor did he yield to his misfortune so as to relinquish a post where he could still serve his country. Speaking of the former, he says:—"They do not strip me of the badges of honor which I have once worn; they do not deprive me of the places of public trust to which I have been appointed; they do not abridge my salary or emoluments; which, though I may not do so much to deserve as I did formerly, they are too considerate and too kind to take away; and, in short, they honor me as much as the Athenians did those whom they determined to support at the public expense in the Prytaneum."* As for himself, though his affliction was such as would have disqualified most men for service in such a post, it was not sufficient either to disqualify or dishearten him. "His mind," says Johnson, "was too eager to be diverted, and too strong to be subdued." This is true; but his piety had probably as much to do with his fortitude as either his zeal or his strength. Viewing his affliction as coming from the hand of God, he devoutly believed that He who had sent the trial was able to support him under it. In a remarkable letter which he wrote to his friend Leonard Philaras, a native of Athens, who had held out to him some hopes of benefit, if he would consult Thevemat, the celebrated Parisian oculist, he thus writes:—

"If, as it is written, man lives not by bread alone, but by every word that proceeds from the mouth of God, why should not a man acquiesce even in this? not thinking that he can derive light from his eyes alone, but esteeming himself sufficiently enlightened by the conduct and providence of God. As long, therefore, as He looks forward, and provides for me as He does, and leads me backward and forward by the hand, as it were, through my whole life, shall I not cheerfully bid my eyes keep holiday, since such appears to be

His pleasure? But whatever may be the result of your kindness, my dear Philaras, with a mind not less resolute and firm than if I were Lynceus himself, I bid you farewell."—*Works*, vol. iii. p. 508.

Thus "regulating and tranquilizing his mind," Milton resolved to abide at his post, and only so far succumbed to his calamity as to receive a colleague in his office. The first with whom he was associated was Philip Meadows; but afterward the famous Andrew Marvell was, through his influence and solicitation, appointed to be his colleague. These distinguished men continued to officiate together until the end of 1659, on the 25th of October in which year, the last payment of salary they received is entered in the books of the Council. The amount of this salary was £200 to each; and, as already remarked, Milton seems to have received no more when the entire duties of the office rested upon him.

Triumphant as was Milton's position after his reply to Salmasius, it could not be expected that he would be long allowed to occupy it in peace. Salmasius himself, though confuted, was not silenced; and smarting under the disgrace of his defeat, and the severity of the chastisement he had received, he set himself to the preparation of a reply, in which he should fully avenge himself upon his adversary. In the midst of this, however, a still more implacable foe assailed him, and summoned him to the dread tribunal of a higher sovereign than him whose cause he had sought to plead. His unfinished work was published by his son, but not till 1660, when the immediate interest of the controversy had long since passed away. In the meantime, other pens, both at home and on the Continent, were pointed against Milton. To enumerate all the publications which were at this time issued in reply to him would be irksome. Suffice it to say, that of these, the "Animadversions" of Sir Robert Filmer is the ablest, in a logical point of view, and the "Regii Sanguinis Clamor ad Cœlum adversus Parricidos Anglicanos," of Peter du Moulin, the most famous. The latter was published anonymously, and its fame is derived from its having provoked Milton to utter his "Defensio Secunda," which appeared in 1654.

The remarks we have made on the "First Defence" apply in great measure also to the Second. There is, however, this difference: in the latter, it is chiefly persons whom the author attacks or defends; in the former, it is chiefly principles and acts. He defends, at great length, himself from the attacks that

* Second Defence. *Works*, vol. i., p. 240.

had been made upon him; and in order to do this, enters upon some autobiographical notices, which, to later times, have been of unspeakable interest. Hardly less interesting are his noble eulogies on Bradshaw, Fleetwood, Overton, Fairfax, and Cromwell, especially the last, whom he apostrophizes at length, and lauds as the father and savior of his country. The principal object of his philippics is one unlucky Alexander More, or Morus, whom Milton was led to regard as the author of the "Clamor." Him he scourges with a severity even exceeding that shown to Salmasius, and with a coarseness which contrasts strangely with the epic dignity of other parts of the "Defensio." Poor Morus ventured on a reply, entitled, "Fides Publica contra Calumnias Joannis Miltoni," in which he earnestly disclaims any share in, or knowledge of, the composition of the work imputed to him, and endeavors to clear himself from the scandalous imputations thrown upon his character and morals by Milton. To this the latter replied in a tract, entitled, "Authoris pro se Defensio," in which he still persists in treating Morus as the author of the "Clamor," and in assailing him with ridicule and vituperation. A brief "Supplementum" from Morus, followed by a "Responsio" from Milton, closed this petty and undignified strife, in which Milton appears, perhaps, to less advantage than in any other of his many controversies.*

There have been some who have not been slow to insinuate that it was from love to strife, and a natural taste for the bitterness of controversy, that Milton gave so much of his time and energy to such compositions. A candid inquirer, however, will rather conclude that to a mind like his, it could not be otherwise than in itself irksome to be withdrawn from those pursuits to which his earlier years had been so assiduously devoted, and to which he had bound himself as the necessary means for securing the accomplishing of those spirited designs on which his soul was set. By such, therefore, credit will be given to his own avowal that it was even so; and that nothing but a deep sense of duty could have urged him to engage in such labors. In the famous introduction to

the second book of his "Reason of Church Government urged against Prelaty," after giving an account of his previous studies, and his literary projects, he adds—

"Although it nothing content me to have disclosed thus much beforehand, but that I trust hereby to make it manifest with what small willingness I endure to interrupt the pursuits of no less hopes than these, and leave a calm and pleasing solitariness, fed with cheerful and confident thoughts, to embark in a troubled sea of noises and hoarse disputes, put from beholding the bright countenance of Truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies, to come into the dim reflection of hollow antiquities, sold by the seeming bulk, and there be fain to club quotations with men whose learning and belief lies in marginal stuffings. . . . Let any gentle apprehension that can distinguish learned pains from unlearned drudgery, imagine what pleasure or profoundness can be in this, or what honor to deal against such adversaries. But were it the meanest under-service, if God by his Secretary Conscience enjoins it, it were sad for me if I should draw back."—*Works*, vol. ii. p. 481.

Such was the noble self-denying spirit in which Milton yielded himself to what he deemed conscience to require of him. Nor was he without his reward. His good name might be defamed—his fond hopes might be blasted—his safety might be endangered—and in age, poverty, and blindness he might be taunted with his sufferings as the penalty he was paying for his turbulence and strivings; but nothing could take from him the serene and hallowed satisfaction that in all he had done he had followed with pure, disinterested zeal the dictates of conscience, and the claims of the cause of truth and freedom. There was nothing he dreaded so much as that it should be said, "Thou hadst the diligence, the parts, the language of a man, if a vain subject were to be adorned and beautified, but when the cause of God and his Church was to be pleaded, for which purpose that tongue was given thee which thou hast, God listened if he could hear thy voice among his zealous servants, but thou wert dumb as a beast." He believed that "when God commands to take the trumpet and blow a sonorous or a jarring blast, it lies not in man's will what he shall say or what he shall conceal." The love of truth and liberty, the sense of responsibility, the consciousness of power entrusted to him for usefulness, were in him as an inspiration which broke through all selfish restraint, and impelled him to speak, at whatever hazards, the message which he had to communicate.

* Is it for this reason that Mr. St. John has excluded these tracts of Milton from his collection of his works? or because they have not yet been translated? We see in neither of these a sufficient reason for their absence. Of Milton's *Works* they as truly form a part as the *Defensio Secunda* itself, and it would have been worthy of Mr. St. John's scholarship to have put them in an English dress.

He stopped not to strike a nice prudential balance between duty and interest—between obedience and convenience. Determined to lay up “as the best treasure and solace of old age, if God should vouchsafe it to him, the honest liberty of free speech, from his youth,” it was enough for him to be assured in his own soul that the good cause demanded his service, to induce him to throw himself into the ranks of its defenders, come of the conflict what might. Hence, when affliction fell upon him, he had no sorrowful self-upbraidings, no tormenting remorse. Hear his own noble words in reference to the loss of his eyes, in his sonnet to Cyriac Skinner:—

———“Yet I argue not
Against Heaven’s hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
The conscience, friend, to have lost them over-
plied
In liberty’s defence, my noble task!
Of which all Europe rings from side to side;
This thought might lead me through the world’s
vain mask
Content, though blind, had I no better guide.”

All honor to the memory of the man who so steadfastly, courageously, and unrepiningly, alike amid storm and sunshine, abode by his integrity and hazarded himself in defence of what he thought the Truth!

For some time after the termination of the Salmasian controversy, Milton enjoyed a season of retirement and lettered repose. He seized the opportunity to carry out his long-cherished project, and redeem his long-given promise of producing a work “which after-times would not willingly let die.” It was during this interval that he began “*Paradise Lost*,” but as if this was too little for his active and ardent mind, he conjoined with it the preparation of a copious Latin dictionary, and as has been said, though on very doubtful evidence, the composition of his “*System of Divinity*,” the manuscript of which, so long supposed to be lost, was discovered a few years ago in the State Paper Office. Whilst he was immersed in these arduous undertakings—any one of them enough for an ordinary man—Cromwell died, and his son Richard assumed the Protectorate. Milton saw the times to be perilous. He soon discovered that the arm which now tried to wield the destinies of England was feeble and unsteadfast, and he sorrowfully foresaw that the power which it required all the gigantic energy of the father to maintain, was likely

soon to fall from the vacillating grasp of the son. Along with this came the not-indistinct indications of a leaning on the part of the multitude toward the royal cause, and the prospect of a return of the exiled Stuart. At such a crisis, Milton was not the man to hold his peace. “Few words,” he exclaimed, “will save us well considered; few and easy things now seasonably done;” and he set himself forthwith to speak what he deemed it necessary to be said, and to exhort his countrymen to perform what he thought it their interest to do. To the Parliament of the Commonwealth of England he addressed his “*Treatise of Civil Power in Ecclesiastical Causes*,” and his “*Considerations touching the best means of removing Hirelings out of the Church*,” the object of both of which is to obviate any attempt to restore prelacy and a nationally endowed church. These appeared in 1659; and when shortly after the Parliament was dissolved by the army, and the supreme power seemed to be in the hands of General Monk, he addressed to him a tract, entitled, “*Brief Declaration of a Free Commonwealth easy to be put in practice and without delay*.” This was followed not long after by his “*Ready and Easy Way to establish a Free Commonwealth*,” in which, as in the former, he argues against monarchy and pleads for a republic. In issuing this latter, he had a presentiment that it might prove “the last words of expiring liberty;” and so in all probability it would, so far as he was concerned, but for the officious zeal of Dr. Matthew Griffith, who was bold enough to proclaim from the pulpit the necessity of recalling Charles, which drew down upon him the lightning censures of the fearless Milton, in his “*Brief Notes*” on the Doctor’s sermon. With this terminated his efforts for the establishment of his darling republic. L’Estrange published a Reply to his Notes under the insulting title, “*No Blind Guides*,” and the people seemed to be, for the most part, of L’Estrange’s opinion. They refused the counsels of Milton and his party; and in a tempest of loyal zeal cast themselves, and all that they had formerly fought for, at the feet of the returning monarch. Retreating before a calamity with which he found he could not cope, the blind but dauntless patriot retired into concealment, carrying with him the proud consciousness of having done what he conceived to be his duty toward his country, and a mind as little broken by adversity as it had been elated by prosperity. Rescued by some means not very accurately ascertained from

the proscription designed for him by the restored government, he gave himself up to those pursuits which lay nearest his heart; and amid the tumultuous revelry and stunning licentiousness into which English society suddenly broke, he, as has been exquisitely said, "meditated, undisturbed by the obscene tumult which raged all around, a song so sublime and so holy that it would not have misbecome the lips of those ethereal Virtues whom he saw, with that inner eye which no calamity could darken, flinging down on the jasper pavement their crowns of amaranth and gold."*

In reviewing Milton's connection with the Commonwealth, it would be interesting in the highest degree could we adequately trace the influence which he exerted upon its fortunes and features. But on this head little can be said with any degree of certainty. It is clear that in his official connection with it, his influence was very slight and altogether subordinate. Though some have spoken as if in his office of Latin Secretary he possessed somewhat of the power which now belongs to the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, it is evident that so far from this, he had no share whatever in the government, and was indeed in no sense a servant of the state, but merely a servant of the Council and of Cromwell. Nor does his personal influence with the rulers of the nation appear to have been at any time great. In one of his private letters he expresses his regret at being unable to assist his friend to a very secondary office on account of his very slight intimacy and infrequent intercourse with the *gratiosi*. Artists have frequently painted pictures of Cromwell and Milton in attitudes which would indicate familiarity of intercourse between them, but by Cromwell Milton seems always to have been kept at a distance, being probably regarded by that strong-willed and practical man as much too ethereal and speculative a genius to be of great use either in the closet or at the council. Nor does Milton seem to have been at any time a popular writer with the masses; and certainly there is no trace of his ever having formed a party or led the multitude in any of his controversies. For this many things may seem to account. For one thing, his style of writing was anything but popular; it is by much too involved in the construction of sentences, by much too foreign in the phraseology, and by much too elevated and stately in the march of the ideas, to be

appreciated by any but men of scholarly tastes and habits. Then again, the weak part of Milton's mind was his incapacity for calm, inductive, analytical ratiocination; with him all is assumed *à priori*, and reasoned from synthetically; and hence he is often inconsequent, often inconsistent, and often, we even dare to say, grandiloquently obscure. But the main source of his want of general influence was doubtless the utterly unpractical character of his mind. Upon the mass of men, abstract reasoning and splendid declamation are little better than thrown away. They cannot come up to it; they are lost in the attempt to follow it. Ten words setting forth a plain workable rule will be appreciated by them immensely beyond the most ably reasoned and eloquently enforced exposition of an abstract principle. What they want is, not to think, but to be advised and guided; and they will rather follow the man who does *not* ask them to think, than the man who does. They like, also, a leader who is in some sense one of themselves—who keeps by them and is guilty of no flights—who leads them by patiently going along with them, not by taking bold bounds forward and calling to them to follow. Now in all this Milton was utterly wanting. He could speculate and reason, and describe and satirize, and denounce and declaim; but to give a plain, straightforward piece of advice, did not belong to him. His genius was wholly idiosyncratic. As Wordsworth finely and justly expresses it, "His soul was like a star, and dwelt apart." The sphere in which his thoughts and fancies ranged was one into which only minds of the higher order dare or care to venture. When he spoke to others, he needed an interpreter—an offence which the vulgar never forgive. His church, his republic, his government, were all in theory. The visions in which he delighted had but little to do with the actual realities amidst which he lived and wrote. The people felt that he was amongst them, but not of them. They, perhaps, were proud of him—of his fame; but when he began to speak, they moved away, and left to him that which he, in his scornful pride, desired—"fit audience, though few."

But let us not conclude from this that Milton exercised no influence upon the fate of his country by his matchless writings; or even that his influence was small. We should be nearer the truth were we to say, that his influence was, and will yet be, all the greater that in his own day he was so little followed. Had he been less of a thinker, less of a far-

* Macaulay, History of England, vol. i. p. 401.

reaching speculator, less of an abstract and unpractical dealer in principles, he might in his own age have been a mighty leader of the mob, and in all after-time forgotten. He belongs to the prophet-minds of earth, who may be without honor in their own country, and among their own kindred, but whose words are destined to live, and through their mighty working to mould or change the whole aspect of the race. And though in his own day there were but few who sat at his feet and received his teaching, yet, through the few who did, he doubtless acted upon his countrymen at large, and for a while at least, and in a measure, influenced the destinies of England. Certain it is, that the course of events shaped itself much after the model which he had fashioned; and that all the grand prominent features of the Commonwealth find their ideal in the pictures he has drawn.

In this respect, as in many others, he strongly reminds us of Burke. The latter, it is well known, had but little personal influence, and exercised but little power *directly* by either his speeches or his writings in his own day. His rising to address the Speaker in the House of Commons was the signal for multitudes of the members to vacate their seats. "What!" said a member, entering the house one day, and meeting the retiring crowd; "what! is the house up?" "No," was the reply, "but Burke is." And so it continued to the last. Burke was never *popular* in the ordinary sense of that term. He presumed to think and to teach; and he was left to those who cared to be his pupils. By the mass he was regarded in the light of a wearisome and unsafe man. And no wonder! He was imprudent enough to carry the lessons of philosophy into an assembly of practical debaters. Simple old man!—

"He went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of
dining."

And yet who of all that generation has so powerfully influenced the political genius of England during the succeeding age as Edmund Burke? Who of all his great compeers has left on the minds of his countrymen so broadly and deeply the stamp of his peculiar opinions and modes of thinking? Who has done so much to create what is now regarded as sound political science by the best thinkers on such subjects in Europe? And much such a fortune as this was that of Milton.

To the masses in his own day, he was as a strange and uncongenial spirit; but from his towering height he spoke down to the loftier minds of his own and succeeding ages; and now, of the doctrines which he taught, many are incorporated with the substance of the British Constitution, whilst others of them are eagerly canvassed on the platform of popular discussion, and seem to be advancing toward possession of the general mind.

It forms no part of our present design to examine into the soundness of Milton's opinions; on this point there is room for much difference of sentiment, and probably we should dissent from as many of them as we should agree with. Nor can we attempt even to *state* his views at large on questions of a political and politico-ecclesiastical kind, as this would require greatly more space than remains at our disposal. It is impossible, however, to close this article without adverting, though it must be, of necessity, briefly, to the relation in which his published opinions place him to the Commonwealth, both in a political and religious point of view.

In politics, Milton was a republican. He had formed to himself an ideal Commonwealth, the features of which were partly borrowed from the lordly republics of ancient Greece and Italy, partly supplied by his own imagination. The establishment of such in England he thought easy and desirable, and for this he labored with all the energies of his mighty pen. He saw in such a constitution a security for national glory, for the extension of commerce and discovery, for the interests of learning, and above all, for the enjoyment by learned men of free speech and free writing, such as no form of hereditary monarchy seemed to him to promise: how it was to affect the welfare of the masses, Milton, we fear, thought and cared little. With the bold avowal of these sentiments, he had hailed the dawn of the Commonwealth as an approximation at least to the realization of his favorite dream. During the continuance of the Commonwealth, he advocated its cause by the reiteration of these sentiments; and when he saw it beginning to decay, he sought again to restore it to vigor by the utterance of the same doctrines he had preached during its rise and its progress. Who shall say that he who thus watched by the cradle and sat by the bier of the Commonwealth—its hearty friend and fearless defender throughout—was without a powerful influence upon its form and its working?

It is proper to notice here the charge which has been brought against Milton of inconsistency in that he, a republican, continued in the service of Cromwell after the latter had assumed the supreme power, and had in reality made himself sole master of the State. On this charge Milton's accusers have been fond of dwelling, and they have not hesitated in some cases to urge it so far as to impeach his general character for integrity, uprightness, and honor. We believe no charge was ever less deserved. We believe there was as little of self-seeking in Milton's official connection with Cromwell as ever characterized the conduct of any man who served a monarch. It has been usual with Milton's apologists to urge in his defence that being a mere servant, and not therefore responsible for the doings of his superior, there was no violation of uprightness or consistency in his continuing to serve his country under Cromwell as its solitary chief, in the same capacity in which he had served it under the Council of State. But this, though undoubtedly true, is only a small part of the vindication which may be justly offered of Milton's conduct in this particular. It was not more inconsistent in Milton to continue to serve Cromwell as Protector than it was in Cromwell to become Protector. The same defence which justifies Cromwell justifies Milton. Now no person imagines now-a-days that it was from mere selfish motives, or from a desire to enslave his country, that Oliver took into his own hands the supreme power in the Commonwealth. Whatever it may have been fashionable for the wits and sycophants of the Restoration, or the Tories of a later age, to assert concerning his unprincipled ambition and unhallowed usurpation, the enlightened judgment of the present day pronounces him what the enlightened judgment of his own day pronounced him—the savior of his country. Affairs had come to such a pass in England, that the cause alike of liberty and of order demanded that Cromwell should do as he did. The conflict of parties and the force of circumstances had brought things to such a head that the only alternative for the nation was Cromwell or confusion—the Reign of a Protector or a Reign of Terror. Had Cromwell been a coward, or a man absorbed in seeking his own interests, he would have shrunk from the uneasy and perilous dignity which was forced upon him. He would have allowed the nation to embroil itself in a new strife; he would have suffered the energies of the people to expend themselves in the tumult

of parties; and he would have kept himself at ease until an opportunity was afforded him either to escape from the desolated realm, or to tread to a secure and easy throne over the necks of a prostrate and panting nation. It was precisely because Cromwell was neither a coward nor a self-seeker that he acted as he did. He saw his country in danger. He knew he could save his country, though at the expense of ease, and the risk of safety to himself. And, therefore, like a true and bold patriot as he was, he threw himself into the breach, and by his single arm sustained the cause, and secured the deliverance of his country. This is the defence which in the judgment of all well-informed and candid men in the present day suffices for Cromwell. We claim it as covering Milton no less. The necessity which constrained the superior virtually to ascend the throne, made it equally imperative on the inferior not to desert his bureau.

Moreover, it should ever be borne in mind in judging of Milton's conduct in this instance, that the republic of his aspirations was not a democracy. He had little sympathy with and no confidence in the unlettered crowd—what he calls “the blockish vulgar.” He could talk of addressing them as—

“Casting pearls to hogs,
That bawl for freedom in their senseless mood,
And still revolt when Truth would set them free;
License they mean when they say *Liberty*;
For who loves that, must first be wise and good.”*

The “people” in his vocabulary meant not the “rude multitude,” but only “properly qualified persons.”† In his model of a Free Commonwealth, he expressly excludes the masses from any share in the conduct of affairs. In feeling and in principle he was essentially an aristocrat; meaning by that, not one who would have had the country ruled by an hereditary nobility, but one who would have had all power in the hands of the best men. His scheme embraced the election, by a select portion of the community, of a chamber which he hoped would comprise all the ablest men in the country, and which, once elected, was to be perpetual. His maxim was, that “the ground and basis of every just and free government is a general council of ablest men; in which must the sovereignty, not transferred, but delegated only, and as it

* Sonnet on Tetrachordon.

† Ready Way to establish a Free Commonwealth, *passim*.

were deposited, reside."* He held also that when the people would not elect such a council, it was the duty of any man who had the power to benefit his country, by declaring this to be his mind, and calling in the aid of the army to assist in the prosecution thereof.† With such views, we do not see how he could have felt any very great scruple, under any circumstances, in continuing to adhere to the service of Cromwell after he became Protector. There can be no doubt that he regarded Oliver as the best man of his age. In his sonnet to the Protector, he expressly styles him, "Cromwell, our chief of men;" and in the apostrophe addressed to him in the "Defensio Secunda," he tells him, speaking of his elevation as Protector, "such power is thy due, thou liberator of thy country, author of her freedom, her guardian also and conservator." Why, then, should not he who desired to see England governed by her best men, consent to the supremacy of one whose superiority to all others was in his view unquestionable—of one whose services to his country threw those of all others into the shade—of one who had alone showed himself competent to guide the vessel of the state through the storms and breakers amidst which it had been cast?

In ecclesiastical matters, Milton was wholly at one with the predominant party in the Commonwealth. He was the strenuous advocate of liberty of conscience. He desired to see all sects on a footing of perfect equality, so far as relation to the civil power was concerned. He opposed the endowment of religion by the state, as unscriptural and impolitic; as the fruitful source of corruption to the church, and of disquiet and misrule to the community. He claimed equal liberty of profession and of worship for all Christians, with the one exception of the Romanists, whom he regarded as politically unsafe, as contemners of the sole authority in religious matters—the Bible, and as idolators. Of episcopacy, in all its forms, and through all its grades, he had an implacable hatred. His dislike to presbytery was hardly less bitter; he maintained that "New Presbyter is but old Priest writ large;" and he bestows upon the Presbyterian party, in his own day, names not much more savory than those which he had always at hand for the bishops. To forms of prayer, and especially to

the Liturgy of the Church of England, he had a strong aversion; thinking, that by such forms, the spirit of true devotion is stunted, that the imposition of them is "a tyranny that would have longer hands than those giants who threatened bondage to heaven,"* and that the Book of Common Prayer was "an Englished mass-book, composed, for aught we know, by men neither learned nor godly."† Indeed, to forms of all sorts, he had a disinclination, which so grew upon him, that he ended by neglecting every kind of social or apparent worship, and by standing aloof from all religious parties. He is commonly classed among the Independents, and a Baptist minister wrote a book some years ago, professedly on Milton's Life and Times, but really for the purpose of proving him to have been a Baptist.‡ But with the Independents as a religious body, whether Baptist or Pædobaptist, he was never identified. In many of his opinions he more approximated the Quakers than any other denomination of Christians.

It would be interesting to know in what light Milton was regarded by the great and good men whose names have come down to us as the religious leaders of that time. One would like to know what Owen thought of him; or Baxter, or Howe, or Godwin; all of whom must have known him, and been in the habit of meeting him at Whitehall. One can easily believe that with some of these men he had little sympathy; but between such a mind as that of Howe and such a mind as that of Milton, there must have been much that was congenial. But no trace remains of the intercourse of any of these parties with him; no indication of their judgment of him. It would be impossible, we think, to infer from any portion of their or his published writings, either that they had read any of Milton's books, or that he had read any of theirs. The distance between him and them is, to all appearance, as great as if they and he had lived in different ages, and written in different tongues.

It is not easy to account for this. Perhaps Milton, in his fierce dislike of priests, was not disposed to have intercourse with any who sustained, however meekly and holily, the sacred profession. Perhaps his open neglect of forms of worship, and the public institutions of religion, led those good men to re-

* Ready Way to establish a Free Commonwealth, vol. ii. p. 121.

† See Letter to General Monk, vol. ii. p. 103. Comp. First Defence, vol. i. p. 143.

* Eiconoclastes, c. 16. *Works*, vol. i. p. 431.

† Ibid., p. 433.

‡ John Milton: his Life and Times, Religious and Political Opinions, &c. By Joseph Ivimey. Lond. 1833. 8vo.

gard him with suspicion, to shun his society, and to neglect his books. Perhaps they hardly deemed him altogether of sound mind, and thought the less they had to do with him and his crotchets the better. And it may be, that Milton was really what of late it has been confidently asserted he was, in heart an Arian; in which case, men such as those we have named would have shrunk from him with horror.

We state this latter suggestion as resting on an assumption which, at the best, is doubtful. The only direct evidence that Milton was imbued with the sentiments of the Arians, is supplied by his long-lost *System of Divinity*, recently brought to light and published, with a translation, by the Bishop of Winchester. But this evidence is greatly invalidated by the following circumstances:

1. Whilst in some passages of this work Milton speaks like an Arian, in others he uses language entirely incompatible with the Arian system.
2. There is no evidence to show that this work was the production of Milton's maturer years; so that, for aught that appears, it may contain only the crude conceptions of his earlier years.
3. There is no evidence to show that Milton ever wrote this work as one continuous composition, at any time.
4. There is abundant evidence to show that he was in the habit, during the course of his life, of compiling opinions on theology from the writings of foreign divines, whose words he quoted; so that, for aught we can tell, this treatise may be merely a compilation of opinions, many of which are naturally discordant, and which Milton may have cited for various reasons, and not always because he held the views expressed; and,
5. The MS. of this work is obviously incomplete, in many places it is interlined, and many slips containing additional matter, are pasted on the margin; so that what it would have become, had Milton prepared it for the press, we cannot say. It seems, therefore, hardly fair to the memory of the poet, to build on such a work any very serious charge against his orthodoxy; more especially as that charge is contradicted by express declarations contained in the works he himself published during his lifetime.* At

* In the *Iconoclastes*, he speaks of "the infections of Arian and Palagian heresies." (W. i. 483.) *Comp. Par. Lost*, iii. 138; *Ode on Christ's Nativity*; *Of Reformation in England*, book ii. (*Works*, vol. ii., p. 417,) &c.

any rate, we may reasonably doubt whether it was to this he owed his manifest estrangement from the great evangelical sectaries of his day.

But whatever may have been the defects or errors of Milton's theological creed, it is impossible to refuse him the honor due to a life of the sincerest piety and the most dignified virtue. No man ever lived under a more abiding sense of responsibility. No man ever strove more faithfully to use time and talent "as ever in the great Taskmaster's eye." No man so richly endowed was ever less ready to trust in his own powers, or more prompt to own his dependence on "that eternal and propitius throne, where nothing is readier than grace and refuge to the distresses of mortal suppliants." His morality was of the loftiest order. He possessed a self-control which, in one susceptible of such vehement emotions, was marvelous. No one ever saw him indulging in those propensities which overcloud the mind and pollute the heart. No youthful excesses, no revelries or debaucheries of maturer years, treasured up for him a suffering and remorseful old age. From his youth up, he was temperate in all things, as became one who had consecrated himself to a life-struggle against vice, and error, and darkness, in all its forms. He had started with the conviction "that he who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem; that is, a composition and pattern of the best and honorablest things;" and from this he never swerved. His life was indeed a true poem; or it might be compared to an anthem on his own favorite organ—high-toned, solemn, and majestic. We may regret, that with all this stately elevation and severe purity of character, there was not mingled more of the sweetness and gentleness that ought to mark the Christian. But perfection was not the privilege of Milton, any more than of other men. It is enough for his eulogy to say, that with a genius such as has never been surpassed, and with attainments which have seldom been equaled, he combined the loftiest devotion, the most inflexible integrity, and the most severe self-command. He stands before us as the type of PURITANISM, in its noblest development, retaining all its stern virtue and passionate devotion, but without its coarseness, its intolerance, or its stoicism.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY—CHATEAUBRIAND'S MEMOIRS.

Mémoires d'Outre Tombe. Par M. le VICOMTE DE CHATEAUBRIAND. 4 vols. Paris, 1846-9.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY, when skillfully and judiciously done, is one of the most delightful species of composition of which literature can boast. There is a strong desire in every intelligent and well-informed mind to be made acquainted with the private thoughts, and secret motives of action, of those who have filled the world with their renown. We long to learn their early history, to be made acquainted with their first aspirations—to learn how they became so great as they afterward turned out. Perhaps literature has sustained no greater loss than that of the memoirs which Hannibal wrote of his life and campaigns. From the few fragments of his sayings which Roman admiration or terror has preserved, his reach of thought and statesman-like sagacity would appear to have been equal to his military talents. Cæsar's *Commentaries* have always been admired; but there is some doubts whether they really were written by the dictator; and, supposing they were, they relate almost entirely to military movements and public events, without giving much insight into private character. It is that which we desire in autobiography: we hope to find in it a window by which we may look into a great man's mind. Plutarch's *Lives* owe their vast and enduring popularity to the insight into private character which the innumerable anecdotes he has collected, of the heroes and statesmen of antiquity, afford.

Gibbon's autobiography is the most perfect account of an eminent man's life, from his own hand, which exists in any language. Independent of the interest which naturally belongs to it as the record of the studies, and the picture of the growth of the mind of the greatest historian of modern times, it possesses a peculiar charm from the simplicity

with which it is written, and the judgment it displays, conspicuous alike in what is revealed and what is withheld in the narrative. It steers the middle channel so difficult to find, so invaluable when found, between ridiculous vanity on the one side, and affected modesty on the other. We see, from many passages in it, that the author was fully aware of the vast contribution he had made to literature, and the firm basis on which he had built his colossal fame. But he had good sense enough to see, that those great qualities were never so likely to impress the reader as when only cautiously alluded to by the author. He knew that vanity and ostentation never fail to make the character in which they predominate ridiculous—if excessive, contemptible; and that, although the world would thankfully receive all the details, how minute soever, connected with his immortal work, they would not take off his hands any symptom of his own entertaining the opinion of it which all others have formed. It is the consummate judgment with which Gibbon has given enough of the details connected with the preparation of his works to be interesting, and not enough to be ridiculous, which constitutes the great charm, and has occasioned the marked success, of his autobiography. There are few passages in the English language so popular as the well-known ones in which he has recounted the first conception, and final completion of his history, which, as models of the kind, as well as passages of exquisite beauty, we cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of transcribing, the more especially as they will set off, by way of contrast, the faults in some parallel passages attempted by Chateaubriand and Lamartine.

"At the distance of twenty-five years, I can neither forget nor express the strong emotions which agitated my mind as I first approached and entered the Eternal City. After a sleepless night, I trod with a lofty step the ruins of the Forum. Each memorable spot—where Romulus stood, or Tully spoke, or Cæsar fell—was at once present to my eyes; and several days of intoxication were lost, or enjoyed, before I could descend to a cool and minute investigation. It was at Rome, on the 15th October, 1764, as I sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing this *Decline and Fall* of the city first started to my mind. But my original plan was circumscribed to the decay of the city, rather than of the empire; and though my reading and reflections began to point toward that object, some years elapsed, and several avocations intervened, before I was seriously engaged in the execution of that laborious work."—*Life*, p. 198, 8vo edition.

Again, the well-known description of the conclusion of his labors:—

"I have presumed to mark the moment of conception: I shall now commemorate the hour of my final deliverance. It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page, in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a *berceau*, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on recovery of my freedom, and perhaps the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind, by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion; and that, whatever might be the future fate of my History, the life of the historian must be short and precarious."—*Life*, p. 255, 8vo edition.

Hume's account of his own life is a model of perspicuity, modesty, and good sense; but it is so brief that it scarcely can be called a biography. It is not fifty pages long. The wary Scotch author was well aware how vanity in such compositions defeats its own object: he had too much good sense to let it appear in his pages. Perhaps, however, the existence of such a feeling in the recesses of his breast may be detected in the prominent manner in which he brings forward the discouragement he experienced when the first volume of his history was published, and the extremely limited sale it met with for some time after its first appearance. He knew well how these humble beginnings

would be contrasted with its subsequent triumphant success. Amidst his many great and good qualities, there is none for which Sir Walter Scott was more admirable than the unaffected simplicity and good sense of his character, which led him to continue through life utterly unspotted by vanity, and unchanged by an amount of adulation from the most fascinating quarters, which would probably have turned the head of any other man. Among the many causes of regret which the world has for the catastrophes which overshadowed his latter years, it is not the least that it prevented the completion of that autobiography with which Mr. Lockhart has commenced his *Life*. His simplicity of character, and the vast number of eminent men with whom he was intimate, as well as the merit of that fragment itself, leave no room for doubt that he would have made a most charming memoir, if he had lived to complete it. This observation does not detract in the slightest degree from the credit justly due to Mr. Lockhart, for his admirable *Life* of his illustrious father-in-law: on the contrary, it forms its highest encomium. The charm of that work is mainly owing to its being so imbued with the spirit of the subject, that it may almost be regarded as an autobiography.

Continental writers of note have, more than English ones, fallen into that error which is of all others the most fatal in autobiography—inordinate vanity. At the head of all the delinquents of this class we must place Rousseau, whose celebrated *Confessions* contain a revelation of folly so extreme, vanity so excessive, and baseness so disgraceful, that it would pass for incredible if not proved by the book itself, which is to be found in every library. Not content with affirming, when past fifty, that there was no woman of fashion of whom he might not have made the conquest if he chose to set about it,* he thought fit to entertain the world with all the private details of his life, which the greater prudence of his most indiscreet biographers would have consigned to oblivion. No one who wishes to discredit the Genevese philosopher, need seek in the works of others for the grounds of doing so. Enough is to be found in his own to consign him to eternal execration and contempt. He has told us equally in detail, and with the same air of infantine simplicity, how he committed a theft

* "Il y a peu des femmes, meme dans le haut rang, dont je n'eusse fait la conquete si je l'avais entreprise."—*Biographie Universelle*, xxxix. 136.

when in service as a lackey, and permitted an innocent girl, his fellow-servant, to bear the penalty of it; how he alternately drank the wine in his master's cellars, and made love to his wife; how he corrupted one female benefactress who had sheltered him in extremity of want, and afterward made a boast of her disgrace; and abandoned a male benefactor who fell down in a fit of apoplexy on the streets of Lyons, and left him lying on the pavement, deserted by the only friend whom he had in the world. The author of so many eloquent declamations against mothers neglecting their children, on his own admission, when in easy circumstances, and impelled by no necessity, consigned five of his natural children to a foundling hospital, with such precautions against their being known that he never did or could hear of them again! Such was his vanity, that he thought the world would gladly feed on the crumbs of this sort which fell from the table of the man rich in genius. His grand theory was that the human mind is born innocent, with dispositions only to good, and that all the evils of society arise from the follies of education or the oppression of government. Judging from the picture he has presented of himself, albeit debased by no education but what he himself had afforded, we should say his disposition was more corrupt than has even been imagined by the most dark-minded and bigoted Calvinist that ever existed.

Alfieri was probably as vain in reality as Rousseau; but he knew better how to conceal it. He had not the folly of supposing that he could entertain women by the boastful detail of his conquests over them. He judged wisely, and more like a man who had met with *bonnes fortunes*, that he would attain more effectually the object of interesting their feelings, by painting their conquests over him. He has done this so fully, so sincerely, and with such eloquence, that he has made one of the most powerful pieces of biography in any language. Its charm consists in the picture he has drawn, with equal truth and art, of a man of the most impetuous and ardent temperament, alternately impelled by the strongest passions which can agitate the breast—love and ambition. Born of a noble family, inheriting a great fortune, he exhibited an uncommon combination of patrician tastes and feelings with republican principles and aspirations. He was a democrat because he knew the great by whom he was surrounded, and did not know the humble who were removed to a distance. He said this himself, after witnessing at Paris the

horrors of the 10th August.—“*Je connais bien les grands, mais j'en connais pas les petits.*” He drew the vices of the former from observation, he painted the virtues of the latter from imagination. Hence the absurdity and unnatural character of many of his dramas, which, to the inhabitant of our free country, who is familiar with the real working of popular institutions, renders them, despite their genius, quite ridiculous. But, in the delineation of what passed in his own breast, he is open to no such reproach. His picture of his own feelings is as forcible and dramatic as that of any he has drawn in his tragedies; and it is far more truthful, for it is taken from nature, not an imaginary world of his own creation, having little resemblance to that we see around us. His character and life were singularly calculated to make such a narrative interesting, for never was one more completely tossed about by vehement passions, and abounding with melodramatic incidents. Alternately dreaming over the most passionate attachments, and laboring of his own accord at Dante fourteen hours a day; at one time making love to an English nobleman's wife, and fighting him in the Park, at another driving through France with fourteen blood horses in harness; now stealing from the Pretender his queen, now striving to emulate Sophocles in the energy of his picture of the passions, he was himself a living example of the intensity of those feelings which he has so powerfully portrayed in his dramas. It is this variety, joined to the simplicity and candor of the confessions, which constitutes the charm of this very remarkable autobiography. It could have been written by no one but himself; for an ordinary biographer would only have described the incidents of his life, none else could have painted the vehement passions, the ardent aspirations, from which they sprang.

From the sketches of Goethe's life which have been preserved, it is evident that, though probably not less vain than the French philosopher or the Italian poet, his vanity took a different direction from either of theirs. He was neither vain of his turpitudes, like Rousseau, nor of his passions, like Alfieri. His self-love was of a more domestic kind; it partook more of the home-scenes of the Fatherland. No one will question the depth of Goethe's knowledge of the heart, or the sagacity of the light which his genius has thrown on the most profound feelings of human nature. But his private life partook of the domestic

affections and unobtrusive rest in which it was passed, exempt alike from the grinding poverty which too often impelled the Genevese watchmaker's son into disgraceful actions, or the vehement passions which drove the Italian nobleman into brilliant crimes. Hence his biography exhibits an extraordinary mixture of lofty feelings with puerile simplicity, of depth of views with childishness, of divine philosophy with homely inclinations. Amidst all his enthusiasm and effusions of sentiment, he was as much under the influence as any man of creature comforts; and never hesitated to leave the most lofty efforts of the muse to participate in the substantial advantages of rich preserves or sweet cakes. This singular mixture arose in a great measure from the habits of his life, and the limited circle by which, during the greater part of it, he was surrounded. Living with a few friends in the quiet seclusion of a small German town, the object of almost superstitious admiration to a few females by whom he was surrounded, he became at once a little god of his own and their idolatry, and warmly inclined, like monks all over the world, to the innocent but not very elevating pleasures of breakfast and dinner. Mahomet said that he experienced more difficulty in persuading his four wives of his divine mission, than all the rest of the world besides; and this, says Gibbon, was not surprising, for they knew best his weaknesses as a man. Goethe thought, on the same principle, his fame was secure, when he was worshiped as a god by his female coterie. He had the highest opinion of his own powers, and of the lofty mission on which he was sent to mankind; but his self-love was less offensive than that of Rousseau, because it was more unobtrusive. It was allied rather to pride than vanity—and though pride may often be hateful, it is never contemptible.

From the *Life of Lord Byron*, which Moore has published, it may be inferred that the latter acted wisely in consigning the original manuscript of the noble poet's autobiography to the flames. Assuming that a considerable part of that biography is taken from what the noble bard had left of himself, it is evident that a more complete detail of his feelings and motives of action would have done anything rather than have added to his reputation. In fact, Moore's *Life* has done more than anything else to lower it. The poetical biographer had thought and sung so much of the

passions, that he had forgot in what light they are viewed by the generality of men; he was so deeply imbued with the spirit of his hero, that he had come to regard his errors and vices as not the least interesting part of his life. That they may be so to that class of readers, unhappily too extensive, who are engaged in similar pursuits, is probably true; but how small a portion do these constitute of the human race, and how weak and inaudible is their applause when compared to the voice of ages! What has become of the innumerable licentious works whose existence in antiquity has become known from the specimens disinterred in the ruins of Herculaneum? Is there one of them which has taken its place beside the *Lives of Plutarch*? Whatever is fetid, however much prized at the moment, is speedily sunk in the waves of time. Nothing permanently floats down its stream but what is buoyant from its elevating tendency.

Boswell's *Life of Johnson* is so replete with the sayings and thoughts of the intellectual giant, whom it was so much his object to elevate, even above his natural Patagonian stature, that it may be regarded as a sort of autobiography, dictated by the sage in his moments of *abandon* to his devout worshiper. It is hardly going too far to say that it is the most popular book in the English language. Johnson's reputation now mainly rests on that biography. No one now reads the *Rambler* or the *Idler*—few the *Lives of the Poets*, interesting as they are, and admirable as are the criticisms on our greatest authors which they contain. But Boswell's *Life of Johnson* is in everybody's hands; you will hear the pithy sayings, the admirable reflections, the sagacious remarks it contains, from one end of the world to the other. The secret of this astonishing success is to be found in the caustic tone, sententious brevity, and sterling good sense of Johnson, and the inimitable accuracy, faithful memory, and almost infantine simplicity of his biographer. From the unbounded admiration with which he was inspired for the sage, and the faithful memory with which he was gifted, he was enabled to commit to paper, almost as they were delivered, those admirable sayings which have ever since been the delight and admiration of the world. We almost live with the members of the Literary Club; we hear their divers sentiments, and can almost conceive their tones of voice. We see the gigantic form of the sage towering above

his intellectual compeers. Burke said that Johnson was greater in conversation than writing, and greater in Boswell than either; and it is easy to conceive that this must have been the case. The *Life* contains all the admirable sayings, *verbatim* as they were delivered, and without the asperity of tone and manner which formed so great a blot in the original deliverer. Johnson's sayings were of a kind which were susceptible of being accurately transferred, and with full effect, to paper, because they were almost all reflections on morals, men, or manners, which are of universal application, and come home to the senses of mankind in every age. In this respect, they were much more likely to produce an impression in biography than the conversation of Sir Walter Scott, which, however charming to those who heard it, consisted chiefly of anecdotes and stories, great part of the charm of which consisted in the mode of telling and expression of the countenance, which, of course, could not be transferred to paper.

But it is not every eminent man who is so fortunate as to find a biographer like Boswell, who, totally forgetful of self, recorded for posterity with inimitable fidelity all the sayings of his hero. Nor is it many men who would bear so faithful and searching an exposure. Johnson, like every other man, had his failings; but they were those of prejudice or manner, rather than morals or conduct. We wish we could say that every other eminent literary man was equally immaculate, or that an entire disclosure of character would in every case reveal no more weaknesses or failings than have been brought to light by Boswell's faithful chronicle. We know that every one is liable to err, and that no man is a hero to his valet-de-chambre. But being aware of all this, we were not prepared for the immense mass of weaknesses, follies, and errors, which have been brought to light by the indiscreet zeal of biographers, in the character of many of our ablest literary, poetical, and philosophical characters. Certainly, if we look at the details of their private lives, these men of literary celebrity have had little title to set up as the instructors, or to call themselves the benefactors of mankind. From the days of Milton, whose divine genius was so deeply tarnished by the asperity of his feelings, and the unpardonable license in controversy which he permitted to his tongue, to those of Lord Byron, who scandalized his country and the world by the undisguised profligacy

of his private life, the biography of literary men, with a few brilliant exceptions—in the foremost of which we must place Sir Walter Scott—consists in great part of a series of follies, weaknesses, or faults, which it would be well for their memory could they be buried in oblivion. We will not say that the labors of their biographers have been the *Massacre of the Innocents*, for truly there were very few innocents to massacre; but we will say that they have, in general, done more to degrade those they intended to elevate, than the envenomed hostility of their worst enemies. We forbear to mention names, which might give pain to many respectable persons still alive. The persons alluded to, and the truth of the observation, will be at once understood and admitted by every person acquainted with the literary history of France and England during the last century.

Vanity and jealousy—vanity of themselves, jealousy of others—are the great failings which have hitherto tarnished the character and disfigured the biography of literary men. We fear it is destined to continue the same to the end of the world. The qualities which contribute to their greatness, which occasion their usefulness, which insure their fame, are closely allied to failings which too often disfigure their private lives, and form a blot on their memory, when indiscreetly revealed in biography, either by themselves or others. Genius is almost invariably united to susceptibility; and this temperament is unhappily too apt to run into irritability. No one can read D'Israeli's essay on *The Literary Character*, the most admirable of his many admirable works, without being convinced of that. Celebrity of any sort is the natural parent of vanity, and this weakness is in a peculiar manner fostered in poets and romance writers, because their writings interest so warmly the fair, who form the great dispensers of general fame, and convey it in the most flattering form to the author. It would perhaps be unjust to women to say that poets and novelists share in their weaknesses; but it is certain that their disposition is, in general, essentially feminine, and that, as they attract the admiration of the other sex more strongly than any other class of writers, so they are liable in a peculiar degree to the failings, as well as distinguished by the excellencies, by which their female admirers are characterized. We may regret that it is so: we may lament that we cannot find poets and romancers, who to the genius of Byron, or the fancy of Moore, unite the

sturdy sense of Johnson, or the simplicity of character of Scott; but it is to be feared such a combination is as rare, and as little to be looked for in general life, as the union of the strength of the war-horse to the fleetness of the racer, or the courage of the mastiff to the delicacy of the greyhound. Adam Smith long ago pointed out the distinction between those who serve and those who amuse mankind; and the difference, it is to be feared, exists not merely between the philosopher and the opera-dancer, but between the instructors of men in every department of thought, and those whose genius is devoted rather to the pleasing of the eye, the melting of the feelings, or the kindling of the imagination. Yet this observation is only generally, not universally, true; and Sir Joshua Reynolds remains a memorable proof that it is possible for an artist to unite the highest genius and most imaginative power of mind to the wisdom of a philosopher, the liberality of a gentleman, the benevolence of a Christian, and the simplicity of a child.

We are not at all surprised at the intoxication which seizes the literary men and artists whose genius procures for them the favor or admiration of women. Everybody knows it is the most fascinating and transporting flattery which the mind of man can receive. But we confess we are surprised, and that too not a little, at the *want of sense* which so frequently makes men even of the highest abilities mar the influence of their own genius, and detract from the well-earned celebrity of their own productions by the indiscreet display of this vanity, which the applause they have met with has produced in their minds. These gentlemen are charmed with the incense they have received, and of course desirous to augment it, and extend the circle from which it is to be drawn. Well, that is their object; let us consider what means they take to gain it. These consist too often in the most undisguised display of vanity in their conduct, manner, and conversation. Is this the way likely to augment the admiration which they enjoy so much, and are so solicitous to extend? Are they not clear-sighted enough to see, that, holding this to be their aim, considering female admiration as the object of their private aspirations, they cannot in any way so effectually mar their desires as by permitting the vanity, which the portion of it they have already received has produced, to appear in their manner of conversation? Are they so little versed in the female heart, as not to know that as self-love acts, if not in a stron-

ger at least in a more conspicuous way in them than in the other sex, so there is nothing which repels them so effectually as any display of that vanity in men which they are all conscious of in themselves, and nothing attracts them so powerfully as that self-forgetfulness, which, estimable in all, is in a peculiar manner graceful and admirable when it is met with in those whom none others can forget? Such a quality is not properly modesty—that is the retiring disposition of those who have not yet won distinction. No man who has done so is ignorant of it, as no woman of beauty is insensible to her charms. It is more nearly allied to good sense, and its invariable concomitant—a due regard for the feelings of others. It not unfrequently exists, in the highest degree, in those who have the strongest inward consciousness of the services they have rendered to mankind. No man was more unassuming than Kepler, but he wrote in reference to his great discoveries, and the neglect they at first met with, “I may well be a century without a reader, since God Almighty has been six thousand years without such an observer as me.” Yet this is universally felt to have been no unworthy effusion of vanity, but a noble expression of great services rendered by one of his most gifted creatures to the glory of the Almighty. Such men as Kepler are proud, but not vain, and proud men do not bring their feelings so prominently or frequently forward as vain ones; for pride rests on the consciousness of superiority, and needs no external support; vanity arises from a secret sense of weakness, and thirsts for a perpetual solace from the applause of others.

It is in the French writers that this inordinate weakness of literary men is most conspicuous, and in them it exists to such an extent as, on this side of the Channel, to be altogether ridiculous. Every Frenchman thinks his life worth recording. It was long ago said that the number of unpublished memoirs which exist in France, on the war of the League, would, if put together, form a large library. If those relating to the war of the Revolution were accumulated, we have no doubt they would fill the *Bibliothèque du Roi*. The number already published exceeds almost the dimensions of any private collection of books. The composition and style of these memoirs is for the most part as curious, and characteristic of French character, as their number is descriptive of their ruling passion. In the age of the religious wars, every writer of memoirs seems to have placed himself in the first rank, Henry IV. in the

second ; in that of the Revolution, the greater part of the autobiographies scarcely disguise the opinion, that, if the first place must be reluctantly conceded to Napoleon Buonaparte, the second must, beyond all question, be assigned to themselves. The Abbé de Pradt expressed the feeling almost every one entertained of himself in France, not the sentiment of an individual man, when he said, "There was one who overturned Napoleon, and that man was me." Most persons in this country will exclaim, that this statement is overcharged, and that it is incredible that vanity should so generally pervade the writers of a whole nation. If they will take the trouble to read Lamartine's *Confidences* and *Raphael*, containing the events of his youth, or his *Histoire de la Révolution de 1848*, recently published, they will find ample confirmation of these remarks ; nor are they less conspicuously illustrated by the more elaborate *Mémoires d'Outre Tombe* of Chateaubriand, the name of which is prefixed to this essay.

One thing is very remarkable, and forcibly illustrates the marked difference, in this respect, between the character of the French and the English nation. In France all memoirs assume the form of autobiographies ; and so general is the thirst for that species of composition, that, where a man of any note has not compiled his own life, his papers are put into the hands of some skillful bookmaker, who speedily dresses them up, in the form of an attractive autobiography. This was done with the papers of Brissot, Robespierre, Marshal Ney, Fouché, and a great many others, all of which appeared with the name of their authors, and richly stored with these private papers, though it was morally certain that they could not by possibility have written their own lives. In England nothing of the kind is attempted. Scarcely any of the eminent men in the last age have left their own memoirs ; and the papers of the most remarkable of them have been published without any attempt at biography. Thus we have the *Wellington Papers*, the *Marlborough Papers*, the *Nelson Papers*, the *Castlereagh Papers*, published without any autobiography, and only a slight sketch, though in all these cases very ably done, of the author's life by their editor. The lives of the others eminent men of the last age have been given by others, not themselves : as that of Pitt, by Tomline and Gifford ; that of Fox, by Trotter ; that of Sheridan, by Moore ; that of Lord Eldon, by Twiss ; that of Lord Sidmouth, by Pellew. There is more

here than an accidental diversity : there is a difference arising from a difference of national character. The Englishmen devoted their lives to the public service, and bestowed not a thought on its illustration by themselves ; the French mainly thought of themselves when acting in the public service, and considered it mainly as a means of elevation and self-laudation to themselves.

In justice to the literary men of France, however, it must be stated that, of late years at least, they have been exposed to an amount of temptation, and of food for their self-love, much exceeding anything previously seen among men, and which may go far to account for the extraordinary vanity which they have everywhere evinced. In England, literary distinction is neither the only nor the greatest passport to celebrity. Aristocratic influences remain, and still possess the deepest hold of the public mind ; statesmen exist, whose daily speeches in parliament render their names as household words. Fashion exercises an extraordinary and almost inexplicable sway, especially over the fairest part of creation. How celebrated soever an author may be, he will in London soon be brought to his proper level, and a right appreciation of his situation. He will see himself at once eclipsed by an old nobleman, whose name is fraught with historic glory ; by a young marquis, who is an object of solicitude to the mothers and daughters in the room ; by a parliamentary orator, who is beginning to acquire distinction in the senate house. We hold this state of things to be eminently favorable to the right character of literary men ; for it saves them from trials before which, it is all but certain, both their good sense and their virtue would succumb. But in Paris this salutary check upon individual vanity and presumption is almost entirely wanting. The territorial aristocracy is confiscated and destroyed ; titles of honor are abolished ; historic names are almost forgotten in the ceaseless whirl of present events ; parliamentary orators are in general unpopular, for they are for the most part on the side of power. Nothing remains but the government of mind. The intellectual aristocracy is all in all.

It makes and unmakes kings alternately ; produces and stops revolutions ; at one time calls a new race to the throne, at another consigns them with disgrace to foreign lands. Cabinets are formed out of the editors of newspapers, intermingled with a few bankers, whom the public convulsions have not yet rendered insolvent ; prime ministers are to

be found only among successful authors. Thiers, the editor of the *National* and the historian of the Revolution; Guizot, the profound professor of history; Villemain, the eloquent annalist of French literature; Lamartine, the popular traveler, poet, and historian, have been the alternate prime ministers of France since the revolution of 1830. Even the great name of Napoleon cannot save his nephew from the irksomeness of bending to the same necessity. He named Thiers his prime minister at the time of the Boulogne misadventure, he is caressing him now in the saloons of the Elysée Bourbon. Successful authors thus in France are surrounded with a halo, and exposed to influences, of which in this country we cannot form a conception. They unite in their persons the fame of Mr. Fox and the lustre of Sir Walter Scott; often the political power of Mr. Pitt with the celebrity of Lord Byron. Whether such a concentration is favorable either to their present utility or lasting fame, and whether the best school to train authors to be the instructors of the world is to be found in that which exposes them to the combined influence of its greatest temptations, are questions on which it is not necessary now to enter, but on which posterity will probably have no difficulty in coming to a conclusion.

But while we fully admit that these extraordinary circumstances, unparalleled in the past history of the world, go far to extenuate the blame which must be thrown on the French writers for their extraordinary vanity, they will not entirely exculpate them. Ordinary men may well be carried away by such adventitious and flattering marks of their power; but we cannot accept such an excuse from the first men of the age—men of the clearest intellect, and the greatest acquisitions—whose genius is to charm, whose wisdom is to instruct the world through every succeeding age. If the teachers of men are not to be above the follies and weaknesses which are general and ridiculous in those of inferior capacity, where are we to look for such an exemption? It is a poor excuse for the overweening vanity of a Byron, a Goethe, a Lamartine, or a Chateaubriand, that a similar weakness is to be found in a Madame Grisi or a Mademoiselle Cerito, in the first cantatrice or most admired ballerina of the day. We all know that the professors of these charming arts are too often intoxicated by the applause which they meet with; we excuse or overlook this weakness from respect due to their genius and their sex. But we know, at the same time,

that there are some exceptions to the general frailty; and in one enchanting performer, our admiration for talents of the very highest order is enhanced by respect for the simplicity of character and generosity of disposition with which they are accompanied. We might desiderate in the men who aspire to direct the thoughts of the world, and have received from nature talents equal to the task, the unaffected singleness of heart, and sterling good sense, which we admire, not less than her admirable powers, in Mademoiselle Jenny Lind.

The faults, or rather frailties, we have alluded to, are in an especial manner conspicuous in two of the most remarkable writers of France of the present century—Lamartine and Chateaubriand. There is some excuse for the vanity of these illustrious men. They have both acquired an enduring fame—their names are known all over the world, and will continue to be so while the French language is spoken on the earth; and they have both, by their literary talents, been elevated to positions far beyond the rank in society to which they were born, and which might well make an ordinary head reel from the giddy precipices with which it is surrounded. Chateaubriand powerfully aided in crushing Napoleon in 1814, when Europe in arms surrounded Paris: with still more honorable constancy he resisted him in 1804, when, in the plenitude of his power, he executed the Duke d'Enghien. He became ambassador to London for the Restoration—minister of foreign affairs and representative of France at the Congress of Verona. He it was who projected and carried into execution the French invasion of the Peninsula in 1823, the only successful expedition of the Restoration. Lamartine's career, if briefer, has been still more dazzling. He aided largely in the movement which overthrew Louis Philippe; by the force of his genius he obtained the mastery of the movement, "struggled with democracy when it was strongest, and ruled it when it was wildest;" and had the glory, by his single courage and energy, of saving the character of the revolution from bloodshed, and coercing the Red Republicans in the very tumult of their victory. He has since fallen from power, less from any known delinquencies imputed to him, than from the inherent fickleness of the French people, and the impossibility of their submitting, for any length of time, to the lead of a single individual. The autobiography of two such men cannot be other than interesting and instructive in the

highest degree; and if we see in them much which we in England cannot altogether understand, and which we are accustomed to stigmatize with the emphatic epithet "French," there is much also in them which candor must respect, and an equitable spirit admire.

The great thing which characterizes these memoirs, and is sufficient to redeem a multitude of vanities and frailties, is the elevated and chivalrous spirit in which they are composed. In this respect they are a relic, we fear, of the olden time; a remnant of those ancient days which Mr. Burke has so eloquently described in his portrait of Maria Antoinette. That is the spirit which pervades the breasts of these illustrious men; and therefore it is that we respect them, and forgive or forget many weaknesses which would otherwise be insupportable in their autobiographies. It is a spirit, however, more akin to a former era than the present; to the age which produced the crusades, more than that which gave birth to railways; to the days of Godfrey of Bouillon, rather than those which raised a monument to Mr. Hudson. We are by no means convinced, however, that it is not the more likely to be enduring in the future ages of the world; at least we are sure it will be so, if the sanguine anticipations everywhere formed, by the apostles of the movement of the future improvement of the species, are destined in any degree to be realized.

Although, however, the hearts of Chateaubriand and Lamartine are stamped with the impress of chivalry, and the principal charm of their writings is owing to its generous spirit, yet we should err greatly if we imagined that they have not shared in the influences of the age in which they lived, and become largely imbued with the more popular and equalizing notions which have sprung up in Europe during the last century. They could not have attained the *political* power which they have both wielded if they had not done so; for no man, be his genius what it may, will ever acquire a practical lead among men unless his opinions coincide in the main with those of the majority by whom he is surrounded. Chateaubriand's earliest work, written in London in 1793—the *Essai Historique*—is, in truth, rather of a republican and skeptical tendency; and it was not till he had traveled in America, and inhaled a nobler spirit amid the solitudes of nature, that the better parts of his nature regained their ascendancy, and his fame was established on an imperishable foundation by the

publication of *Atala et René*, and the *Génie du Christianisme*. Throughout his whole career, the influence of his early liberal principles remained conspicuous; albeit a royalist, he was the steady supporter of the freedom of the press and the extension of the elective suffrage; and he kept aloof from the government of Louis Philippe less from aversion to the semi-revolutionary spirit in which it was cradled, than from an honorable fidelity to misfortune and horror at the selfish, corrupt multitude by which it was soon surrounded. Lamartine's republican principles are universally known: albeit descended of a noble family, and largely imbued with feudal feelings, he aided in the revolt which overturned the throne of Louis Philippe in February, 1848, and acquired lasting renown by the courage with which he combated the sanguinary spirit of the Red Republicans, when minister of foreign affairs. Both are chivalrous in heart and feeling, rather than opinions; and they thus exhibit curious and instructive instances of the fusions of the moving principle of the olden time with the ideas of the present, and of the manner in which the true spirit of nobility, *forgetfulness of self*, can accommodate itself to the varying circumstances of society, and float, from its buoyant tendency, on the surface of the most fetid stream of subsequent selfishness.

In two works recently published by Lamartine, *Les Confidences* and *Raphael*, certain passages in his autobiography are given. The first recounts the reminiscences of his infancy and childhood; the second, a love-story in his twentieth year. Both are distinguished by the peculiarities, in respect of excellences and defects, which appear in his other writings. On the one hand we have an ardent imagination, great beauty of language, a generous heart—the true spirit of poetry and uncommon pictorial powers. On the other, an almost entire ignorance of human nature, extraordinary vanity, and that susceptibility of mind which is more nearly allied to the feminine than the masculine character. Not but that Lamartine possesses great energy and courage: his conduct, during the revolution of 1848, demonstrates that he possesses these qualities in a very high degree; but that the ardor of his feelings leads him to act and think like women, from their impulse rather than the sober dictates of reason. He is a devout optimist, and firm believer in the innocence of human nature, and indefinite perfectibility of mankind, under the influence of republican institutions.

Like all other fanatics, he is wholly inaccessible to the force of reason, and altogether beyond the reach of facts, how strong or convincing soever. Accordingly, he remains to this hour entirely convinced of the perfectibility of mankind, although he has recounted, with equal truth and force, that it was almost entirely owing to his own courage and energy that the revolution was prevented, in its very outset, from degenerating into bloodshed and massacre; and a thorough believer in the ultimate sway of pacific institutions, although he owns that, despite all his zeal and eloquence, the whole provisional government, with himself at its head, would on the 16th April have been guillotined or thrown into the Seine, but for the determination and fidelity of three battalions of the *Garde Mobile*, whom Changarnier volunteered to arrange in all the windows and avenues of the Hotel de Ville, when assailed by a column of thirty thousand furious revolutionists.

Chateaubriand is more a man of the world than Lamartine. He has passed through a life of greater vicissitudes, and been much more frequently brought into contact with men in all ranks and gradations of society. He is not less chivalrous than Lamartine, but more practical; his style is less pictorial, but more statesmanlike. The French of all shades of political opinion agree in placing him at the head of the writers of the last age. This high position, however, is owing rather to the detached passages than the general tenor of his writings, for their average style is hardly equal to such an encomium. He is not less vain than Lamartine, and still more egotistical,—a defect which, as already noticed, he shares with nearly all the writers of autobiography in France, but which appears peculiarly extraordinary and lamentable in a man of such talents and acquirements. His life abounded with strange and romantic adventures, and its vicissitudes would have furnished a rich field for biography even to a writer of less imaginative powers.

He was born on the 4th September, 1768—the same year with Napoleon—at an old melancholy chateau on the coast of Brittany, washed by the waves of the Atlantic Ocean. His mother, like those of almost all other eminent men recorded in history, was a very remarkable woman, gifted with a prodigious memory and an ardent imagination—qualities which she transmitted in a very high degree to her son. His family was very ancient, going back to the year 1000, but, till illustrated by Francois Rene, who has rendered it immortal, the Chateaubriands lived in

unobtrusive privacy on their paternal acres. After receiving the rudiments of education at home, he was sent at the age of seventeen into the army; but the Revolution having soon after broken out, and his regiment revolted, he quitted the service and came to Paris, where he witnessed the horrors of the storming of the Tuileries on the 10th of August, and the massacre in the prisons on 2d September. Many of his nearest relations—in particular his sister-in-law, Madame de Chateaubriand, and sister, Madame Rozambo—were executed along with Malesherbes, shortly before the fall of Robespierre. Obligated now to fly to England, he lived for some years in London in extreme poverty, supporting himself by his pen. It was there he wrote his earliest and least creditable work, the *Essai Historique*. Tired of such an obscure and monotonous life, however, he set out for America, with the Quixotic design of discovering by land journey the North-west passage. He failed in that attempt, for which, indeed, he had no adequate means; but he dined with Washington, and in the solitudes of the Far West imbibed many of the noblest ideas, and found the subjects of several of the finest descriptions, which have since adorned his works. Finding that there was nothing to be done in the way of discovery in America, he returned to England. Afterward he went to Paris, and there composed his greatest works, *Atala et René* and the *Génie du Christianisme*, which soon acquired a colossal reputation, and raised the author to the highest pinnacle of literary fame.

Napoleon, whose piercing eye discerned talent wherever it was to be found, now selected him for the public service in the diplomatic line. He gives the following interesting account of the first and only interview he had with that extraordinary man, in the saloon of his brother Lucien:—

“I was in the gallery when Napoleon entered; his appearance struck me with an agreeable surprise. I had never previously seen him but at a distance. His smile was sweet and encouraging; his eye beautiful, especially from the way in which it was overshadowed by the eyebrows. He had no charlatanism in his looks, nothing affected or theatrical in his manner. The *Génie du Christianisme*, which at that time was making a great deal of noise, had produced its effect on Napoleon. A vivid imagination animated his cold policy; he would not have been what he was, if the muse had not been there; Reason, in him, worked out the ideas of a poet. All great men are composed of two natures—for they

must be at once capable of inspiration and action—the one conceives, the other executes.

"Buonaparte saw me, and knew me I know not how. When he moved toward me, it was not known whom he sought. The crowd opened, every one hoped the First Consul would stop to converse with him; his air showed that he was irritated at these mistakes. I retired behind those around me. Buonaparte suddenly raised his voice, and called out, 'Monsieur de Chateaubriand!' I then remained alone, in front; for the crowd instantly retired, and re-formed, in a circle, around us. Buonaparte addressed me with simplicity, without questions, preamble, or compliments. He began speaking about Egypt and the Arabs, as if I had been his intimate friend, and he had only resumed a conversation already commenced betwixt us. 'I was always struck,' said he, 'when I saw the Scheiks fall on their knees in the desert, turn toward the east, and touch the sand with their foreheads. What is that unknown thing which they adore in the east?' Speedily, then, passing to another idea, he said, 'Christianity! the *Ideologues* wished to reduce it to a system of astronomy! Suppose it were so; do they suppose they would render Christianity little? Were Christianity only an allegory of the movement of the spheres, the geometry of the stars, the *esprits forts* would have little to say; despite themselves, they have left sufficient grandeur to *l'Infame*.'*

"Buonaparte immediately withdrew. Like Job in the night, I felt as if a spirit had passed before me; the hairs of my flesh stood up. I did not know its countenance; but I heard its voice like a little whisper.

"My days have been an uninterrupted succession of visions. Hell and heaven continually have opened under my feet, or over my head, without my having had time to sound their depths or withstand their dazzling. I have met once, and once only, on the shores of the two worlds, the man of the last age, and the man of the new—Washington and Napoleon—I conversed a few moments with each—both sent me back to solitude—the first by a kind wish, the second by an execrable crime.

"I remarked, that, in moving through the crowd, Buonaparte cast on me looks more steady and penetrating than he had done before he addressed me. I followed him with my eyes.

'Who is that great man who cares not
For conflagrations?'†—(Vol. iv. 118-121.)

This passage conveys a just idea of Chateaubriand's Memoirs: his elevation of mind, his ardent imagination, his deplorable vanity. In justice to so eminent a man, however, we transcribe a passage in which the nobleness of his character appears in its true lustre,

* Alluding to the name *l'Infame*, given by the King of Prussia, D'Alembert, and Diderot, in their correspondences, to the Christian religion.

† Dante.

untarnished by the weaknesses which so often disfigure the character of men of genius. We allude to his courageous throwing down the gauntlet to Napoleon, on occasion of the murder of the Duke d'Enghien:—

"Two days before the fatal 20th March, I dressed myself, before taking leave of Buonaparte, on my way to the Valais, to which I had received a diplomatic mission; I had not seen him since the time when he had spoken to me at the Tuileries. The gallery where the reception was going on was full; he was accompanied by Murat and his aid-de-camp. When he approached me, I was struck with an alteration in his countenance; his cheeks were fallen in, of a livid hue; his eyes stern; his color pale; his air sombre and terrible. The attraction which had formerly drawn me toward him was at an end; instead of awaiting, I fled his approach. He cast a look toward me, as if he sought to recognize me, moved a few steps toward me, turned, and disappeared. Returned to the Hotel de France, I said to several of my friends, 'Something strange, which I do not know, must have happened: Buonaparte could not have changed to such a degree unless he had been ill.' Two days after, at eleven in the forenoon, I heard a man cry in the streets—'Sentence of the military commission convoked at Vincennes, which has condemned to the pain of DEATH Louis Antoine Henri de Bourbon, born 2d August, 1772, at Chantilly.' That cry fell on me like a clap of thunder; it changed my life as it changed that of Napoleon. I returned home, and said to Madame de Chateaubriand, 'The Duke d'Enghien has just been shot.' I sat down to a table, and began to write my resignation—Madame de Chateaubriand made no opposition: she had a great deal of courage. She was fully aware of my danger: the trial of Moreau and Georges Cadoudal was going on; the lion had tasted blood; it was not the moment to irritate him."—(Vol. iv., 228-229.)

After this honorable step, which happily passed without leading to Chateaubriand's being shot, he traveled to the East, where he visited Greece, Constantinople, the Holy Land, and Egypt, and collected the materials which have formed two of his most celebrated works, *L'Itinéraire à Jerusalem*, and *Les Martyrs*. He returned to France, but did not appear in public life till the Allies conquered Paris, in 1814, where he composed, with extraordinary rapidity, his famous pamphlet entitled *Buonaparte and the Bourbons*, which had so powerful an effect in bringing about the Restoration. The royalists were now in power, and Chateaubriand was too important a man to be overlooked. In 1821 he was sent as ambassador to London, the scene of his former penury and suffering; in 1823 he was made Minister of Foreign Af-

fairs, and, in that capacity, projected, and successfully carried through, the expedition to Spain which reseatd Ferdinand on the throne of his ancestors; and he was afterward the plenipotentiary of France at the Congress of Verona, in 1824. He was too liberal a man to be employed by the administration of Charles X., but he exhibited an honorable constancy to misfortune on occasion of the revolution of 1830. He was offered the portfolio of Foreign Affairs, if he would abstain from opposition; but he refused the proposal, made a last noble and eloquent speech in favor of his dethroned sovereign, in the Chamber of Peers; and, withdrawing into privacy, lived in retirement, engaged in literary pursuits, and in the composition or revising of his numerous publications, till his death, which occurred in June, 1848.

Such a life, of such a man, cannot be other than interesting, for it unites the greatest possible range and variety of events

with the reflections of a mind of great power, ardent imagination, and extensive erudition. His autobiography, or *Mémoires d'Outre Tombe*, as it is called, was accordingly looked for, with great interest, which has not been sensibly diminished by the revolution of 1848, which has brought a new set of political actors on the stage. Four volumes only have hitherto been published, but the rest may speedily be looked for, now that the military government of Prince Louis Napoleon has terminated that of anarchy in France. The three first volumes certainly disappointed us; chiefly from the perpetual and offensive vanity which they exhibited, and the number of details, many of them of a puerile or trifling character, which they contained. The fourth volume, however, from which the preceding extracts have been taken, exhibits Chateaubriand, in many places, in his original vigor; and, if the succeeding ones are of the same stamp, we propose to return to them.

From the Literary Gazette.

COME, KISS ME AND BE FRIENDS.

I.

LISETTE, put off that angry look, I cannot bear to see
A cloud upon that face whereon sweet smiles were wont to be;
A careless word, a thoughtless jest, in reckless humor spoken—
And oft, alas! the brightest links in friendship's chain are broken.
And is it thus that we must part? No; I will make amends,
For mine, I own, is all the blame—Come, kiss me and be friends!

II.

Oh! think how many changing years have come and pass'd away,
Since first we met, since first we loved, two baby-girls at play;
And how, as life's career advanced, by youth's gay scenes surrounded,
From sport to sport with lightsome steps and lighter hearts we bounded.
And do I love thee less to-day? No; I will make amends,
And thou! thou wilt not say me nay—Come, kiss me and be friends!

III.

The world is but a dreary place—a dreary place wherein
A blighted heart will little find that's worth its pains to win;
No future joy, nor new-formed tie, however bright their seeming,
Shall ever wholly sweep away the memory's bitter dreaming.
The Past! it is a magic word—its magic never ends
Its thralldom o'er the human heart—Come, kiss me and be friends!

IV.

How fair a sight is it to see (when summer days draw nigh)
The gladsome sunbeam chase away the dark cloud from the sky;
But fairer far than this—than aught—that with its charm beguiles us,
Is that sweet smile of hearts estranged—the smile that reconciles us.
And thou, Lisette, art smiling now, and here our quarrel ends;
I read forgiveness on thy brow—Come, kiss me—we are friends!

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE-OFFICER.

THE GAMING-HOUSE.

A LITTLE more than a year after the period when adverse circumstances—chiefly the result of my own reckless follies—compelled me to enter the ranks of the metropolitan police, as the sole means left me of procuring food and raiment, the attention of one of the principal chiefs of the force was attracted toward me by the ingenuity and boldness which I was supposed to have manifested in hitting upon and unraveling a clue which ultimately led to the detection and punishment of the perpetrators of an artistically-contrived fraud upon an eminent tradesman of the west end of London. The chief sent for me; and after a somewhat lengthened conversation, not only expressed approbation of my conduct in the particular matter under discussion, but hinted that he might shortly need my services in other affairs requiring intelligence and resolution.

"I think I have met you before," he remarked, with a meaning smile on dismissing me, "when you occupied a different position from your present one? Do not alarm yourself: I have no wish to pry unnecessarily into other men's secrets. Waters is a name common enough in *all* ranks of society, and I may, you know"—here the cold smile deepened in ironical expression—"be mistaken. At all events, the testimony of the gentleman whose recommendation obtained you admission to the force—I have looked into the matter since I heard of your behavior in the late business—is a sufficient guarantee that nothing more serious than imprudence and folly can be laid to your charge. I have neither right nor inclination to inquire further. To-morrow, in all probability, I shall send for you."

I came to the conclusion, as I walked homeward, that the chief's intimation of having previously met me in another sphere of

life was a random and unfounded one, as I had seldom visited London in my prosperous days, and still more rarely mingled in its society. My wife, however, to whom I of course related the substance of the conversation, reminded me that he had once been at Doncaster during the races; and suggested that he might possibly have seen and noticed me there. This was a sufficiently probable explanation of the hint; but whether the correct one or not, I cannot decide, as he never afterward alluded to the subject, and I had not the slightest wish to renew it.

Three days elapsed before I received the expected summons. On waiting on him, I was agreeably startled to find that I was to be at once employed on a mission which the most sagacious and experienced of detective-officers would have felt honored to undertake.

"Here is a written description of the persons of this gang of blacklegs, swindlers, and forgers," concluded the commissioner, summing up his instructions. "It will be your object to discover their private haunts, and secure legal evidence of their nefarious practices. We have been hitherto baffled, principally, I think, through the too hasty zeal of the officers employed: you must especially avoid that error. They are practiced scoundrels; and it will require considerable patience, as well as acumen, to unkennel and bring them to justice. One of their more recent victims is young Mr. Merton, son, by a former marriage, of the Dowager Lady Everton.* Her ladyship has applied to us for assistance in extricating him from the toils in which he is meshed. You will call

* The names mentioned in this narrative are, for obvious reasons, fictitious.

on her at five o'clock this afternoon—in plain clothes of course—and obtain whatever information on the subject she may be able to afford. Remember to communicate *directly* with me; and any assistance you may require shall be promptly rendered." With these, and a few other minor directions, needless to recapitulate, I was dismissed to a task which, difficult and possibly perilous as it might prove, I hailed as a delightful relief from the wearing monotony and dull routine of ordinary duty.

I hastened home; and after dressing with great care—the best part of my wardrobe had been fortunately saved by Emily from the wreck of my fortunes—I proceeded to Lady Everton's mansion. I was immediately marshaled to the drawing-room, where I found her ladyship and her daughter—a beautiful, fairy-looking girl—awaiting my arrival. Lady Everton appeared greatly surprised at my appearance, differing, as I dare say it altogether did, from her abstract idea of a policeman, however attired or disguised; and it was not till she had perused the note of which I was the bearer, that her haughty and incredulous stare became mitigated to a glance of lofty condescending civility.

"Be seated, Mr. Waters," said her ladyship, waving me to a chair. "This note informs me that you have been selected for the duty of endeavoring to extricate my son from the perilous entanglements in which he has unhappily involved himself."

I was about to reply—for I was silly enough to feel somewhat nettled at the noble lady's haughtiness of manner—that I was engaged in the public service of extirpating a gang of swindlers with whom her son had involved himself, and was there to procure from her ladyship any information she might be possessed of likely to forward so desirable a result; but fortunately the remembrance of my actual position, spite of my gentleman's attire, flashed vividly upon my mind; and instead of permitting my glib tongue to wag irreverently in the presence of a right honorable, I bowed with deferential acquiescence.

Her ladyship proceeded, and I in substance obtained the following information:—

Mr. Charles Merton, during the few months which had elapsed since the attainment of his majority, had very literally "fallen amongst thieves." A passion for gambling seemed to have taken entire possession of his being; and almost every day, as well as night, of his haggard and feverish life was passed at play. A run of ill-luck, according to his own belief—but in very truth a run of down-

right robbery—had set in against him, and he had not only dissipated all the ready money which he had inherited, and the large sums which the foolish indulgence of his lady-mother had supplied him with, but had involved himself in bonds, bills, and other obligations to a frightful amount. The principal agent in effecting this ruin was one Sandford—a man of fashionable and dashing exterior, and the presiding spirit of the knot of desperadoes whom I was commissioned to hunt out. Strange to say, Mr. Merton had the blindest reliance upon this man's honor; and even now—tricked, despoiled as he had been by him and his gang—relied upon his counsel and assistance for escape from the desperate position in which he was involved. The Everton estates had passed, in default of male issue, to a distant relative of the late lord; so that ruin, absolute and irremediable, stared both the wretched dupe and his relatives in the face. Lady Everton's jointure was not a very large one, and her son had been permitted to squander sums which should have been devoted to the discharge of claims which were now pressed harshly against her.

I listened with the deepest interest to Lady Everton's narrative. Repeatedly during the course of it, as she incidentally alluded to the manners and appearance of Sandford, who had been introduced by Mr. Merton to his mother and sister, a suspicion, which the police papers had first awakened, that the gentleman in question was an old acquaintance of my own, and one, moreover, whose favors I was extremely desirous to return in kind, flashed with increased conviction across my mind. This surmise I of course kept to myself; and after emphatically cautioning the ladies to keep our proceedings a profound secret from Mr. Merton, I took my leave, amply provided with the resources requisite for carrying into effect the scheme which I had resolved upon. I also arranged that, instead of waiting personally on her ladyship, which might excite observation and suspicion, I should report progress by letter through the post.

"If it *should* be he!" thought I, as I emerged into the street. The bare suspicion had sent the blood through my veins with furious violence. "If this Sandford be, as I suspect, that villain Cardon, success will indeed be triumph—victory! Lady Everton need not in that case seek to animate my zeal by promises of money recompense. A blighted existence, a young and gentle wife by his means cast down from opulence to sordid penury, would stimulate the dullest craven

that ever crawled the earth to energy and action. Pray Heaven my suspicion prove correct; and then, oh mine enemy, look well to yourself, for the avenger is at your heels!"

Sandford, I had been instructed, was usually present at the Italian Opera during the ballet: the box he generally occupied was designated in the memoranda of the police: and as I saw by the bills that a very successful piece was to be performed that evening, I determined on being present.

I entered the house a few minutes past ten o'clock, just after the commencement of the ballet, and looked eagerly round. The box in which I was instructed to seek my man was empty. The momentary disappointment was soon repaid. Five minutes had not elapsed when Cardon, looking more insolently-triumphant than ever, entered arm-in-arm with a pale, aristocratic-looking young man, whom I had no difficulty, from his striking resemblance to a portrait in Lady Everton's drawing-room, in deciding to be Mr. Merton. My course of action was at once determined on. Pausing only to master the emotion which the sight of the glittering reptile in whose poisonous folds I had been involved and crushed inspired, I passed to the opposite side of the house, and boldly entered the box. Cardon's back was toward me, and I tapped him lightly on the shoulder. He turned quickly round; and if a basilisk had confronted him, he could scarcely have exhibited greater terror and surprise. My aspect, nevertheless, was studiously bland and conciliating, and my outstretched hand seemed to invite a renewal of our old friendship.

"Waters!" he at last stammered, feebly accepting my proffered grasp—"who would have thought of meeting you here?"

"Not you, certainly, since you stare at an old friend as if he were some frightful goblin about to swallow you. Really—"

"Hush! Let us speak together in the lobby. An old friend," he added, in answer to Mr. Merton's surprised stare. "We will return in an instant."

"Why, what is all this, Waters?" said Cardon, recovering his wonted *sang froid* the instant we were alone. "I understood you had retired from amongst us; were in fact—what shall I say?"—

"Ruined—done up! Nobody should know that better than you."

"My good fellow, you do not imagine—"

"I imagine nothing, my dear Cardon. I was very thoroughly done—done *brown*, as it is written in the vulgar tongue. But fortunately my kind old uncle—"

"Passgrove is dead!" interrupted my old acquaintance, eagerly jumping to a conclusion, "and you are his heir! I congratulate you, my dear fellow. This is indeed a charming 'reverse of circumstances.'"

"Yes; but mind I have given up the old game. No more dice-devilry for me. I have promised Emily never even to touch a card again."

The cold, hard eye of the incarnate fiend—he was little else—gleamed mockingly at these "good intentions" of a practiced gamester fell upon his ear; but he only replied, "Very good; quite right, my dear boy. But come, let me introduce you to Mr. Merton, a highly-connected personage, I assure you. By the by, Waters," he added, in a caressing, confidential tone, "my name, for family and other reasons, which I will hereafter explain to you, is for the present Sandford."

"Sandford!"

"Yes: do not forget. But *allons*, or the ballet will be over."

I was introduced in due form to Mr. Merton as an old and esteemed friend, whom he—Sandford—had not seen for many months. At the conclusion of the ballet, Sandford proposed that we should adjourn to the European Coffee-house, nearly opposite. This was agreed to, and out we sallied. At the top of the staircase we jostled against the commissioner, who, like us, was leaving the house. He bowed slightly to Mr. Merton's apology, and his eye wandered briefly and coldly over our persons; but not the faintest sign of interest or recognition escaped him. I thought it possible he did not know me in my changed apparel; but looking back after descending a few steps, I was quickly undeceived. A sharp, swift glance, expressive both of encouragement and surprise, shot out from under his penthouse brows, and as swiftly vanished. He did not know how little I needed spurring to the goal we had both in view!

We discussed two or three bottles of wine with much gayety and relish. Sandford especially was in exuberant spirits; brimming over with brilliant anecdote and sparkling badinage. He saw in me a fresh, rich prey, and his eager spirit reveled by anticipation in the victory which he nothing doubted to obtain over my "excellent intentions and wife-pledged virtue." About half-past 12 o'clock he proposed to adjourn. This was eagerly assented to by Mr. Merton, who had for some time exhibited unmistakable symptoms of impatience and unrest.

"You will accompany us, Waters?" said

Sandford, as we rose to depart. "There is, I suppose, no vow registered in the matrimonial archives against *looking on* at a game played by others?"

"Oh no; but don't ask me to play."

"Certainly not;" and a devilish sneer curled his lip. "Your virtue shall suffer no temptation, be assured."

We soon arrived before the door of a quiet, respectable-looking house in one of the streets leading from the Strand: a low peculiar knock, given by Sandford, was promptly answered; then a password, which I did not catch, was whispered by him through the key-hole, and we passed in.

We proceeded up stairs to the first floor, the shutters of which were carefully closed, so that no intimation of what was going on could possibly reach the street. The apartment was brilliantly lighted: a roulette table and dice and cards were in full activity: wine and liquors of all varieties were profusely paraded. There were about half-a-dozen persons present, I soon discovered, besides the gang, and that comprised eleven or twelve well-dressed desperadoes, whose sinister aspects induced a momentary qualm lest one or more of the pleasant party might suspect or recognize my vocation. This, however, I reflected, was scarcely possible. My beat during the short period I had been in the force was far distant from the usual haunts of such gentry, and I was otherwise unknown in London. Still, questioning glances were eagerly directed toward my introducer; and one big burly fellow, a foreigner—the rascals were the scum of various countries—was very unpleasantly inquisitorial. "*Y'en répons!*" I heard Sandford say in answer to his iterated queries; and he added something in a whisper which brought a sardonic smile to the fellow's lips, and induced a total change in his demeanor toward myself. This was reassuring; for though provided with pistols, I should, I felt, have little chance with such utterly reckless ruffians as those by whom I was surrounded. Play was proposed; and though at first stoutly refusing, I feigned to be gradually overcome by irresistible temptation, and sat down to blind hazard with my foreign friend for moderate stakes. I was graciously allowed to win; and in the end found myself richer in devil's money by about ten pounds. Mr. Merton was soon absorbed in the chances of the dice, and lost large sums, for which, when the money he had brought with him was exhausted, he gave written acknowledgments. The cheating practiced upon him was really audacious;

and any one but a tyro must have repeatedly detected it. He, however, appeared not to entertain the slightest suspicion of the "fair-play" of his opponents, guiding himself entirely by the advice of his friend and counselor, Sandford, who did not himself play. The amiable assemblage broke up about six in the morning, each person retiring singly by the back way, receiving, as he departed, a new password for the next evening.

A few hours afterward, I waited on the commissioner to report the state of affairs. He was delighted with the fortunate *début* I had made, but still strictly enjoined patience and caution. It would have been easy, as I was in possession of the password, to have surprised the confederacy in the act of gaming that very evening; but this would only have accomplished a part of the object aimed at. Several of the fraternity—Sandford amongst the number—were suspected of uttering forged foreign bank-notes, and it was essential to watch narrowly for legal evidence to insure their conviction. It was also desirable to restore, if possible, the property and securities of which Mr. Merton had been pillaged.

Nothing of especial importance occurred for seven or eight days. Gaming went on as usual every evening, and Mr. Merton became of course more and more involved: even his sister's jewels—which he had surreptitiously obtained, to such a depth of degradation will this frightful vice plunge men otherwise honorable—had been staked and lost; and he was, by the advice of Sandford, about to conclude a heavy mortgage on his estate, in order not only to clear off his enormous "debts of honor," but to acquire fresh means of "winning back"—that *ignus-futurus* of all gamblers—his tremendous losses! A new preliminary "dodge" was, I observed, now brought into action. Mr. Merton esteemed himself a knowing hand at *ecarté*: it was introduced; and he was permitted to win every game he played, much to the apparent annoyance and discomfiture of the losers. As this was precisely the snare into which I had myself fallen, I of course the more readily detected it, and felt quite satisfied that a *grand coup* was meditated. In the meantime I had not been idle. Sandford was *confidentially* informed that I was only waiting in London to receive between four and five thousand pounds—part of Uncle Passgrove's legacy—and then intended to immediately hasten back to canny Yorkshire. To have seen the villain's eyes as I incidentally, as it were, announced my errand and intention!

They fairly flashed with infernal glee! Ah, Sandford, Sandford! you were, with all your cunning, but a sand-blind idiot to believe the man you had wronged and ruined could so easily forget the debt he owed you!

The crisis came swiftly on. Mr. Merton's mortgage-money was to be paid on the morrow; and on that day, too, I announced the fabulous thousands receivable by me were to be handed over. Mr. Merton, elated by his repeated triumphs at *ecarté*, and prompted by his friend Sandford, resolved, instead of canceling the bonds and obligations held by the conspirators, to redeem his losses by staking on that game his ready money against those liabilities. This was at first demurred to with much apparent earnestness by the winners; but Mr. Merton, warmly seconded by Sandford, insisting upon the concession, as he deemed it, it was finally agreed that *ecarté* should be the game by which he might hope to regain the fortune and the peace of mind he had so rashly squandered: the last time, should he be successful—and was he not sure of success?—he assured Sandford, that he would ever handle cards or dice. He should have heard the mocking merriment with which the gang heard Sandford repeat this resolution to amend his ways—*when* he had recovered back his wealth!

The day so eagerly longed for by Merton and the confederates—by the spoilers and their prey—arrived; and I awaited with feverish anxiety the coming on of night. Only the chief conspirators—eight in number—were to be present; and no stranger except myself—a privilege I owed to the moonshine legacy I had just received—was to be admitted to this crowning triumph of successful fraud. One only hint I had ventured to give Mr. Merton, and that under a promise, “on his honor as a gentleman,” of inviolable secrecy. It was this: “Be sure, before commencing play to-morrow night, that the bonds and obligations you have signed, the jewels you have lost, with a sum in notes or gold to make up an equal amount to that which you mean to risk, is actually deposited on the table.” He promised to insist on this condition. It involved much more than he dreamed of.

My arrangements were at length thoroughly complete; and a few minutes past twelve o'clock the whispered password admitted me into the house. An angry altercation was going on. Mr. Merton was insisting, as I had advised, upon the exhibition of a sum equal to that which he had brought with him—for, confident of winning, he was determin-

ed to recover his losses to the last farthing; and although his bonds, bills, obligations, his sister's jewels, and a large amount in gold and genuine notes, were produced, there was still a heavy sum deficient. “Ah, by the by,” exclaimed Sandford as I entered, “Waters can lend you the sum for an hour or two—for a *consideration*,” he added, in a whisper. “It will soon be returned.”

“No, thank you,” I answered coldly. “I never part with my money till I have lost it.”

A malignant scowl passed over the scoundrel's features; but he made no reply. Ultimately it was decided that one of the fraternity should be dispatched in search of the required amount. He was gone about half an hour, and returned with a bundle of notes. They were, as I hoped and expected, forgeries on foreign banks. Mr. Merton looked at and counted them; and play commenced.

As it went on, so vividly did the scene recall the evening that had sealed my own ruin, that I grew dizzy with excitement, and drained tumbler after tumbler of water to allay the fevered throbbing of my veins. The gamblers were fortunately too much absorbed to heed my agitation. Merton lost continuously—without pause or intermission. The stakes were doubled—trebled—quadrupled! His brain was on fire; and he played, or rather lost, with the recklessness of a madman.

“Hark! what's that?” suddenly exclaimed Sandford, from whose Satanic features the mask he had so long worn before Merton had been gradually slipping. “Did you not hear a noise below?”

My ear had caught the sound; and I could better interpret it than he. It ceased.

“Touch the signal-bell, Adolphe,” added Sandford.

Not only the play, but the very breathing of the villains, was suspended as they listened for the reply.

It came. The answering tinkle sounded once—twice—thrice. “All right!” shouted Sandford. “Proceed! The farce is nearly played out.”

I had instructed the officers that two of them in plain clothes should present themselves at the front door, obtain admission by means of the password I had given them, and immediately seize and gag the doorkeeper. I had also acquainted them with the proper answer to the signal-ring—three distinct pulls at the bell-handle communicating with the first floor. Their comrades were then to be admitted, and they were all to

silently ascend the stairs, and wait on the landing till summoned by me to enter and seize the gamesters. The back entrance to the house was also securely but unobtrusively watched.

One only fear disturbed me: it was lest the scoundrels should take alarm in sufficient time to extinguish the lights, destroy the forged papers, and possibly escape by some private passage which might, unknown to me, exist.

Rousing myself, as soon as the play was resumed, from the trance of memory by which I had been in some sort absorbed, and first ascertaining that the handles of my pistols were within easy reach—for I knew I was playing a desperate game with desperate men—I rose, stepped carelessly to the door, partially opened it, and bent forward, as if listening for a repetition of the sound which had so alarmed the company. To my great delight the landing and stairs were filled with police-officers—silent and stern as death. I drew back, and walked toward the table at which Mr. Merton was seated. The last stake—an enormous one—was being played for. Merton lost. He sprang upon his feet, death-pale, despairing, overwhelmed, and a hoarse execration surged through his clenched teeth. Sandford and his associates coolly raked the plunder together, their features lighted up with fiendish glee.

"Villain!—traitor!—miscreant!" shrieked Mr. Merton, as if smitten with sudden frenzy, and darting at Sandford's throat: "you, devil that you are, have undone, destroyed me!"

"No doubt of it," calmly replied Sandford, shaking off his victim's grasp; "and I think it has been very artistically and effectually done too. Sniveling, my fine fellow, will scarcely help you much."

Mr. Merton glared upon the taunting villain in speechless agony and rage.

"Not quite so fast, *Cardon*, if you please,"

I exclaimed, at the same time taking up a bundle of forged notes. "It does not appear to me that Mr. Merton has played against equal stakes, for unquestionably this paper is not genuine."

"Dog!" roared Sandford, "do you hold your life so cheap?" and he rushed toward me, as if to seize the forged notes.

I was as quick as he, and the leveled tube of a pistol sharply arrested his eager onslaught. The entire gang gathered near us, flaming with excitement. Mr. Merton looked bewilderedly from one to another, apparently scarcely conscious of what was passing around him.

"Wrench the papers from him!" screamed Sandford, recovering his energy. "Seize him—stab, strangle him!"

"Look to yourself, scoundrel!" I shouted with equal vehemence. "Your hour is come! Officers, enter and do your duty!"

In an instant the room was filled with police; and surprised, panic-stricken, paralyzed by the suddenness of the catastrophe, the gang were all secured without the slightest resistance, though most of them were armed, and marched off in custody.

Three—Sandford, or Cardon; but he had half-a-dozen *aliases*, one of them—were transported for life: the rest were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment. My task was effectually accomplished. My superiors were pleased to express very warm commendation of the manner in which I had acquitted myself; and the first step in the promotion which ultimately led to my present position in another branch of the public service was soon afterward conferred upon me. Mr. Merton had his bonds, obligations, jewels, and money, restored to him; and, taught wisdom by terrible experience, never again entered a gaming-house. Neither he nor his lady-mother was ungrateful for the service I had been fortunate enough to render them.

DEATH OF THE DUKE OF ST. ALBANS.—The Duke of St. Albans died at his residence in London the first week in May. He was best known as having a title to marry the rich Mrs. Coutts, and a sinecure of some £1200 a year as Hereditary Grand Falconer. He was the descendant of King Charles II., and of his Protestant—that is, of Mrs. Eleanor Gwynne. It is argued that the national faith of England is pledged to pay and continue to pay this Stuart legacy of Grand Falconership. But, says the Week-

ly News, the "national faith was far more solemnly and universally pledged to maintain the Stuart dynasty itself; so *that* why might by a glorious Whig revolution be kicked to France, and the allowance to their dukes of royal bar-sinister descent be perpetuated, we are at a loss to understand. The present Hereditary Grand Falconer is nine years of age, and is perfectly competent to discharge all the duties of the office. 'A parlous child,' of twelve hundred yearly and sterling pounds' power."

From Blackwood's Magazine.

DIES BOREALES.—NO. IV.

CHRISTOPHER UNDER CANVASS.

SCENE—*The Pavilion.* TIME—*One P. M.*—

BULLER—SEWARD—TALBOYS—NORTH.

TALBOYS. Here he is—here he is! I traced him by Crutch-print to the Van—like an old Stag of Ten to his lair by the Slot.

SEWARD. Thank heaven! But was this right, my dear Sir?

BULLER. Your Majesty ought not thus to have secreted yourself from your subjects.

SEWARD. We feared you had absconded—abdicated—and retired into a Monastery.

BULLER. We have all been miserable about you since an early hour in the morning—invisible to mortal eye since yester bed-going gong—regal couch manifestly unslept in—tent after tent scrutinized as narrowly as if for a mouse—Swiss Giantess searched as if by custom-house officers—no Christopher in the encampment—what can I compare it to—but a Bee-hive that had lost its Queen. The very Drones were in a ferment—the workers demented—dismal the hum of grief and rage—of national lamentation and civil war.

NORTH. Billy could have told you of my retreat.

SEWARD. Billy was in a state of distraction—rushed to the Van—and, finding it empty, fainted.

NORTH. Billy saw me in the Van—and I told him to shut the spring smartly—and be mum.

BULLER. Villain!

NORTH. Obedience to orders is the sum-total of Duty. Most of the men seem tolerably sober—those whom despair had driven to drink have been sent to sleeping-quarters—the Camp has recovered from its alarm—and is fit for Inspection by the General Commanding the Forces.

SEWARD. But have you breakfasted, my dear sir?

NORTH. Leave me alone for that. What have you all been about?

TALBOYS. We three started at Five for Luib, in high glee.

VOL. XVIII. NO. III.

NORTH. What! in face of my prediction? Did I not tell you that in that dull, dingy, dirty, ochre sunset—in that wan moon and those tallow-candle stars—I saw the morning's Deluge.

BULLER. But did you not also quote Sir David Brewster? "In the atmosphere in which he lives and breathes, and the phenomena of which he daily sees, and feels, and describes, and measures, the philosopher stands in acknowledged ignorance of the laws which govern it. He has ascertained, indeed, its extent, its weight, and its composition; but though he has mastered the law of heat and moisture, and studied the electric agencies which influence its condition, he cannot predict, or even approximate to a prediction, whether on the morrow the sun shall shine, or the rain fall, or the wind blow, or the lightning descend."

NORTH. And all that is perfectly true. Nevertheless, we weather-wise and weather-foolish people—not Philosophers, but Empirics—sailors and shepherds—with all our eyes on the lower and the higher heavens—gather up prognostications of the character of the coming time—an hour or a day—take in our canvass and set our storm-jib—or run for some bay where the prudent ship shall ride at anchor, as safe and almost as motionless as if she were in a dry-dock; or off to the far hill-side to look after the silly sheep—yet not so silly either—for there they are, instinctive of a change, lying secured by that black belt of Scotch-Firs against the tempest brewing over Lockerby or Lochmaben—far from the loun Bilholm Braes!—You Three started at Five o'clock for Luib?

TALBOYS. I rejoice we did. A close carriage is in all weathers detestable—your vehicle should be open to all skye influences—with nothing about it that can be set up or let down—otherwise some one or other of the party—on some pretence or other—will be for shutting you all in. And then—Farewell,

Thou green Earth—Thou fair Day—and ye Skies! It had apparently been raining for some little time—

NORTH. For six hours, and more heavily, I do think, than I ever heard it rain before in this watery world. Having detected a few drops in the ceiling of my cubiculum, I had slipt away to the Van on the first blush of the business—and from that hour to this have been under the Waterfall—as snug as a Kelpie.

TALBOYS. In we got—well jammed together—a single gentleman, or even two, would have been blown out—and after some remonstrances with the old Greys, we were off to Luib. Long before we were nearly half-way up the brae behind the Camp, Seward complained that the water was running down his back—but ere we reached the top, that inconvenience and every other was merged. The carriage seemed to be in a sinking state, somewhere about Achlian; and rolling before the rain-storm—horses we saw none—it needed no great power of imagination to fear we were in the Loch. At this juncture we came all at once close upon—and into—an appalling crash, and squash, and splash—a plunging, rushing, groaning, and moaning, and roaring—which for half-a-minute baffled conjecture. The Bridge—you know it, sir—the old Bridge, that Seward was never tired of sketching—going—going—gone; down it went—men, horses, all, at the very parapet, and sent us with a *jaup* in among the Woods.

NORTH. Do you mean to say you were on the Bridge as it sunk?

TALBOYS. I know nothing about it. How should I? We were in the heart of the Noise—we were in the heart of the Water—we were in the heart of the Wood—we, the vehicle, the horses—the same horses, I believe, that were standing behind the Camp when we mounted—though I had not seen them distinctly since, till I recognized them madly galloping in their traces up and down the foaming banks.

NORTH. Were you all on this side of the river?

TALBOYS. Ultimately we were—else how could we have got here? You seem incredulous, sir. Mind me—I don't say we were on the Bridge—and went down with it. It is an open question—and in the absence of dispassionate witnesses must be settled by probabilities. Sorry that, though the Driver saved himself, the Vehicle in the mean time should be lost—with all the Rods.

NORTH. They will be recovered on a

change of weather. How and when got ye back?

TALBOYS. On horseback. Buller behind Seward—myself before a man who occasionally wore a look of the Driver. I hope it was he—if it was not—the *Driver* must have been drowned. We had now the wind—that is, the storm—that is, the hurricane in our faces—and the animals every other minute wheeled about and stood rooted for many minutes to the road, with their tails toward Cladich. My body had fortunately lost all sensation hours before we regained the Camp.

NORTH. Hours! How long did it take you to accomplish the two miles?

TALBOYS. I did not time it; but we entered the Great Gate of the Camp to the sound of the Breakfast Bagpipes.

SEWARD. As soon as we had changed ourselves—as you say in Scotland—

TALBOYS. Let's bother Mr. North no more about it. With exception of the Bridge 'tis not worth talking of—and we ought to be thankful it was not Night. Then what a delightful feeling of security now, sir, from all intrusion of vagrant visitors from the Dalmally side! By this time communication must be cut off with Edinburgh and Glasgow—*via* Inverary—so the Camp is virtually insulated. In ordinary weather, there is no calling the Camp our own. So far back as yesterday only, 8 English—4 German—3 French—2 Italian—1 Irish, all Male, many mustached—and from those and other countries, nearly an equal number of Female—some mustached too—"but that not much."

NORTH. Impossible indeed it is to enjoy one hour's consciousness of secure solitude, in this most unsedentary age of the world.—Look there. Who the deuce are you, sir? Do you belong to Cloud-land—and have you made an involuntary descent in the deluge? Or are you of the earth earthy? Off, sir,—off to the back premises. Enter the Pavilion at your peril, you Phenomenon. Turn him out, Talboys.

TALBOYS. Then I must turn out myself. I stepped forth for a moment to the Front—

NORTH. And have in that moment been transmogrified into the Man of the Moon. A false alarm. But methinks you might have been satisfied with the Bridge.

TALBOYS. It is clearing up, sir—it is clearing up—pails and buckets, barrels and hogs-heads, fountains and tanks, are no longer the order of the day. Jupiter Pluvius is descending on Juno with moderated impetuosity—is

restricting himself to watering pans and garden engines—there is reason to suspect, from the look of the atmosphere, that the supplies are running short—that in a few hours the glass will be up to Stormy—and hurrah, then, for a week of fine, sunshiny, shadowy, breezy, balmy, angling Weather! Why, it is almost fair now. I do trust that we shall have no more of those dry, dusty, sandy, gravelly days, so unlike Lochawe-side, and natural only in Modern Athens or the Great Desert. Hark! it is clearing up. That is always the way with thorough-bred rain—desperate spurt or rush at the end—a burst when blown—dead-beat—

SEWARD. Mr. North, matters are looking serious, sir.

NORTH. I believe there is no real danger.

SEWARD. The Pole is cracking—

TALBOYS. Creaking. All the difference in the world between these two words. The insertion of the letter E converts danger into safety—trepidation into confidence—a tent into a Rock.

BULLER. I have always forgot to ask if the Camp is insured?

NORTH. An insurance was effected, on favorable terms, on the Swiss Giantess before she came into my possession—the Trustees are answerable for the Van—the texture of the Tents is tough to resist the Winds—and the stuff itself was re-steeped during winter in pyroligneous acid of my own invention, which has been found as successful with canvass as with timber. Dee-side, the Pavilion and her fair Sisterhood are impervious alike to Wet and Dry Rot—Fire and Water.

TALBOYS. You can have no idea, sir, of the beautiful running of our drains. When were they dug?

NORTH. Yestreen—at dusk. Not a field in Scotland the worse of being drained—my lease from Monzie allows it—a good landlord deserves a good tenant; and though it is rather late in the year for such operations, I ventured on the experiment—partly for sake of the field itself, and partly for sake of self-preservation. Not pioneers, and miners, and sappers alone—the whole Force were employed under the Knave of Spades—open drains meanwhile—to be all covered in—with tiles—ere we shift quarters.

TALBOYS. A continuance of this weather for a day or two will bring them up in shoals from the Loch—Undoubtedly we shall have Eels. I delight in drain-angling. Silver Eels! Gold Fish! You shall be wheeled out, my dear sir, in Swing, and the hand of your own Talboys shall disengage the first

“Fish without Fins” from the Wizard’s Hook.

SEWARD. And he shall be sketched by his own Seward, in a moment of triumph, and lithographed by Schenck for the forthcoming Edition of Tom Stoddart.

BULLER. And his own Buller shall make the chips fly like Michael Angelo—and from the marble block evolve a Christopher Piscator not unworthy of Steele—or a Macdonald.

NORTH. Lay aside your tackle, Talboys, and let us talk.

TALBOYS. I am never so talkative as over my tackle.

BULLER. Lay it aside, then, Talboys, at Mr. North’s request.

TALBOYS. Would, my dear Sir, you had been with me on Thursday, to witness the exploits of this GRIESLY PALMER. Miles up Glensrae, you come—suddenly on the left—in a little glen of its own—on such a jewel of a Waterfall. Not ten feet fall—in the pleasure-grounds of a lowland mansion ’twould be called a Cascade. But soft as its voice is, there is something in it that speaks the Cataract. You discern the Gaelic gurgle—and feel that the Fountain is high up in some spot of greensward among heather hills. Snow-white it is not—almost as translucent as the pool into which it glides. You see through it the green ledge it slides over with a gentle touch—and seeking its own way, for a few moments, among some mossy cones, it slips, without being wearied, into its place of rest, which it disturbs not beyond a dimple that beautifies the quivering reflection of the sky. A few birch-trees—one much taller than the rest—are all the trees that are there—but that sweetest of all scents assures you of the hawthorn—and old as the hills—stunted in size—but full-leaved and budded as if in their prime—a few hawthorns close by among the clefts. But why prattle thus to you, my dear sir?—no doubt you know it well—for what beautiful secret in the Highlands is unknown to Christopher North?

NORTH. I do know it well; and your description—so much better than I could have drawn—has brought it from the dimmer regions of memory, “into the study of imagination.”

TALBOYS. After a few circling sweeps to show myself my command of my gear, and to give the Naiad warning to take care of her nose, I let drop this GRIESLY PALMER, who alighted as if he had wings. A Grilse! I cried—a Grilse! No, a Sea-trout—an Amber Witch—a White Lady—a Daughter

of Pearl—whom with gentle violence and quick dispatch I solicited to the yellow sands—and folding not my arms, as is usual in works of fiction, slightly round her waist—but both hands, with all their ten fingers, grasping her neck and shoulders to put the fair creature out of pain—in with her—in with her into my Creel—and again to business. It is on the First Victim of the Day, especially if, as in this case, a Bouncer, an angler fondly dwells in reminiscence—each successive captive—however engrossing the capture—loses its distinct individuality in the fast accumulating crowd; and when, at close of day, sitting down among the broom, to empty and to count, it is on the First Victim that the angler's eye reposes—in refilling, it is the first victim you lay aside to crown the treasure—in wending homeward it is on the First Victim's biography you muse; and at home—in the Pavilion—it is the First Victim you submit to the critical ken of Christopher—

BULLER. Especially if, as in this case, she be a Bouncer.

NORTH. You pride yourself on your recitation of poetry, Talboys. Charm us with the finest descriptive passage you can remember from the British Poets. Not too loud—not too loud—this is not Exeter Hall—nor are you about to address the Waterwitch from the top of Ben-Lomond.

TALBOYS.

"But thou, Clitumnus! in thy sweetest wave
Of the most living crystal that was e'er
The haunt of river nymph, to gaze and
lave
Her limbs where nothing hid them, thou dost
rear
Thy grassy banks, whereon the milk-white
steer
Grazes; the purest god of gentle waters!
And most serene of aspect, and most clear;
Surely that stream was unprofaned by slaugh-
ters—
A mirror and a bath for Beauty's youngest daugh-
ters!

"And on thy happy shore a Temple still,
Of small and delicate proportion, keeps,
Upon a mild declivity of hill,
Its memory of thee; beneath it sweeps
Thy current's calmness; oft from out it leaps
The finny darter with the glittering scales,
Who dwells and revels in thy glassy deeps;
While, chance, some scatter'd water-lily sails
Down where the shallower wave still tells its
bubbling tales.

"Pass not unblest the genius of the place!
If through the air a zephyr more serene

Win to the brow, 'tis his; and if ye trace
Along his margin a more eloquent green,
If on the heart the freshness of the scene
Sprinkle its coolness, and from the dry dust
Of weary life a moment lave it clean
With Nature's baptism—'tis to him ye must
Pay orisons for this suspension of disgust."

NORTH. Admirably said and sung. Your low tones, Talboys, are earnest and impressive; and you recite, like all true lovers of song, in the spirit of soliloquy, as if you were yourself the sole listener. How I hate Spouting. Your elocutionist makes his mouth a *jet d'eau*—and by his gestures calls on all the auditors to behold the performance. From the lips of the man who has music in his soul, the words of inspiration flow as from a natural fountain, for his soul has made them its own—and delights to feel in their beauty an adequate expression of its own emotions.

TALBOYS. I spoke them to myself—but I was still aware of *your* presence, my dear sir.

NORTH. The Stanzas are fine—but are they the finest in Descriptive Poetry?

TALBOYS. I do not say so, sir. Any request of yours I interpret liberally, and accede to at once. Finer stanzas there may be—many; but I took them because they first came to heart. "Beautiful exceedingly" they are—they may not be faultless.

NORTH. Sir Walter has said—"Perhaps there are no verses in our language of happier descriptive power than the two stanzas which characterize the Clitumnus."

TALBOYS. Then I am right.

NORTH. Perhaps you are. Scott loved Byron—and it is ennobling to hear one great Poet praising another: yet the stanzas which so delighted our Minstrel may not be so felicitous as they seemed to be to his moved imagination.

TALBOYS. Possibly not.

NORTH. In the first Stanza what do we find? An apostrophe—"Thou Clitumnus," not yet quite an Impersonation—a few lines on, an Impersonation of the Stream—

"—the purest God of gentlest waters!
And most serene of aspect, and most clear."

What is gained by this Impersonation? Nothing. For the qualities here attributed to the River-God are the very same that had already been attributed to the water—purity—serenity—clearness. "Sweetest wave of the most living crystal"—affects us just as much—here I think more than the two lines

about the God. And observe, that no sooner is the God introduced than he disappears. His coming and his going are alike unsatisfactory—for his coming gives us no new emotion, and his going is instantly followed by lines that have no relation to his Godship at all.

TALBOYS. Why—why—I really don't know.

NORTH. I have mildly—and inoffensively to all the world—that is, to all us Four—shown one imperfection; and I think—I feel there is another—in this Stanza. "The sweetest wave of the most living crystal" is visioned to us in the opening lines as the haunt "of river nymph, to gaze and lave her limbs where nothing hid them,"—and we are pleased; it is visioned to us in the concluding line, as "the mirror and the bath for Beauty's youngest daughters"—and we are not pleased; or if we are, but for a moment—for it is, as nearly as may be, the same vision over again—a mirror and a bath!

TALBOYS. But then, sir—

NORTH. Well?

TALBOYS. Go on, sir.

NORTH. I am not sure that I understand "Beauty's youngest daughters."

TALBOYS. Why, small maidens from ten to twelve years old, who in their innocent beauty may bathe without danger, and in their innocent self-admiration may gaze without fear.

NORTH. Then is the expression at once commonplace and obscure.

TALBOYS. Don't say so, sir.

NORTH. Think you Byron means the Graces?

TALBOYS. He does—he does—the Graces sure enough—the Graces.

NORTH. Whatever it means—it means no more than we had before. A descriptive Stanza should ever be progressive, and at the close complete. To my feeling, "slaughters" had better been kept far away from the imagination as from the eyes. I know Byron alludes here to the Sanguinetto of the preceding Stanza. But he ought not to have alluded to it—the contrast was complete without such reference—between the river we are delighting in and the blood-named torrent that has passed away. Why, then, force such an image back upon us—when of ourselves we should never have thought of it, and it is the last image we should desire to see?

TALBOYS. Allow me a few minutes to consider.—

NORTH. A day. Will you be so good,

Talboys, as tell me in ten words the meaning of—in the next Stanza—"keeps its memory of Thee?"

TALBOYS. I will immediately.

NORTH. To my mind—angler as I am—

TALBOYS. The Prince of Anglers.

NORTH. To my mind, two lines and a half about Fishes are here too much—"finny darter" seems conceited—and "dwells and revels" needlessly strong—and the *frequent rising* of "finny darters with the glittering scales" to me seems hardly consistent with the solemn serenity inspired by the Temple "of small and delicate proportion," "keeping its memory of Thee,"—whatever that may mean;—nor do I think that a poetical mind like Byron's, if fully possessed in ideal contemplation with the beauty of the whole, would have thought so much of such an occurrence, or dwelt upon it with so many words.

TALBOYS. I wish that finny darters with the glittering scales had oft leaped from out thy current's calmness. Thou Glenorchy, yesterday—but not a fin could I stir with finest tackle and Double-Nothings.

NORTH. That is no answer, either one way or another, to my gentle demur to the perfection of the stanzas. The "scattered water-lily" may be well enough—so let it pass—with this ob, that the flower of the water-lily is not easily separated from its stalk—and is not, in that state, eligible as an image of peace.

TALBOYS. It is of beauty.

NORTH. Be it so. But is "scattered" the right word? No. A water-lily to be *scattered* must be *torn*—for you scatter many, not one—a fleet—not a ship—a flock of sheep, not one lamb. A solitary water-lily—broken off and drifting by, has, as you said, its own beauty—and Byron doubtlessly intended that—but he has not said it—he has said the reverse—for a "scattered" water-lily is a disheveled water-lily—a water-lily no more—a dispersed or dispersing multitude of leaves—of what had been a moment before—a Flower.

TALBOYS. The image pleases everybody—take it as you find it, and be content.

NORTH. I take it as I find it, and am not content; I take it as I don't find it, and am. Then I gently demur to "still tells its bubbling tales." In Gray's line—

"And pore upon the brook that babbles by,"

the word "babbles" is the right one—a mitigated "brawling"—a continuous murmur

without meaning, till you give it one or many—like that of some ceaseless female human being, pleasantly accompanying your reveries that have no relation to what you hear. Her blameless babble has that effect—and were it to stop you would awake. But Byron's "shallower wave still tells its *bubbling tales*"—a tale is still about something—however small—and pray what is that something? Nothing. "Tales," then, is not the *very* word here—nor will "bubbling" make it so—at best it is a prettyism rather than Poetry. The poet is becoming a Poetaster.

TALBOYS. I shall never recite another finest descriptive passage from the whole range of our British Poets—during the course of my life—in this Pavilion.

NORTH. Let us look at the Temple.

TALBOYS. Be done, I beseech you, sir.

NORTH. Talboys, you have as logical—as legal a head as any man I know.

TALBOYS. What has a logical or legal head to do with Byron's description of the Clitumnus?

NORTH. As much as with any other "Process." And you know it. But you are in a most contradictory—I had almost said capacious mood, this forenoon—and will not imbibe genially—

TALBOYS. Imbibe genially—acids—after having imbibed in the body immeasurable rain.

NORTH. Let us look at the Temple. "A Temple still" might mean a still temple.

TALBOYS. But it doesn't.

NORTH. A Poet's meaning should never, through awkwardness, be ambiguous. But no more of that. "Keeps its memory of Thee" suggests to my mind that the Temple, dedicated of old to the River-God, retains, under the new religion of the land, evidence of the old Deification and Worship. The Temple survives to express to us of another day and faith, a deification and worship of Thee—Clitumnus—dictated by the same apprehension of thy characteristic Beauty in the hearts of those old worshipers that now possesses ours looking on Thee. Thou art unchanged—the sensitive and imaginative intelligence of Thee in man is unchanged—although times have changed—states, nations—and, to the eyes of man, the heavens themselves! If all this be meant—all this is not said—in the words you admire.

TALBOYS. I cannot say, as an honest man, that I distinctly understand you, my dear sir.

NORTH. You understand me better than you understand Byron.

TALBOYS. I understand neither of you.

NORTH. The poetical thought seems to be here—that the Temple rises up spontaneously on the bank—under the power of the Beautiful in the river—a permanent self-sprung reflexion of *that* Beautiful—as indeed, to imagination, all things appear to create themselves!

TALBOYS. You speak like yourself now, sir.

NORTH. But look here, my good Talboys. The statue of Achilles may "keep its memory"—granting the locution to be good, which it is not—of Achilles—for Achilles is no more. Sink—in a rapture of thought—the hand of the artist—think that the statues of Achilles *came of themselves*—as unsown flowers come—for poets to express to all ages the departed Achilles. They keep—as long as they remain unperished—"their memory of Achilles"—they were from the beginning voluntary and intentional conservators of the Memory of the Hero. But *Clitumnus is here*—alive to this hour, and with every prospect of outliving his own Temple. What do you say to that?

TALBOYS. To what?

NORTH. Finally—if that reminiscence of the Heathen deification, which I first proposed, was in Byron's mind—and he means by "still keeps its memory of Thee" memory of the River-God—and of the Worship of the River-God—then all he says about the mere natural river—its leaping fishes, and so forth, is wide of his own purpose—and what is worse—implies an absurdity—a reminiscence—not of the past—but of the present.

TALBOYS. If all that were submitted to me for the Pursuer, in Printed Papers—I should appoint answers to be given in by the Defender—within seven days—and within seven days after that—give judgment.

NORTH. Keep your temper, Mr. Testy. As I have no wish to sour you for the rest of the day, I shall say little about the Third Stanza. "Pass not unblest the Genius of the Place," would to me be a more impressive prayer, if there were more *spirituality* in the preceding stanzas—and in the lines which follow it; for the Genius of the Place has been acting, and continues to act, almost solely on the Senses. And who is the Genius of the Place? The River-God—he to whom the Gentile worship built that Temple. But Byron says, most unpoetically, "along his margin"—along the margin of the Genius of the Place! Then, how flat—how poor—after "the Genius of the Place"—"the *freshness of the Scene*"—for the freshness of the

Scene bless the genius of *the Place!* Is that language flowing from the emotion of a Poet's heart? And the last line spoils all; for he whom we are to bless—the River-God—or the Genius of the Place—has given the heart but a “moment's” cleanness from dry dust—but a moment's, and no more! And never did hard, coarse Misanthropy so mar a Poet's purpose as by the shocking prose that is left grating on our souls—“*suspension of disgust!*” So, after all this beauty—and all this enjoyment of beauty—well or ill painted by the Poet—you *must pay orisons* to the River-God or the Genius—whom you had been called on to *bless*—for a mere momentary suspension of disgust to all our fellow-creatures—a disgust that would return as strong—or stronger than ever—as soon as you got to Rome.

TALBOYS. I confess I don't like it.

NORTH. “MUST!” There are NEEDS of all sorts, shapes, and sizes. There is terrible necessity—there is bitter necessity—there is grinding necessity—there is fine—delicate—loving—playful necessity.

TALBOYS. Sir?

NORTH. There are MUSTS that fly upon the wings of devils—Musts that fly upon the wings of angels—Musts that walk upon the feet of men—Musts that flutter upon the wings of Fairies—But I am dreaming!—Say on.

TALBOYS. I think the day is clearing—let us launch Gutta Percha, Buller, and troll for a Ferox.

NORTH. Then fling that Tarpaulin over your feather-Jacket, on which you plume yourself, and don't forget your Gig-Parasol, Longfellow—for the rain-gauge is running over, so are the water-butts, and I hear the Loch surging its way up to the Camp. The Cladich Cataract is a stunner. Sit down, my dear Talboys. Recite away.

TALBOYS. No.

NORTH. Gentlemen, I call on Mister Buller.

BULLER.

“The roar of waters!—from the headlong height

Velino cleaves the way-worn precipice;
The fall of waters! rapid as the light
The flashing mass foams shaking the abyss;
The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss,
And boil in endless torture; while the sweat
Of their great agony, wrung out from this
Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet
That gird the gulf around, in pitiless horror set,

“And mounts in spray the skies, and thence again

Returns in an unceasing shower, which round,
With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain

Is an eternal April to the ground,
Making it all one emerald! how profound
The gulf! and how the giant element
From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,
Crushing the cliffs, which, downward worn and rent

With his fierce footsteps, yield in chasms a fearful vent

“To the broad column which rolls on, and shows
More like the fountain of an infant sea
Torn from the womb of mountains by the throes

Of a new world, than only thus to be
Parent of rivers, which flow gushingly
With many windings, through the vale;—
Look back;

Lo! where it comes like an eternity,
As if to sweep down all things in its track,
Charming the eye with dread,—a matchless cataract,

“Horribly beautiful! but on the verge,
From side to side, beneath the glittering morn,
An Iris sits, amidst the infernal surge,
Like Hope upon a death-bed, and unworn
Its steady dyes, while all around is torn
By the distracted waters, hears serene
Its brilliant hues with all their beams unshorn;
Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene,
Love watching Madness with unalterable mien.”

NORTH. In the first stanza there is a very peculiar and a very striking form—or construction—the Roar of Waters—the Fall of Waters—the Hell of Waters.

BULLER. You admire it.

NORTH. I do.

TALBOYS. Don't believe him, Buller. Let's be off—there is no rain worth mentioning—see—there's a Fly. Oh! 'tis but a Red Professor dangling from my bonnet—a Red Professor with tinsy and a tail. Come, Seward, here's the Chess-Board. Let us make out the Main.

NORTH. The four lines about the Roar and the Fall are good——

TALBOYS. Indeed, sir.

NORTH. Mind your game, sir. Seward, you may give him a Pawn. The next four—about Hell—are bad.

TALBOYS. Indeed, sir.

NORTH. Seward, you may likewise give him a Knight. As bad as can be. For there is an incredible confusion of tormented and tormentor. They howl, and hiss, and boil in endless torture—they are suffering the Pains of Hell—they are in Hell. “But the sweat of their great agony is wrung out from this their Phlegethon.” Where is this their Phlegethon? Why, this their Phlegethon is—themselves! Look down—there is no other river—but the Velino.

BULLER. Hear Virgil—

"Mœnia lata videt, triplici circumdata muro,
Quæ rapidus flammis ambit torrentibus amnis
Tartareus Phlegethon, torquetque sonantia
saxa."

No Phlegethon with torrents of fire surrounding and shaking Byron's Hell. I do not understand it—an unaccountable blunder.

NORTH. In next stanza, what is gained by

"How profound

The gulf! and how the giant element
From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound?"

Nothing. In the First Stanza, we had the "abyss," "the gulf," and the agony—all and more than we have here.

SEWARD. Check-mate.

TALBOYS. Confound the board!—no, not the board—but Hurwitz himself could not play in such an infernal clatter.

NORTH. Buller has not got to the word "infernal" yet, Phillidor—but he will by-and-by. "Crushing the Cliffs"—crushing is not the right word—it is the wrong one—for not such is the process—visible or invisible. "*Downward worn*" is silly. "Fierce footsteps," to my imagination, is tame and out of place—though it may not be to yours; and I thunder in the ears of the Chess-players that the first half of the next stanza—the third—is as bad writing as is to be found in Byron.

TALBOYS. Or in North.

NORTH. Seward—you may give him likewise a Bishop—

"Look back:

Lo! where it comes like an Eternity!"

I do not say that is not sublime. If it is an image of Eternity—sublime it must be—but the Poet has chosen his time badly for inspiring us with that thought—for we look back on what he had pictured to us as falling into hell—and then flowing diffused "only thus to be parents of rivers that flow gushingly with many windings through the vale"—images of Time.

"As if to sweep down all things in its track," is well enough for an ordinary cataract, but not for a cataract that comes "like an Eternity."

TALBOYS.

"Charming the eye with dread—a matchless cataract,
Horribly beautiful."

SEWARD. One game each.

TALBOYS. Let us go to the Swiss Giantess to play out the Main.

NORTH. In Stanza Fourth—"But on the verge," is very like nonsense—

TALBOYS. Not at all.

NORTH. The Swiss Giantess is expecting you—good-bye, my dear Talboys. Now, Buller, I wish you, seriously and calmly, to think on this image—

"An Iris sits, amidst the infernal surge,
Like Hope upon a death-bed."

Did Hope—could Hope ever sit by such a death-bed! The infernal surge—the hell of waters—the howling—the hissing—the boiling in endless torture—the sweat of the great agony wrung out—and more of the same sort—*these image the death-bed*. Hope has sat beside many a sad—many a miserable death-bed—but not by such as this: and yet, here, such a death-bed is hinted at as not uncommon—in a few words—"like Hope upon a death-bed." The smile came not of itself—it was sought for—and had far better have been away. There is much bad writing here, too—"unworn"—"unshorn"—"torn"—"dyes"—"hues"—"beams"—"*torture of the scene*"—epithet heaped on epithet, without any clear perception, or sincere emotion—the Iris changing from Hope upon a death-bed to Love watching Madness—both of which I pronounce, before that portion of mankind assembled in this Tent, to be on the *FALSETTO*—and wide from the thoughts that visit the suffering souls of the children of men remembering this life's greatest calamities.

SEWARD. Yet throughout, sir, there is Power.

NORTH. Power! My dear Seward, who denies it? But great Power—true poetical Power—is self-collected—not turbulent though dealing with turbulence—in its own stately passion dominating physical nature in its utmost distraction—and in her blind forces seeing a grandeur—a sublimity that only becomes visible or audible to the senses, through the action of imagination creating its own consistent ideal world out of that turmoil—making the fury of falling waters appeal to our Moral Being, from whose depths and heights rise emotions echoing all the tones of the thundering cataract. In these stanzas of Byron, the main Power is in the Cataract—not in the Poetry—loud to the ear—to the eye flashing and foaming—full of noise and fury, signifying not much to the

soul, as it stuns and confounds the senses—while its more spiritual significations are uncertain, or unintelligible, accepted with doubt, or rejected without hesitation, because felt to be false and deceitful, and but brilliant mockeries of the Truth.

TALBOYS. Spare Byron, who is a Poet—and castigate some popular Versifier.

NORTH. I will not spare Byron—and just because he is a Poet. For popular Versifiers, they may pipe at their pleasure, but aloof from our Tents—chirp anywhere but in this Encampment; and if there be a Gowd-spink or Yellow-hammer among them, let us incline our ear kindly to his chattering or his yammering, “low down in the broom,” or high up on his apple-tree, in outfield or orchard, and pray that never naughty school-boy may harry his nest.

SEWARD. Would Sir Walter’s poetry stand such critical examination?

NORTH. All—or nearly so—directly dealing with War—Fighting in all its branches. Indeed, with any kind of Action he seldom fails—in Reflection, often—and, strange to say, almost as often in description of Nature, though there in his happier hours he excels.

SEWARD. I was always expecting, during that discussion about the Clitumnus, that you would have brought in Virgil.

NORTH. Ay, Maro—in description—is superior to them all—in the *Æneid* as well as in the *Georgics*. But we have no time to speak of his Pictures now—only just let me ask you—Do you remember what Payne Knight says of *Æneas*?

SEWARD. No, for I never read it.

NORTH. Payne Knight, in his *Analytical Inquiry into the Principles of Taste*—a work of high authority in his own day, and containing many truths vigorously expounded, though characterized throughout by arrogance and presumption—speaks of that “selfish coldness with which the *Æneas* of Virgil treats the unfortunate princess, *whose affections he had seduced*,” and adds, that “Every modern reader of the *Æneid* finds that the Episode of Dido, though in itself the most exquisite piece of composition existing, weakens extremely the subsequent interest of the Poem, it being impossible to sympathize either cordially or kindly with the fortunes or exertions of a hero who sneaks away from his high-minded and much-injured benefactress in a manner so base and unmanly. When, too, we find him soon after imitating all the atrocities, and surpassing the utmost arrogance, of the furious and

vindictive Achilles, without displaying any of his generosity, pride, or energy, he becomes at once mean and odious, and only excites scorn and indignation; especially when, at the conclusion, he presents to Lavinia a hand stained with the blood of her favored lover, whom he had stabbed while begging for quarter, and after being rendered incapable of resistance.” Is not this, Seward, much too strong?

SEWARD. I think, sir, it is not only much too strong, but outrageous; and that we are bound, in justice to Virgil, to have clearly before our mind his own idea of his Hero.

TALBOYS. To try that *Æneas* by the rules of poetry and of morality; and if we find his character such as neither our imagination nor our moral sense will suffer us to regard with favor—to admire either in Hero or Man—then to throw the *Æneid* aside.

BULLER. And take up his *Georgics*.

TALBOYS. To love Virgil we need not forget Homer—but to sympathize with *Æneas*, our imaginations must not be filled with Achilles.

SEWARD. Troy is dust—the Son of Thetis dead. Let us go with the Fugitives and their Leader.

TALBOYS. Let us believe from the first that they seek a Destined Seat—under One Man, who knows his mission, and is worthy to fulfill it. Has Virgil so sustained the character of that Man—of that Hero? Or has he, from ineptitude, and unequal to so great a subject—let him sink below our nobler sympathies—nay, unconscious of failure of his purpose, as Payne Knight says, accommodated him to our contempt?

SEWARD. For seven years he has been that Man—that Hero. One Night’s Tale has shown him—as he is—for I presume that Virgil—and not Payne Knight—was his Maker. If that Speech was all a lie—and the son of Anchises, not a gallant and pious Prince, but a hypocrite and a coward—shut the Book or burn it.

TALBOYS. Much gossip—of which any honest old woman, had she uttered the half of it, would have been ashamed before she had finished her tea—has been scribbled by divers male pens—stupid or spritely—on that magnificent Recital. *Æneas*, it has been said, by his own account, skulked during the Town Sack—and funked during the Sea Storm. And how, it has been asked, came he to lose Creusa? Pious indeed! A truly pious man, say they, does not speak of his piety—he takes care of his household gods without talking about Lares and Penates. Many critics—some not without name—have

been such—unrepentant—old women. Come we to Dido.

NORTH. Be cautious—for I fear I have been in fault myself toward Æneas for his part in that transaction.

TALBOYS. I take the account of it from Virgil. Indeed I do not know of any scandalous chronicle of Carthage or Tyre. A Trojan Prince and a Tyrian Queen—say at once a Man and a Woman—on sudden temptation and unforeseen opportunity—SIN—and they continue to sin. As pious men as Æneas—and as kingly and heroic too, have so sinned far worse than that—yet have not been excommunicated from the fellowship of saints, kings, or heroes.

SEWARD. To say that Æneas “seduces Dido,” in the sense that Payne Knight uses the word, is a calumnious vulgarism.

TALBOYS. And shows a sulky resolution to shut his eyes—and keep them shut.

SEWARD. Had he said that in the Schools at Oxford, he would have been plucked at his Little-go. But I forget—there was no plucking in those days—and indeed I rather think he was not an University Man.

NORTH. Nevertheless he was a Scholar.

SEWARD. Not nevertheless, sir—notwithstanding, sir.

NORTH. I sit corrected.

SEWARD. Neither did Infelix Elissa seduce him—desperately in love as she was—’twas not the storm of her own will that drove her into that fatal cave.

TALBOYS. Against Venus and Juno combined, alas! for poor Dido at last!

SEWARD. Æneas was in her eyes what Othello was in Desdemona’s. No Desdemona she—no “gentle lady”—nor was Virgil a Shakspeare. Yet those remonstrances—and that raving—and that suicide!

TALBOYS. Ay, Dan Virgil feared not to put the condemnation of his Hero into those lips of fire—to let her winged curses pursue the Pious Perfidious as he puts to sea. But what is truth—passion—nature from the reproachful and raving—the tender and the truculent—the repentant and the revengeful—the true and the false Dido—for she had forgot and she remembers Sychæus—when cut up into bits of bad law, and framed into an Indictment through which the Junior Jehu at the Scottish Bar might drive a Coach and Six!

SEWARD. But he forsook her! He did—and in obedience to the will of heaven. Throughout the whole of his Tale of Troy, at that fatal banquet, he tells her whither, and to what fated region, the fleet is bound

—he is not sailing under sealed orders—Dido hears the Hero’s destiny from the lips of Mœstissimus Hector, from the lips of Creusa’s Shade. But Dido is deaf to all those solemn enunciations—none so deaf as those who will not hear; the Likeness of Ascanius lying by her on her Royal Couch fired her vital blood—and she already is so insane as to dream of lying ere long on that God-like breast. He had forgot—and he remembers his duty—yes—his duty; according to the Creed of his country—of the whole heathen world—in deserting Dido, he obeyed the Gods.

TALBOYS. He sneaked away! says Knight. Go he must—would it have been more heroic to set fire to the Town, and embark in the General Illumination?

SEWARD. Would Payne Knight have seriously advised Virgil to marry Æneas, in good earnest, to Dido, and make him King of Carthage?

BULLER. Would they have been a happy couple?

SEWARD. Does not our sympathy go with Æneas to the Shades? Is he unworthy to look on the Campos Lugentes? On the Elysian fields? To be shown by Anchises the Shades of the predestined Heroes of unexisting Rome?

TALBOYS. Do we—because of Dido—despise him when first he kens, on a calm bright morning, that great Grove on the Latian shore near the mouth of the Tiber?

“Æneas, primique duces, et pulcher Iulus,
Corpora sub ramis deponunt arboris altæ,
Instituuntque dapes.”

SEWARD. But he was a robber—a pirate—an invader—an usurper—so say the Payne Knights. Virgil sanctifies the Landing with the spirit of peace—and a hundred olive-crowned Envoys are sent to Laurentum with such peace-offerings as had never been laid at the feet of an Ausonian King.

TALBOYS. Nothing can exceed in simple grandeur the advent of Æneas—the reception of the Envoys by old Latinus. The right of the Prince to the region he has reached is established by grant human and divine. Surely a father, who is a king, may dispose of his daughter in marriage—and here he must; he knew, from omen and oracle, the Hour and the Man. Lavinia belonged to Æneas—not to Turnus—though we must not severely blame the fiery Rutulian because he would not give her up. Amata, in and out of her wits, was on his

side; but their betrothment—if betrothed they were—was unhallowed—and might not blind in face of Fate.

BULLER. Turnus was in the wrong from beginning to end. Virgil, however, has made him a hero—and idiots have said that he eclipses Æneas—the same idiots, who, at the same time, have told us that Virgil could not paint a hero at all.

TALBOYS. That his genius has no martial fervor. Had the blockheads read the Rising—the Gathering—in the Seventh Æneid?

NORTH. Sir Walter himself had much of it by heart—and I have seen the “repeated air” kindle the aspect, and uplift the Lion-Port of the greatest War-Poet that ever blew the trumpet.

SEWARD. Æneas at the Court of Evander—that fine old Grecian! There he is a Hero to be loved—and Pallas loved him—and he loved Pallas—and all men with hearts love Virgil for their sakes.

TALBOYS. And is he not a Hero, when relanding from sea at the mouth of his own Tiber, with his Etrurian Allies—some thousands strong? And does he not then act the Hero? Virgil was no War-Poet! Second only to Homer, I hold—

SEWARD. An imitator of Homer! With fights of the Homeric age—how could he help it? But he is, in much, original on the battle-field—and is there in all the Iliad a Lausus, or a Pallas?—

BULLER. Or a Camilla?

SEWARD. Fighting is at the best a sad business—but Payne Knight is offensive on the cruelty—the ferocity of Æneas. I wish Virgil had not made him seize and sacrifice the Eight Young Men to appease the Manes of Pallas. Such sacrifice Virgil believed to be agreeable to the manners of the time—and, if usual to the most worthy, here assuredly due. In the final great battle,

“Away to heaven, respective Lenity,
And fire-eyed Fury be my conduct now.”

BULLER. Knight is a ninny on the Single Combat. In all the previous circumstances regarding it, Turnus behaved ill—now that he must fight, he fights well: ’tis as fair a fight as ever was fought in the field of old Epic Poetry; tutelary interposition alternates in favor of either Prince; the bare notion of either outliving defeat never entered any mind but Payne Knight’s, nor did any other fingers ever fumble such a charge against the hero of an Epic as “Stabbing while begging for quarter”—but a moment-

ary weakness in Turnus, which was not without its effect on Æneas, till at sight of *that Belt*, he sheathed the steel.

TALBOYS. Payne works himself up, in the conclusion of the passage, into an absolute maniac.

NORTH. Good manners, Talboys—no insult—remember Mr. Knight has been long dead.

TALBOYS. So has Æneas—so has Virgil.

NORTH. True. Young gentlemen, I have listened with much pleasure to your animated and judicious dialogue. Shall I now give Judgment?

BULLER. Lengthy?

NORTH. Not more than an hour?

BULLER. Then, if you please, my Lord, to-morrow.

NORTH. You must all three be somewhat fatigued by the exercise of so much critical acumen. So do you, Talboys and Seward, unbend the bow at another game of Chess; and you, Buller, reanimate the jaded Moral Sentiments by a sharp letter to Marmaduke, insinuating that if he don’t return to the Tents within a week, or at least write to say that he and Hal, Volusene and Woodburn, are not going to return at all, but to join the Rajah of Sarawak, the Grand Lama, or Prester John—which I fear is but too probable from the general tone and tenor of their life and conversation for some days before their Secession from the Established Camp—there will be a general breaking of Mothers’ hearts, and in his own particular case, a cutting off with a shilling, or disinheriting of the heir apparent of one of the finest Estates in Cornwall. But I forget—these Entails will be the ruin of England. What! Billy, is that you?

BILLY. Measter, here’s a Fish and a Ferocious.

TALBOYS. Ha! what Whappers!

BULLER. More like Fish before the Flood than after it.

SEWARD. After it indeed! During it. What is Billy saying, Mr. North? That Coomerlan’ dialect’s Hottentot to my Devonshire ears.

NORTH. They have been spoiled by the Doric delicacies of the “Exmoor Courtship.” He tells me that Archy M’Callum, the Cornwall Clipper, and himself, each in a cow-hide, having ventured down to the River Mouth to look after and bale Gutta Percha, foregathered with an involuntary invasion of divers gigantic Fishes, who had made bad their landing on our shores, and that after a desperate resistance they

succeeded in securing the Two Leaders—a Salmo Salar and a Salmo Ferox—see on snout and shoulder tokens of the Oar. Thirty—and Twenty Pounders—Billy says; I should have thought they were respectively a third more. No mean Windfall. They will tell on the Spread. I retire to my Sanctum for my Siesta.

TALBOYS. Let me invest you, my dear Sir, with my Feathers.

BULLER. Do—do take my Tarpaulin.

SEWARD. Billy, your Cow-hide.

NORTH. I need none of your gimcracks—for I seek the Sanctum by a subterranean—beg your pardon—a Subter-Awning Passage.

SCENE II. SCENE—*Deeside*. TIME—*Seven P. C.* NORTH—BULLER—SEWARD—TALBOYS.

NORTH. How little time or disposition for anything like serious Thinking, or Reading, out of people's own profession or trade, in this Railway world! The busy-bodies of these rattling times, even in their leisure hours, do not affect an interest in studies their fathers and their grandfathers, in the same rank of life, pursued, even systematically, on many an Evening sacred from the distraction that ceased with the day.

TALBOYS. Not all busy-bodies, my good sir—think of—

NORTH. I have thought of them—and I know their worth—their liberality and their enlightenment. In all our cities and towns—and villages—and in all orders of the people—there is Mind,—Intelligence, and Knowledge; and the more's the shame in that too general appetite for mere amusement in literature, perpetually craving for a change of diet—for something new in the light way—while anything of any substance is “with sputtering noise rejected” as tough to the teeth, and hard of digestion—however sweet and nutritious; would they but taste and try.

SEWARD. I hope you don't mean to allude to Charles Dickens?

NORTH. Assuredly not. Charles Dickens is a man of original and genial genius—his popularity is a proof of the goodness of the heart of the people; and the love of him and his writings—though not so thoughtful as it might be—does honor to that strength in the English character which is indestructible by any influences, and survives in the midst of frivolity and folly, and of mental deprivations, worse than both.

SEWARD. Don't look so savage, sir.

NORTH. I am not savage—I am serene. Set the Literature of the day aside altogether—and tell me if you think our conversation since dinner would not have been thought *dull* by many not altogether uneducated persons, who pride themselves not a little on their intellectuality and on their full participation in the Spirit of the Age?

TALBOYS. Our conversation since dinner DULL!! No—no—no. Many poor creatures, indeed, there are among them—even among those of them who work the Press—pigmies with pap feeding a Giant who sneezes them away when sick of them into small offices in the Customs or Excise;—but not one of our privileged brethren of the Guild—with a true ticket to show—but would have been delighted with such dialogue—but would be delighted with its continuation—and thankful to know that he, “a wiser and a better man, will rise to-morrow morn.”

SEWARD. Do, my dear sir—resume your discoursing about those Greeks.

NORTH. I was about to say, Seward, that those shrewd and just observers, and at the same time delicate thinkers, the ancient Greeks did, as you well know, snatch from amongst the ordinary processes which nature pursues, in respect of inferior animal life, a singularly beautiful Type or Emblem, expressively imaging to Fancy that bursting disclosure of Life from the bosom of Death, which is implied in the extrication of the soul from its corporeal prison, when this astonishing change is highly, ardently, and joyfully contemplated. Those old festal religionists—who carried into the solemnities of their worship the buoyant gladness of their own sprightly and fervid secular life, and contrived to invest even the artful splendor and passionate human interest of their dramatic representations with the name and character of a sacred ceremony—found for that soaring and refulgent escape of a spirit from the dungeon and chains of the flesh, into its native celestial day, a fine and touching similitude in the liberation of a beautiful Insect, the gorgeously-winged aerial Butterfly, from the living tomb in which nature has, during a season, cased and urned its torpid and death-like repose.

SEWARD. Nor, my dear sir, was this life-conscious penetration or intuition of a keen and kindling intelligence into the dreadful, the desolate, the cloud-covered Future, the casual thought of adventuring Genius, transmitted in some happier verse only, or in some gracious and visible poesy of a fine

chisel; but the Symbol and the Thing symbolized were so bound together in the understanding of the nation, that in the Greek language the name borne by the Insect and the name designating the Soul is one and the same—ΥΤΧΗ.

NORTH. Insects! They have come out, by their original egg-birth, into an active life. They have crept and eaten—and slept and eaten—creeping and sleeping, and eating—still waxing in size, and traveling on from fitted pasture to pasture, they have in not many suns reached the utmost of the minute dimensions allotted them—the goal of their slow-footed wanderings, and the term, shall we say—*of their life*.

SEWARD. No! But of that *first period*, through which they have made some display of themselves as living agents. They have reached *this* term. And look at them—now.

NORTH. Ay—look at them—now. Wonder on wonder! For now a miraculous instinct guides and compels the creature—who has, as it were, completed one life—who has accomplished one stage of his existence—to entomb himself. And he accordingly builds or spins himself a tomb—or he buries himself in his grave. Shall I say, that she herself, his guardian, his directress, Great Nature, *coffins* him? Enclosed in a firm shell—hidden from all eyes—torpid, in a death-like sleep—not *dead*—he waits the appointed hour, which the days and nights bring, and which having come—his renovation, his resurrection is come. And now the sepulture no longer holds him! Now the prisoner of the tomb has right again to converse with embalmed air and with glittering sunbeams—now, the reptile that *was*—unrecognizably transformed from himself—a glad, bright, mounting creature, unfurls on either side the translucent or the richly-hued pinions that shall waft him at his liking from blossom to blossom, or lift him in a rapture of aimless joyancy to disport and rock himself on the soft-flowing undulating breeze.

SEWARD. My dearest sir, the Greek in his darkness, or uncertain twilight of belief, has culled and perpetuated his beautiful emblem. Will the Christian look unmoved upon the singular imaging, which, amidst the manifold strangely-charactered secrets of nature, he finds of his own sealed and sure faith?

NORTH. No, Seward. The philosophical Theologian claims in this likeness more than an apt simile, pleasing to the stirred fancy. He sees here an ANALOGY—and this Analogy he proposes as one link in a chain of argu-

mentation by which he would show that Reason might dare to win from Nature, as a Hope, the truth which it holds from God as revealed knowledge.

SEWARD. I presume, sir, you allude to Butler's Analogy. I have studied it.

NORTH. I do—to the First Chapter of that Great Work. This parallelism, or apprehended resemblance between an event continually occurring and seen in nature, and one unseen but continually conceived as occurring upon the uttermost brink and edge of nature—this correspondency, which took such fast hold of the Imagination of the Greeks, has, as you know, my dear friends, in these latter days been acknowledged by calm and profound Reason, looking around on every side for evidences or intimations of the Immortality of the Soul.

BULLER. Will you be so good, sir, as let me have the volume to study of an evening in my own Tent?

NORTH. Certainly. And for many other evenings—in your own Library at home.

TALBOYS. Please, sir, to state Butler's argument in your own words and way.

NORTH. For Butler's style is hard and dry. A living being undergoes a vicissitude by which on a sudden he passes from a state in which he has long continued into a new state, and with it into a new scene of existence. The transition is from a narrow confinement into an ample liberty—and this change of circumstances is accompanied in the subject with a large and congruous increment of powers. They believe this who believe the Immortality of the Soul. But the fact is, that changes bearing this description do indeed happen in Nature, under our very eyes, at every moment; this method of progress being universal in her living kingdoms. Such a marvelous change is literally undergone by innumerable kinds, the human animal included, in the instant in which they pass out from the darkness and imprisonment of the womb into the light and open liberty of this breathing world. Birth has been the image of a death, which is itself nothing else than a birth from one straightened life into another ampler and freer. The ordering of Nature, then, is an ordering of Progression, whereby new and enlarged states are attained, and, simultaneously therewith, new and enlarged powers; and all this is not slowly, gradually, and insensibly, but suddenly and *per saltum*.

TALBOYS. This analogy, then, sir, or whatever there is that is in common to *birth* as we know it, and to *death* as we conceive it, is to

be understood as an evidence set in the ordering of Nature, and justifying or tending to justify such our conception of Death?

NORTH. Exactly so. And you say well, my good Talboys, "justifying or tending to justify." For we are all along fully sensible that a vast difference—a difference prodigious and utterly confounding to the imagination—holds betwixt the case *from* which we reason, *birth*—or that further expansion of life in some breathing kinds which might be held as a *second birth*—betwixt these cases, I say, and the case *to* which we reason, *DEATH*!

TALBOYS. Prodigious and utterly confounding to the imagination indeed! For in these physiological instances, either the same body, or a body changing by such slow and insensible degrees that it seems to us to be the same body, accompanies, encloses, and contains the same life—from the first moment in which that life comes under our observation to that in which it vanishes from our cognizance; whereas, sir, in the case to which we apply the Analogy—our own Death—the life is supposed to survive in complete separation from the body, in and by its union with which we have known it and seen it manifested.

NORTH. Excellently well put, my friend. I see you have studied Butler.

TALBOYS. I have—but not for some years. The Analogy is not a Book to be forgotten.

NORTH. This difference between the case from which we reason, and the case to which we reason, there is no attempt whatever at concealing,—quite the contrary—it stands written, you know, my friend, upon the very Front of the Argument. This difference itself is the very motive and occasion of the Whole Argument! Were there not *this difference* between the cases which furnish the Analogy, and the case to which the Analogy is applied—had we certainly known and seen a Life continued, although suddenly passing out from the body where it had hitherto resided—or were *Death* not the formidable disruption which it is of a hitherto subsisting union—the cases would be identical, and there would be nothing to reason about or to inquire. There is this startling difference—and accordingly the Analogy described has been proposed by Butler merely as a first step in the Argument.

TALBOYS. It remains to be seen, then, whether any further consideration can be proposed which will bring the cases nearer together, and diminish to our minds the difficulty presented by the sudden separation.

NORTH. Just so. What ground, then, my dear young friends—for you seem and are young to me—what ground, my friends, is there for believing that the Death which we *see*, can affect the living agent which we do not see? Butler makes his approaches cautiously, and his attack manfully—and this is the course of his Argument. I begin with examining my present condition of existence, and find myself to be a being endowed with certain Powers and Capacities—for I act, I enjoy, I suffer.

TALBOYS. Of this much there can be no doubt; for of all this an unerring consciousness assures me. Therefore, at the outset, I hold this one secure position—that I exist, the possessor of certain powers and capacities.

NORTH. But that I do now before death exist, endued with certain powers and capacities, affords a presumptive or *prima facie* probability that I shall after death continue to exist, possessing these powers and capacities—

BULLER. How is that, sir?

NORTH. You do well to put that question, my dear Buller—a *prima facie* probability, unless there be some positive reason to think that death is the "destruction of Me, the living Being, and of these my living Faculties."

BULLER. A presumptive or *prima facie* probability, sir? Why does Butler say so?

NORTH. "Because there is in every case a probability that *all* things will continue as we experience they are, in *all* respects, except those in which we have some reason to think they will be altered."

BULLER. You will pardon me, sir, I am sure, for having asked the question.

NORTH. It was not only a proper question, but a necessary one. Butler wisely says, "This is that kind of Presumption or Probability from Analogy, expressed in the very word CONTINUANCE, which seems our only natural reason for believing the course of the world will continue to-morrow, as it has done so far as our experience or knowledge of history can carry us back." I give you, here, the Bishop's very words—and I believe that in them is affirmed a truth that no skepticism can shake.

TALBOYS. If I mistake not, sir, the Bishop here frankly admits, that, were we not fortified against a natural impression, with some better instruction than unreflecting Nature's, the spontaneous disposition of our Mind would undoubtedly be an expectation that in this great catastrophe of our

mortal estate, We Ourselves must perish ; but he contends—does he not, sir ?—that it would be a blind fear, and without rational ground.

NORTH. Yes—that it is an impression of the illusory faculty, Imagination, and not an inference of Reason. There would arise, he says, “a general, confused suspicion, that, in the great shock and alteration which we shall undergo by death, We, *i. e.*, our living Powers, might be wholly destroyed ;”—but he adds solemnly, “there is no particular distinct ground or reason for this apprehension, so far as I can find.”

TALBOYS. Such “general confused suspicion,” then, is not justified ?

NORTH. Butler holds that any justifying ground of the apprehension that, in the shock of death, I, the living Being, or, which is the same thing, These my powers of acting, enjoying, and suffering, shall be extinguished and cease, must be found either in “the reason of the Thing” itself, or in “the Analogy of Nature.” To say that a legitimate ground of attributing to the sensible mortal change a power of extinguishing the inward life is to be found in the Reason of the Thing, is as much as to say, that when considering the essential nature of this great and tremendous, or at least dreaded change, Death, and upon also considering *what* these powers of acting, of enjoying, of suffering, truly *are*, and *in what manner*, absolutely, they subsist in us—there does appear to lie therein demonstration, or evidence, or likelihood, that the change, Death, will swallow up such living powers—and that *We* shall no longer *be*.

TALBOYS. In short, sir, that from considering *what* Death is, and *upon what* these Powers and their exercise depend, there is *reason* to think that the Powers or their exercise will or *must* cease with Death.

NORTH. The very point. And the Bishop’s answer is bold, short, and decisive. We cannot, *from* considering what Death is, draw this or any other conclusion, *for we do not know what Death is!* We know only certain effects of Death—the stopping of certain sensible actions—the dissolution of certain sensible parts. We can draw no conclusion, for we do not possess the premises.

SEWARD. From your exposition, sir, I feel that the meaning of the First Chapter of the Analogy is dawning into clearer and clearer light.

NORTH. Inconsiderately, my dear sir, we seem indeed to ourselves to know what Death is ; but this is from confounding

the Thing and its Effects. For we see effects : at first the stoppage of certain sensible actions—afterward the dissolution of certain sensible parts. But *what* is it that has happened—*wherefore* the blood no longer flows—the limbs no longer move—that we do not see. We do not see it with our eyes—we do not discern it by any inference of our understanding. It is a *fact* that seems to lie shrouded forever from our faculties, in awful and impenetrable mystery. That fact—the produce of an instant—which has happened *within, and in the dark*—that fact come to pass in an indivisible point of time—that stern fact—ere the happening of which the Man was alive—an inhabitant of this breathing world—united to ourselves—our Father, Brother, Friend—at least our Fellow Creature—by the happening *he* is gone—is for ever irrecoverably sundered from this world, and from us its inhabitants—*IS DEAD*—and that which lies outstretched before our saddened eyes is only his mortal remains—a breathless corpse—an inanimate, insensible clod of clay :—Upon that interior *sudden* fact—*sudden*, at last, how slowly and gradually soever prepared—since the utmost attenuation of a thread is a thing totally distinct from its ending, from its becoming no thread at all, and since, up to that moment, there was a possibility that some extraordinary, perhaps physical application might for an hour or a few minutes have rallied life, or might have reawakened consciousness, and eye, and voice—upon that elusive *Essence and Self* of Death no curious searching of ours has laid, or, it may be well assumed, will ever lay hold. When the organs of sense no longer minister to Perception, or the organs of motion to any change of posture—when the blood, stopped in its flow, thickens and grows cold—and the fair and stately form, the glory of the Almighty’s Hand, the burning shrine of a Spirit that lately rejoiced in feeling, in thought, and in power, lies like a garment done with and thrown away—“a kneaded clod”—ready to lose feature and substance—and to yield back its atoms to the dominion of the blind elements from which they were gathered and compacted—*What is Death?* And what grounds have we for inferring that an event manifested to us as a phenomenon of the Body, which alone we touch, and hear, and see, has or has not reached into the Mind, which is for us Now just as it always was, a Thing utterly removed and exempt from the cognizance and apprehension of our bodily senses? The

Mind, or Spirit, the unknown Substance, in which Feeling, and Thought, and Will, and the Spring of Life were—was united to this corporeal frame; and, being united to it, animated it, poured through it sensibility and motion, glowing and creative life—crimsoned the lips and cheeks—flashed in the eye—and murmured music from the tongue; now, the two—Body and Soul—are *dis-united*—and we behold one-half the consequence—the Thing of dust relapses to the dust;—we dare to divine the other half of the consequence—the quickening Spark, the sentient Intelligence, the Being gifted with Life, the Image of the Maker, in Man, has reascended, has returned thither whence it came, into the Hand of God.

SEWARD. If, sir, we were without light from the revealed Word of God, if we were left, by the help of reason, standing upon the brink of Time, dimly guessing, and inquiringly exploring, to find for ourselves the grounds of Hope and Fear, would your description, my dear Master, of that which has happened, seem to our Natural Faculties impossible? Surely not.

NORTH. My dear Seward, we have the means of rendering some answer to that question. The nations of the world have been, more or less, in the condition supposed. Self-left, they have borne the burden of the dread secret, which for them only the grave could resolve; but they never were able to sit at rest in the darkness. Importunate and insuppressible desire, in their bosoms, knocked at the gate of the invisible world, and seemed to hear an answer from beyond. The belief in a long life of ages to follow this fleet dream—imaginary revelations of regions bright or dark—the mansions of bliss or of sorrow—an existence to come, and often of retribution to come—has been the religion of Mankind—here in the rudest elementary shape—here in elaborated systems.

SEWARD. Ay, sir; methinks the Hell of Virgil—and his Elysian Fields are examples of a high, solemn, and beautiful poetry. But they have a much deeper interest for a man studious, in earnest, of his fellow-men. Since they really express the notions under which men have with serious belief shadowed out for themselves the worlds to which the grave is a portal. The true moral spirit that breathes in his enumeration of the Crimes that are punished, of the Virtues that have earned and found their reward, and some scattered awful warnings—are impressive even to us Christians.

NORTH. Yes, Seward, they are. Harken

to the attestation of the civilized and the barbarous. Universally there is a cry from the human heart, beseeching, as it were, of the Unknown Power which reigns in the Order and in the Mutations of Things, the prolongation of this vanishing breath—the renovation, in undiscovered spheres, of this too brief existence—an appeal from the tyranny of the tomb—a prayer against annihilation. Only at the top of Civilization, sometimes a cold and barren philosophy, degenerate from nature, and bastard to reason, has limited its sullen view to the horizon of this Earth—has shut out and refused all ulterior, happy, or dreary anticipation.

SEWARD. You may now, assured of our profound attention—return to Butler—if indeed you have left him—

NORTH. I have and I have not. A few minutes ago I was expounding—in my own words—and for the reason assigned, will continue to do so—his argument. If, not knowing what death is, we are not entitled to argue, from the nature of death, that this change must put an end to Ourselves, and those essential powers in our mind which we are conscious of exerting—just as little can we argue from the nature of these powers, and from their manner of subsisting in us, that they are liable to be affected and impaired, or destroyed by death. For what do we know of these powers, and of the conditions on which we hold them, and of the mind in which they dwell? Just as much as we do of the great change, Death itself—that is to say—NOTHING.

TALBOYS. We know the powers of our mind solely by their manifestations.

NORTH. But people in general do not think so—and many metaphysicians have written as if they had forgot that it is only from the manifestation that we give name to the Power. We know the fact of Seeing, Hearing, Remembering, Reasoning—the feeling of Beauty—the actual pleasure of Moral Approbation, the pain of Moral Disapprobation—the state—pleasure or pain of loving—the state—pleasure or pain of hating—the fire of anger—the frost of fear—the curiosity to know—the thirst for distinction—the exultation of conscious Power—all these, and a thousand more, we know abundantly: our conscious Life is nothing else but such knowledge endlessly diversified. But the POWERS themselves, which are thus exerted—what *they* are—*how* they subsist in us ready for exertion—of this we know—NOTHING.

TALBOYS. We know something of the

Conditions upon which the exercise of these Powers depends—or by which it is influenced. Thus we know, that for seeing, we must possess that wondrous piece of living mechanism, the eye, in its healthy condition. We know further, that a delicate and complicated system of nerves, which convey the visual impressions from the eye itself to the seeing power, must be healthy and unobstructed. We know that a sound and healthy state of the brain is necessary to these manifestations—that accidents befalling the Brain totally disorder the manifestations of these powers—turning the clear self-possessed mind into a wild anarchy—a Chaos—that other accidents befalling the same organ suspend all manifestations. We know that sleep stops the use of many powers—and that deep sleep—at least as far as any intimations that reach our waking state go—stops them all. We know that a nerve tied or cut stops the sensation—stops the motory volition which usually travels along it. We know how bodily lassitude—how abstinence—how excess—affects the ability of the mind to exert its powers. In short, the most untutored experience of every one amongst us all shows bodily conditions, upon which the activity of the faculties which are seated in the mind, depends. And within the mind itself we know how one manifestation aids or counteracts another—how Hope invigorates—how Fear disables—how Intrepidity keeps the understanding clear—

NORTH. You are well illustrating Butler, Talboys. Then again we know that *for Seeing*, we must have that wonderful piece of living mechanism perfectly constructed, and in good order—that a certain delicate and complicated system of nerves extending from the eye inwards, is appointed to transmit the immediate impressions of light from this exterior organ of sight to the percipient Mind—that these nerves allotted to the function of seeing, must be free from any accidental pressure; knowledge admirable, curious, useful; but when all is done, all investigated that our eyes, and fingers, and instruments, and thoughts, can reach—*What*, beyond all this marvelous Apparatus of seeing, is *That which sees*—what the percipient *Mind* is—that is a mystery into which no created Being ever had a glimpse. Or what is that immediate connection between the Mind itself, and those delicate corporeal adjustments—whereby certain *tremblings*, or other momentary changes of state in a set of nerves, upon the sudden, turn into Colors—into Sight—INTO THE VISION OF A UNIVERSE.

VOL. XVIII NO. III.

SEWARD. Does Butler say all that, sir?

NORTH. In his own dry way perhaps he may. These, my friends, are Wonders into which Reason looks, astonished; or, more properly speaking, into which she looks not, nor, self-knowing, attempts to look. But, reverent and afraid, she repeats that attitude which the Great Poet has ascribed to “brightest cherubim” before the footstool of the Omnipotent Throne, who

“Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes.”

TALBOYS. For indeed at the next step beyond lies only the mystery of Omnipotence—that mystery which connects the world, open and known to us, to the world withheld and unknown.

NORTH. The same with regard to Pleasure and Pain. *What* enjoys Pleasure or suffers Pain?—all that is, to our clearest, sharpest-sighted science, nothing else but darkness—but black unfathomable night. Therefore, since we know not what Death itself is—and since we know not what this Living Mind is, nor what any of its powers and capacities are—what conclusion, taken in the nature of these unknown subjects, can we possibly be warranted in drawing as to the influence which this unknown change, Death, will exert upon this unknown Being—Mind—and upon its unknown faculties and sensibilities?—None.

SEWARD. Shall unknown Death destroy this unknown Mind and its unknown capacities? It is just as likely, for anything that Reason can see, that it will set them free to a larger and more powerful existence. And if we have any reason upon other grounds to expect this—then by so much the more likely.

NORTH. We know that this Eye and its apparatus of nerves no longer shall serve for *seeing*—we know that these muscles and their nerves shall no longer serve for *moving*—we know that this marvelous Brain itself no longer shall serve, as we are led to believe that it now serves, for *thinking*—we know that this bounding heart never again shall throb and quicken, with all its leaping pulses, with joy—that pain of this body shall never again *tire* the mind, and that pain of this mind shall never again *tire* this body, once pillowed and covered up in its bed of imper-turbable slumber. And there ends our knowledge. But that this Mind, which, united to these muscles and their nerves, sent out vigorous and swift motions through them—which,

united to this Brain, compelled this Brain to serve it as the minister of its thinkings upon this Earth and in this mode of its Being—which, united to this Frame, in it, and through it, and from it, felt for Happiness and for Misery—that this Mind, once *disunited* from all these, its instruments and servants, shall therefore perish, or shall therefore forego the endowment of its powers, which it manifested by these its instruments—of that we have no warranty—of that there is no probability.

TALBOYS. Much rather, sir, might a probability lie quite the other way. For if the structure of this corporeal frame places at the service of the Mind some five or six senses, enabling it, by so many avenues, to communicate with this external world, this very structure shuts up the Mind in these few senses, ties it down to the capacities of exactness and sensibility for which *they* are framed. But we have no reason at all to think that these few modes of sensibility, which we call our external senses, are *all* the modes of sensibility of which our spirits are capable. Much rather we must believe that, if it pleased, or shall ever please, the Creator to open in this Mind, in a new world, new modes of sensation, the susceptibility for these modes is already there for another set of senses. Now we are confined to an eye that sees distinctly at a few paces of distance. We have no reason for thinking that, united with a finer organ of sight, we should not see far more exquisitely; and thus, sir, our notices of the dependence in which the Mind now subsists upon the body do of themselves lead us to infer its own self-subsistency.

NORTH. What we are called upon to do, my friends, is to set Reason against Imagination and against Habit. We have to lift ourselves up above the limited sphere of sensible experience. We have to *believe* that something more is than that which we see—than that which we know.

TALBOYS. Yet, sir, even the facts of Mind, revealed to us living in these bodies, are enough to show us that more is than these bodies—since we feel that *WE ARE*, and that it is impossible for us to regard these bodies otherwise than as *possessions of ours*—utterly impossible to regard them as *Ourselves*.

NORTH. We distinguish between the acts of Mind, inwardly exerted—the acts, for instance, of Reason, of Memory, and of Affection—and acts of the Mind communicating through the senses with the external world. But Butler seems to me to go too far when he says, “I confess that in sensation the mind

uses the body; but in reflection I have no reason to think that the mind uses the body.” But, my dear friends, I, Christopher North, think, on the contrary, that the Mind uses the Brain for a thinking instrument; and that much thought fatigues the Brain, and causes an oppressive flow of the blood to the Brain, and otherwise disorders that organ. And altogether I should be exceedingly sorry to rest the Immortality of the Soul upon so doubtful an assumption as that the Brain is not, in any respect or sort, the Mind’s Organ of Thinking. I see no need for so timid a sheltering of the argument. On the contrary, the simple doctrine, to my thought, is this—The Mind, as we know it, is implicated and mixed up with the Body—*throughout*—in all its ordinary actions. This corporeal frame is a system of organs, or Instruments, which the Mind employs in a thousand ways. They are its *instruments*—all of them are—and none of them is itself. What does it matter to me that there is one more organ—the Brain—for one more function—thinking? Unless the Mind were in itself a seeing thing—that is, a thing able to see—it could not use the Eye for seeing; and unless the Mind were a thinking thing, it could not use the Brain for thinking. The most intimate implication of itself with its instruments in the functions which constitute our consciousness, proves nothing in the world to me, against its essential distinctness from them, and against the possibility of its living and acting in separation from them, and when they are dissolved. So far from it, when I see that the body chills with fear, and glows with love, I am ready to call fear a cold, and love a warm passion, and to say that the Mind uses its bodily frame in fearing and in loving. All these things have to do with manifestations of my mind to itself, Now, whilst implicated in this body. Let me lift myself above imagination—or let my imagination soar and carry my reason on its wings—I leave the body to moulder, and I go sentient, volent, intelligent, whithersoever I am called.

TALBOYS. It seems a timidity unworthy of Butler to make the distinction. Such a distinction might be used to invalidate his whole doctrine.

NORTH. It might—if granted—and legitimately. But the course is plain, and the tenor steadfast. As a child, you think that your finger is a part of yourself, and that you feel with it. Afterward, you find that it can be cut off without *diminishing you*: and physiologists tell you, and you believe, that

it does not feel, but sends up antecedents of feeling to the brain. Am I to stop anywhere? Not in the body. As my finger is no part of Me, no more is my liver, or my stomach, or my heart—or my brain. When I have overworked myself, I feel a lassitude, distinctly local, in my brain—*inside of my head*—and therewithal an indolence, inertness, inability of thinking. If reflection—as Butler more than insinuates—hesitatingly says—is independent of my brain and body, whence the lassitude? And how did James Watt get unconquerable headaches with meditating Steam-engines?

TALBOYS. It is childish, sir, to stagger at degrees, when we have admitted the kind. The Bishop's whole argument is to show, that the thing in us which feels, wills, thinks, is distinct from our body; that I am one thing, and my body another.

NORTH. Have we SOULS? If we have—they can live after the body—cannot perish with it; if we have not—woe betide us all!

SEWARD. Will you, sir, be pleased to sum up the Argument of the First Chapter of the Analogy?

NORTH. No. Do you. You have heard it—and you understand it.

SEWARD. I cannot venture on it.

NORTH. Do you, my excellent Talboys—for you know the Book as well as I do myself.

TALBOYS. That the Order of Nature shows us great and wonderful changes, which the living being undergoes—and arising from beginnings inconceivably low, to higher and higher conditions of consciousness and action;—That hence an exaltation of our Powers by the change Death, would be congruous to the progress—which we have witnessed in others creatures, and have experienced in ourselves;—That the fact, that before Death we possess Powers of acting, and suffering, and enjoying, affords a *prima facie* probability that, after death, we shall continue to possess them; because it is a constant presumption in Nature, and one upon which we constantly reason and rely, speculatively and practically, that all things will continue as they are, unless a cause appear sufficient for changing them;—But that in Death nothing appears which should suffice to *destroy* the Powers of Action, Enjoyment, and Suffering, in a Living Being;—For that in all we know of Death we know the destruction of parts *instrumental* to the uses of a Living Being;—But that of any destruction reaching, or that we have reason to suppose to

reach the Living Being, we know nothing;—That the Unity of Consciousness persuades us that the Being in which Consciousness essentially resides is one and indivisible—by any accident, Death inclusive, indiscerptible;—That the progress of diseases, growing till they kill the mortal body, but leaving the Faculties of the Soul in full force to the last gasp of living breath, is a particular argument, establishing this independence of the Living Being—the Spirit—which is the Man himself—upon the accidents which may befall the perishable Frame.

NORTH. Having seen, then, a Natural Probability that the principle within us, which is the seat and source of Thought and Feeling, and of such Life as can be imparted to the Body, will subsist undestroyed by the changes of the Body—and having recognized the undoubted Power of the Creator—if it pleases Him—indefinitely to prolong the life which He has given—how would you and I, my dear Friends, proceed—from the ground thus gained—and on which—with Butler—we take our stand—to speak farther of reasons for believing in the Immortality of the Soul?

SEWARD. I feel, sir, that I have already taken more than my own part in this conversation. We should have to inquire, sir, whether in His known attributes, and in the known modes of His government, we could ascertain any causes making it probable that He will thus prolong our existence—and we find many such grounds of confidence.

NORTH. Go on, my dear Seward.

SEWARD. If you please, sir, be yours the closing words—for the Night.

NORTH. The implanted longing in every human bosom for such permanent existence—the fixed anticipation of it—and the recoil from annihilation—seem to us intimation vouchsafed by the Creator of His designs toward us;—the horror with which Remorse awakened by sin looks beyond the Grave, partakes of the same prophetic inspiration. We see how precisely the lower animals are fitted to the places which they hold upon the earth, with instincts that exactly supply their needs, with no powers that are not here satisfied—while we, as if out of place, only through much difficult experience can adapt ourselves to the physical circumstances into which we are introduced—and thus, in one respect, furnished below our condition, are, on the other hand, by the aspirations of our higher faculties, raised infinitely above it—as if intimating that whilst those creatures *here* fulfill the purpose of their creation, *here* we

do not—and, therefore, look onward ;—That whilst our other Powers, of which the use is over, decline in the course of nature as Death approaches, our Moral and Intellectual Faculties often go on advancing to the last, as if showing that they were drawing nigh to their proper sphere of action ;—That whilst the Laws regulating the Course of Human Affairs visibly proceed from a Ruler who favors Virtue, and who frowns upon Vice, yet that a just retribution does not seem uniformly carried out in the good success of well-doers, and the ill success of evil-doers—so that we are led on by the constitution of our souls to look forward to a world in which that which here looks like Moral Disorder, might be reduced into Order, and the Justice of the Ruler and the consistency of his Laws vindicated ;—That in studying the arrangements of this world, we see that in many cases dispositions of Human affairs, which, upon their first aspect, appeared to us evil, being more clearly examined and better known, resulted in good—and thence draw a hope that the stroke which daunts our imagination, as though it were the worst of evils, will prove, when known, a dispensation of bounty—“ Death the Gate of Life,” opening into a world in which His beneficent hand, if not nearer to us than here, will be more steadily visible—no clouds interposing between the eyes of our soul and their Sun ;—That the perplexity which oppresses our Understanding from the sight of this world, in which the Good and Evil seem intermixed and crossing each other, almost vanishes, when we lift up our thoughts to contemplate this mutable scene as a place of Probation and of Discipline, where Sorrows and Sufferings are given to school us to Virtue—as the Arena where Virtue strives in the laborious and perilous contest, of which it shall hereafter receive the well-won and glorious crown ;—That we draw confidence in the same conclusions, from observing how closely allied and agreeing to each other are the Two Great Truths of Natural Religion, the Belief in God and the Belief in our own Immortality ; so that, when we have received the idea of God, as the Great Governor of the Universe, the belief in our own prolonged existence appears

to us as a necessary part of that Government ; or if, upon the physical arguments, we have admitted the independent conviction of our Immortality, the doctrine appears to us barren and comfortless, until we understand that this continuance of our Being is to bring us into the more untroubled fruition of that Light, which here shines upon us, often through mist and cloud ;— That in all these high doctrines we are instructed to rest more securely, as we find the growing harmony of one solemn conviction with another—as we find that all our better and nobler Faculties co-operate with one another—and these predominating principles carry us to these convictions—so that our Understanding then first begins to possess itself in strength and light when the heart has accepted the Moral Law ;—But that our Understanding is only fully at ease, and our Moral Nature itself, with all its affections, only fully supported and expanded, when both together have borne us on to the knowledge of Him who is the sole Source of Law—the highest Object of Thought—the FAVORER of Virtue—toward whom Love may eternally grow, and still be infinitely less than His due—till we have reached this knowledge, and with it the steadfast hope that the last act of this Life joins us to Him—does not for ever shut us up in the night of Oblivion ;—And we have strengthened ourselves in inferences forced upon us by remembering how humankind has consented in these Beliefs, as if they were a part of our Nature—and by remembering further, how, by the force of these Beliefs, human Societies have subsisted and been held together—how Laws have been sanctioned, and how Virtues, Wisdom, and all the good and great works of the Human Spirit have, under these influences, been produced ;—Surely GREAT IS THE POWER of all these concurrent considerations brought from every part of our Nature—from the Material and the Immaterial—from the Intellectual and Moral—from the Individual and the Social—from that which respects our existence on this side of the grave, and that which respects our existence beyond it—from that which looks down upon the Earth, and that which looks up toward Heaven.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

A CONTRAST IN BIOGRAPHY.

CAGLIOSTRO THE CHARLATAN—JOHN POUNDS THE COBBLER.

CAGLIOSTRO.

"Each lie lives out its day,
But truth abides for aye."

THE eighteenth century was ripe with impostures and delusions. Many were the adventurers and enthusiasts who by their pretensions drew after them multitudes of disciples, more endued with credulity than common sense. John Law, with his South Sea bubbles and Mississippi schemes, to entrap the worshipers of Mammon; Swedenborg, with his angelic visitants and spiritual colloquies, so attractive to minds of a more ideal cast; the Count de St. Germain, with his elixir of youth and philosopher's stone; Mesmer, with his marvelous magnetic influence; the Abbé de Paris, with his miraculous cures and self-crucifying disciples;—such were a few of the remarkable persons who gathered around them followers in all countries, and among all classes of people. But chiefly in France did these wonder-workers congregate together. There did irreligion and immorality most widely prevail, and there, consequently, did credulity and superstition find the readiest reception; for the human mind is so constituted that it cannot rest satisfied with an utter rejection of all supernatural belief; and thus it came to pass, that at the time when philosophers and men of letters refused to worship the Creator, they yielded a sentimental homage to the moon; and while denying the supremacy of Almighty God, they believed in Cagliostro's power over the spirits of the air. Nor is this to be marveled at, for in the moral as in the natural world, it is from the focus of corruption that some ignis fatuus springs forth, which by its deluding brilliancy perplexes and beguiles the unwary.

It was amid this whirl of deceivers and deceived, that the arch-quack Cagliostro ap-

peared in Paris, about the year 1784, and by his plausible knavery drew within his magic circle multitudes of men and women who professed themselves philosophers, after the fashion of philosophy in those days. It may, perhaps, be neither uninteresting nor unimportant to trace out rapidly the course of this remarkable man, and to watch awhile the waxing and waning of his fortunes. Some lessons it will teach, which are so obvious that they need not be noted down here.

About the year 1740, the hearth of Marco Balsamo, a decayed man of law, in Messina, was gladdened by the birth of a son, named Giuseppe, of whose early years little is known, save that from the good wives of the vicinity his troublesome doings won for him the nickname of "*Maledetto*." At the age of fifteen, he was devoted by his parents to the ecclesiastical profession, and they consigned him for his novitiate to the neighboring monastery of Cartigione, where his services were allotted chiefly to the convent apothecary, within whose laboratory he gained his first insight into the principles of chemistry and medicine. It is probable that here also were sown the early seeds of his future destiny, for in those days alchemy still formed a very favorite part of conventual study. Not long, however, was his tarrying among the worthy monks of Cartigione, for so it happened that they having commanded him one day to read aloud a portion of the "*Martyrology*," as was their wont, during the hours of repast, Giuseppe, despising the accredited saints of the Roman church, using his wit somewhat unadvisedly, read aloud from the pages of his own vivid imagination a story which savored much of lightness and profanity. This gross impropriety caused his immediate expulsion from the convent, and for some while after he seems to have divided

his time between brawls and painting. But swindling was far more congenial to his taste than the fine arts; and having defrauded a certain Sicilian jeweler, named Maran, of his money by promising in recompense to obtain for him a hidden treasure, the adventure ended in Balsamo's detection and flight from his native country. So, as his Biographer of the Inquisition expresses it, "he fled from Palermo, and overran the whole earth." And truly this description seems scarcely hyperbolic; for during the following few years of his life, we hear of him in Arabia, where he studied alchemy and chemistry, under a Greek, named Althotas; in Egypt and Turkey, where he sold drugs and amulets; in Malta, where he was favorably received by the Grand Master, Pinto, and attempted to transmute copper into gold; in Spain and the Netherlands; in Germany, whither he went on a philosophical pilgrimage to the Count de St. Germain; and at the shrines of St. Iago di Compostella, and our Lady of Loretto, whither he professed to be guided by a spirit of devotion. Finally he reappeared at Rome, where he married a beautiful girl, named Lorenza Feliciani, who became afterward, not only the partner of his fortunes, but also of his impostures. It was at this period of his life, that, after having changed his name repeatedly, he assumed the title of Count Alessandro di Cagliostro, and gave himself out as a restorer of the Rosicrusian philosophy, professing to have the faculty of rendering himself invisible, as well as of evoking spirits and restoring youth to old age, by means of his elixir of life. With such marvelous pretensions, and an extraordinary share of effrontery, he soon acquired ascendancy over the minds of the multitude, and his reputation shortly spread itself throughout Europe.

Our "sea-girt isle" was *favoured* more than once by his presence; his first visit being under the simple name of Joseph Balsamo, as a house-painter, and dealer in drugs; the second time, under his assumed title of Count Cagliostro; when he contrived to reap from some wealthy dupes a rich harvest of gold and jewels; but, being betrayed and accused by an accomplice, named Scot, he was consigned to prison, from whence, with much difficulty, he obtained his liberation, and fled to the Continent.

Here we lose sight of him for awhile, until he emerges out of obscurity in the year 1780, at St. Petersburg, where the court is dazzled by his pretensions to supernatu-

ral powers, and Prince Potemkin is reckoned among his believers and disciples. The day of detection, however, soon comes, and being charged with the crimes of forgery and fraud, he flies for his life, accompanied by the Countess Seraphina; for so is the humble Lorenza designated in these halcyon days of their prosperity. The arch-quack is next heard of in Germany, where he travels about in uncommon splendor, with a numerous suite, "followed," as the penman of the Inquisition writes, "by couriers, lacqueys, domestic servants of all sorts, sumptuously dressed, which gave an air of reality to the high birth he vaunted. Apartments furnished in the height of the mode; a magnificent table open to numerous guests; rich dresses for himself and wife corresponded to this luxuriant way of life. His feigned generosity also made a great noise. Often he gratuitously doctored the poor, and even gave them alms."

Cagliostro's portrait, which was taken at this time, was quickly engraved, and the copies being scattered throughout Europe, were eagerly purchased. One of these engravings, which still exists, presents to our view a full and somewhat ignoble countenance, with a "forehead of brass," while the soft, studied glance of his uplifted eyes, rendered still more repelling the low expression of his features.

Such was Joseph Balsamo in his outer man, and yet, through his imposing arts, and his seeming benevolence, he deceived for a while the learned, the great, the noble of the earth. Even the excellent Lavater, perplexed by his professions and fair words, avows his opinion that "Cagliostro is a man such as few are; in whom, however," continues the good man, "I am not a believer. Oh that he were simple of heart, and humble like a child! Cagliostro often tells what is not true, and promises what he does not perform. Yet do I nowise hold his operations as altogether deceptive, though they are not what he calls them."

It must be remembered that this celebrated physiognomist was of the mystic school, and therefore more accessible to the claims of any spiritual pretender. Moreover, he was so true and earnest a person himself, that he would fain think the best of others; being, perhaps, of the opinion of a recent writer, who says that "life is too short to be suspicious." The time was hastening on when Cagliostro's knavery should be thoroughly unmasked. Meanwhile, a new element of power had been added to his re-

sources, for he had been admitted into the fraternity of Freemasons, which procured him a ready welcome among the brethren wherever he went; and on this basis he reared the edifice of his Egyptian masonry, by whose mystic agency he promised not only to restore youth to the aged, but also to confer perfection on the guilty. Of this order, whose original founders were, he averred, Enoch and Elias, he declared himself the Grand Cophta or high-priest, and constituted Seraphina the high-priestess, as masons of both sexes were to be admitted into it. By the aid of a pupil, or "Colomb," (for so was named the child selected as their interpreter,) he pretended to unfold futurity to his dupes; and perhaps we need scarcely be surprised at the multitude of inquirers who beset his doors; for in every human breast there dwells a lingering desire to anticipate the designs of fate, and penetrate the darkness of futurity; therefore, on no other subject is it so easy to deceive the world as this.

The most prosperous moment of Cagliostro's life was in 1783, at Strasbourg, where he reckoned among his victims Louis de Rohan, Prince and Bishop of Strasbourg, whose wealth and favor were lavishly bestowed on the adventurer. At this time he played the rôle of a lofty benefactor of the human race. The Prince de Rohan having desired to see him: "If Monseigneur the Cardinal is sick, let him come, and I will cure him," was the reply; "if he is well, he has no need of me, I none of him." The cardinal was subdued by such high-minded independence. He visited the quack, who affected to be captivated by his noble visitor, saying: "Your soul is worthy of mine; you deserve to be made a participator of all my secrets." From that moment, the prince, who was an earnest investigator of alchemy, became his willing slave, and placed his palace, his wealth, his credit at Cagliostro's disposal. On being informed one day that the Grand Cophta and his high-priestess were reveling so disgracefully in his palace that the "Tokay wine ran like water," his answer was, "Let it be so; I have authorized him even to commit abuses, if he think fit to do so." So strong are the bonds forged by an opportune flattery on a vain, speculative mind!

Other French gentlemen of credit (MM. de Ségur, de Vergennes, and de la Borde) write in the following terms concerning this impostor to the Prætor of Strasbourg:—"We have seen the Count Alessandro di Cagliostro, whose countenance bespeaks

genius, and whose eloquence convinces and captivates the hearer. We have beheld him going round a vast hall, from one afflicted being to another, dressing their wounds, softening their miseries, imparting hope to all; and in these acts of humanity he is aided by his countess, a modest and beautiful person, who is worthy of her admirable husband."

Let us hear a very different opinion expressed by a solid professor from Göttingen, Meiners by name:—"My conviction is that Count Cagliostro from of old has been more of a cheat than an enthusiast, and also, that he continues a cheat to this day." As to his country, I have ascertained nothing. Some make him a Jew, some an Arab, who, having persuaded a certain Asiatic prince to send his son to travel in Europe, murdered the youth, and took possession of his treasures. He himself pretends to claim the Cherif of Mecca for his father. As the self-styled count speaks badly all the languages one hears from him, and has spent the greater part of his life under feigned names, it is probable that no sure trace of his origin may ever be discovered. On his first appearance in Strasbourg, he connected himself with the Freemasons, but only till he felt strong enough to stand on his own feet. He soon gained the favor of the prætor and cardinal, and, through these, the favor of the court, to such a degree that his adversaries cannot so much as think of overthrowing him. With the prætor and cardinal he demeans himself as with persons who are under boundless obligations to him, and uses the cardinal's equipage as freely as if it were his own. He pretends to recognize atheists and blasphemers by the smell, and that the vapor from such throws him into epileptic fits; into which sacred disorder he, like a true juggler, has the art of falling when he pleases. He pretends to evoke spirits, and to bear rule over them. He takes nothing from his patients, and even lodges many of them at his house without recompense. With all this conspicuous disinterestedness, he lives in an expensive way, plays deep, and loses almost continually to ladies; so that he must require at least 29,000 livres a year. The darkness which Cagliostro has spread over the sources of his income and outlay, contributes even more than his cures and his munificence to the notion that he is a divine sort of man, who has watched Nature in her deepest operations, and, among other secrets, stolen that of gold-making from her. With a mixture

of sorrow and indignation over our age, I have to record that not only the great, who from of old have been the easiest bewitched by such pretenders, but also with many of the learned, and even physicians and naturalists, he has received a cordial reception."

So speaks the sober German professor, more largely gifted with common sense and less endued with the organ of wonder than the superficial gentlemen already quoted.

We have yet one more witness to cite before our readers as to the real character of this *Charlatan*: one of a different stamp from any of those whose testimony we have already given. It is a French lady of the highest rank and talents,—a shrewd, sensible, and witty woman, cousin to the aforementioned dupe of Cagliostro's, the Cardinal de Rohan. But, before recording the Marquise de Créqui's opinion of Cagliostro, we must premise that it was a part of his plan never to make too long a stay at any place, but, as soon as the first flow of popularity was past, and distrust became awakened, he would try some new ground. Accordingly, after a while we no longer hear of him at Strasbourg, but find him at Bordeaux, where his magnificent hotel was crowded night and day to such an excess by applicants from far and near, that the municipal authorities granted him a military guard to keep order.

The fair countess played her part by opening her *salon* to the affluent and noble, who were enchanted by her grace and loveliness; nor were the ladies of this southern city slow in purchasing the costly elixir, which was supposed to have preserved the countess's charms in such unimpaired perfection; for although, in fact, a young woman, she professed to have already attained a very advanced age. This bewilderment did not, however, last long, and being deserted by the rich, and hooted by the populace, who nicknamed him "the wandering Jew," and threatened him with personal violence, Cagliostro and his wife escaped from Bordeaux, and bent their steps toward Paris. Here, as usual, he appeared in the complex character of magician and Grand Cophta, and the volatile Parisians, always eager in their pursuit of novelty, were enchanted to have among them a being who professed to be endued with such marvelous powers. Through the friendly zeal of his patron the Cardinal de Rohan, Cagliostro gained immediate access into the highest Parisian circles; and among the *grandes dames* to whom he bore a particular introduction, was one to whom we have already alluded, the

Marquise de Créqui, from whose memoirs we extract the following particulars:—"About this time there came to Paris Joseph Balsamo, who, after having called himself at different times Count Tischio, Count de Melissa, Commander of Belmonte, Chevalier Pellegrini, Count Fenice, was now definitely known as Count de Cagliostro. He was a man of clumsy figure, and his dress was in singularly bad taste. It was composed of blue taffetas slashed with a profusion of silver lace, and his hair was dressed after the strangest fashion, with long powdered plaits confined in pig-tails. He wore openwork stockings with gold clocks, and velvet shoes whose buckles were sparkling with jewels. As many diamonds were displayed about his person as he possibly could find room for. His costume was completed by a hat with waving white plumes, which he invariably drew over his brow whenever he wished to speak with peculiar emphasis and energy. During eight months of the year, all that was covered with a large pelisse of blue *renard*; and when I say *all that*, I use the word advisedly, for attached to this loose upper garment was a large fur hood with three long points depending from it, which he pulled over his hat in cold weather; and whenever our children saw him approach with this horned head-gear of *renard*-skin, they always strove who should get the most quickly out of his way.

"His features were regular, his skin fresh-colored, and his teeth white and perfect. I will not attempt to describe his physiognomy, because he had at least a dozen at his command. Never have I seen two eyes like his! He had a quick perception of what was graceful or in good taste either in the manners or external aspect of those with whom he had to do. Indeed, he was gifted with extraordinary *finesse* in detecting any shade of vulgarity in the thoughts, habits, or conversation of others, and with this delicate appreciation of what was refined, I could not but suspect that he disguised himself in this grotesque costume, merely to gain a more decided influence over the multitude by assuming an air of originality. The moral physiognomy of this *charlatan* was as changing as his physical one, and it was partly through this contemptible instability of profession that he contrived for a while to deceive such opposite classes of persons. With our philosophers and *beaux-esprits* he professed himself an infidel, and during his incantations, profanely parodied the most sacred rites of religion. On such occasions, he

would with the profoundest expressions of reverence evoke Satan to the presence of his guests, for the purpose of unfolding the dread secrets of futurity, and I lament to say that not only our giddy courtiers, but also some of our princes of the blood, countenanced these orgies by their presence.

"On the other hand, Cagliostro compounded with the scruples of Catholics, when he found that their religious convictions were not to be shaken; and so artful was his hypocrisy, that among his most ardent proselytes were to be found some of the *convulsionnaire* Jansenists, mystics of the cross, and illuminati. The most notable of these was a visionary Spaniard, named Don Luis de Lima-Vasconcellos, grand-prior of Lima, and brother to the Spanish ambassador, a man of ardent and enthusiastic mind, concerning whom Cagliostro has left a curious history as related by himself.

"To give you some idea of the enthusiasm which this man contrived to inspire, I will transcribe a letter of Prince Louis, Cardinal de Rohan, who recommended him to me in these terms:—'You have doubtless heard, madame and dear cousin, of the Count de Cagliostro; of the excellent qualities by which he is distinguished, of his admirable science and virtue, which have won for him the esteem and respect of all the most distinguished persons in Strasbourg, and my unbounded attachment and veneration. He is now in Paris, and I earnestly commend him to your good offices, feeling assured that through your kindness he will meet with a cordial reception in the most distinguished circles there. I pray you not to give heed to the calumnies uttered by his enemies against this admirable man. It is with a feeling of reverence that I have observed his unflinching tendency toward all that is great and good, and I feel assured that he will obtain your confidence and esteem, so that you may become his true friend and protector. Adieu, madame and dear cousin. You know how respectful and tender is my attachment to you.

† 'Louis, Bishop and Prince of Strasbourg.'

"My answer was as follows:—'My cousin,—I have seen M. de Cagliostro, and have even received him several times at my house, in order that I might be the better able to form a correct opinion concerning him. All that I can say in favor of M. Cagliostro is, that he has much versatility of talent, and is a very clever man. God grant that you may never have cause to rue your confidence in him. You must not expect, my good

cousin, that I shall introduce or recommend him to any one, and as it is most probable he has perceived that I suspect him of *charlatanism*, it is not very likely that I shall often be favored with his company.'

Very soon after this period, began the perplexities of the cardinal concerning the issue of his negotiations with La Motte, the treacherous and worthless agent whom he had employed in the affair of the diamond necklace; an episode in history to which we can but briefly allude here. On this occasion, he consulted his oracle as to the event of this affair, and received for answer that his favor with royalty was secured, as well as his complete triumph over all political enemies. It need scarcely be told that Cagliostro's prediction proved utterly false; and in his patron's fall was likewise involved his ruin and disgrace. He was accused of being La Motte's accomplice, and after several months' imprisonment in the Bastille, and the loss of much ill-gotten wealth, he was permitted to leave the kingdom. Accordingly, he fled to England, where Lord George Gordon, from political motives, espoused his cause and wrote a pamphlet in his behalf against the French government. But the blaze of Cagliostro's deceptive fame was now burnt out. Being detected in some fraudulent attempt, he absconded to Turin,—was banished thence by an order of the King of Sardinia,—met a like fate at Trent, when he ventured again into the dominions of the Emperor of Germany,—and being thus driven from one country to another, his bold-facedness tempted him into the lion's den, and on a May-day of the year 1789 he entered Rome, whither his evil genius had beguiled him, for within the walls of the Eternal City that doom awaited him which had so long been his due. Toward the close of the same year he was detected forming an Egyptian lodge, was seized by the Inquisition, and safely lodged in the castle of St. Angelo.

Here is the wand of the magician broken. In vain does he plead that Egyptian masonry is a divine system accommodated to the spirit of the age, and the holy father's approbation and patronage. In vain does he offer to become the pope's spy. No favor is shown him, and on learning that the fair Seraphina (prisoner in a neighboring cell) has begun to confess, he too opens his lips, and tells out a marvelous story, in which, doubtless, truth and falsehood are singularly blended together, all of which is noted down carefully by one of the brethren of the Inquisition. After a delay of eighteen months,

the holy father gives sentence that all Joseph Balsamo's works on Egyptian masonry, magic, and other forbidden subjects are to be burnt by the common hangman, and his life forfeited as a heretic and sorcerer, but the sentence to be commuted into one of perpetual imprisonment.

This was in April, 1791. In vain did the wretched man appeal to the French Constituent Assembly. They troubled not themselves about him. In vain did he complain and struggle against his fate. That spirit which had feasted itself on lies and fraud was now left in lonely captivity, to brood over past crimes and present misery. After a lingering imprisonment, he pined away, and was found dead within the walls of St. Angelo toward the conclusion of the year 1795.

Thus perished one who had abilities for great and good things, but unhappily, through perversion of will, misapplied and corrupted those faculties which had been given for a far other and higher purpose. As for the Countess Seraphina, alias Lorenza Balsamo, she too was convicted of magic, sacrilege, &c., but was allowed to escape a severer punishment by immuring herself within the convent of St. Appoline, where she died early in 1794.

Cagliostro was the last pretender of any note in Europe to the science of alchemy. The pursuit of gold is not less eager in the nineteenth century than it was in preceding ages, but men are now less credulous as to the mode of its acquisition. Happy those who seek for it by honest and persevering industry, and with a higher aim in view than the mere indulgence of an avaricious temper, or the vain ambition of outshining their neighbors in wealth and luxury. L. H.

JOHN POUNDS.

BY J. L.

It is admitted that worth, in every degree, is deserving of honorable recognition among men. The heroes and philanthropists, therefore, whose sphere of activity has been circumscribed by narrow and humble opportunities, ought not to be neglected or overlooked; but are justly entitled to a measure of the world's admiration. It is always well to remember that a man's intrinsic worthiness is not to be estimated by the extent or magnificence of his field of action, but rather by the qualities of persistency, disinterestedness, genuine ability, and depth of purpose, which his personal career exhibited. Here, for instance, is a man of no inconsiderable

meritoriousness, of whom probably few persons out of his immediate locality have ever heard, and with the spirit of whose endeavor the world cannot be the worse for being acquainted.

John Pounds was one of those good Samaritans of whom every generation apparently produces some examples. Seen in his week-day, or Sunday costume, or under any of the circumstantial appearances of his life, there was little or nothing about him to strike a casual observer with astonishment. A painstaking mender of shoes in the borough of Portsmouth, seeking by dint of industry to maintain a visible existence there—that is the outward figure of him. By combination of accident and forethought, he had there become stationed to repair the dilapidations incident to the wear and tear of leather. Sedentary occupations such as his, however, are known to promote activity of thought. George Fox, the most notable cordwainer upon record, took his earliest lessons in quietistic meditation whilst silently fabricating boots for the community; whereby straight-collared coats came to be perpetuated, and the respectable Society of Friends was visibly originated. Under the influence of similar conditions, John Pounds, feeling the need of some mental occupation, and inwardly moved by kindly dispositions, was induced to take charge of such human waifs and strays, as he here and there encountered in the streets, giving them house-room and shelter from day to day, and imparting to them such useful knowledge and serviceable advice as their capacities were adapted to take in, and he himself qualified to communicate. The number of children thus instructed, and who would not otherwise have received any manner of education, amounted in the course of years to several hundreds; some of whom, in all likelihood, turned out badly, as will happen under the best kinds of training; but by far the greater part grew up creditable and industrious men and women, reflecting much honor upon their teacher, and uniformly entertaining for him the profoundest respect.

Pounds was born on the 17th of July, in the year 1766. His father followed the trade of a sawyer, in the Portsmouth dockyards, and when the boy had grown to be a strong athletic lad of twelve years of age, he was regularly apprenticed to a shipwright. He served three years of his term with satisfaction to his master, when a serious accident befell him, which altered his subsequent course of life. Falling one day from a con-

siderable height into one of the dry docks, he dislocated his thigh, and was in other respects very grievously injured. Time and surgical ingenuity sufficed to restore him to a tolerable state of health, but he was so completely crippled, as to be thenceforth unfitted to resume his trade. It accordingly became necessary for him to try some other calling; and, after a little consideration, he was led to place himself under the instruction of an old shoemaker, in the High Street of Portsmouth, to learn as much of the mystery of his art as he might be competent to acquire.

A respectable proverb, which affirms that by aiming at a silk-gown, one may chance to get a sleeve of it, appears to have been verified in the case of John Pounds. His apprenticeship to shoemaking was so far successful as to qualify him for mending shoes. Whether his insufficiency in this respect was owing to the imperfections of his teacher, want of adequate practice, or to personal inaptitude, is not distinctly ascertainable, and is indeed of little consequence. As soon as he was able to provide for his own wants, by means of his new employment, he hired a room in the house of one of his relations, and there set up an authentic cobbler's stall. Work gradually flowed toward him; slowly at first, but, after a time, in sufficient abundance to keep him busy. When a few years had elapsed, he was so far established as to feel justified in entering upon a house on his own account, a small weather-beaten tenement in St. Mary's Street, where he ever afterward resided.

He lived a lonely kind of life. Like the Pope, who is known to be a bachelor on compulsion, he had no married cares or consolations;—on him, a poor distorted cripple, what woman would be likely to look with loving eyes? A meek, contented nature, he resigned himself to perpetual celibacy, without the encumbrance of taking vows for his observance. Having no household society, and being little disposed to go abroad in quest of entertainment, he relieved his involuntary solitude by rearing and domesticating all kinds of singing birds and harmless animals; teaching some of them a variety of amusing tricks, and accustoming those of opposite propensities to live together in unanimity and peacefulness. He would sit with a cat upon one shoulder, and a canary bird upon the other, dividing his attentions, and dispensing suitable benefactions between the two: charming away fear in the one case, and curbing destructive inclinations in another,

and thus instituting a sort of "happy family," consisting, like that in Trafalgar Square, of the most incongruous and naturally discordant members. Such birds as could be inspired with any gift of speech, as starlings and the like, he trained to a skillful articulation, and held dialogues with them in the south of England dialect. The last of this stock, a very intelligent starling, he presented in the latter years of his life to the lady of Port-admiral Sir Philip Durham, in consideration for certain kindnesses which her ladyship and the admiral had rendered him, in the way of providing for several of the unfriended boys whom he instructed.

The notion of undertaking the gratuitous education of poor children seems to have been first suggested to him accidentally. A brother of his, who was a seafaring man, with a large family, had amongst the rest a feeble little boy, with deformed feet; and, with a view to effect some partial cure of the imperfection, John benevolently took charge of him at his own house, and, in all respects, carefully attended to him. Having succeeded, by ingenious contrivances with the soles of old shoes, in making a tolerable imitation of a pair of pattens, suitable to the child's infirmity, an effectual cure was in time completed. The boy, however, continued with his uncle, and thenceforth became the chief object of his attachment. When he was about five years old the worthy shoemaker began to teach him to read, and in other ways to perform toward him the office of a schoolmaster. After a time, he conceived that he would probably learn better if he had a companion, and he accordingly obtained one, and taught them both together. By and by he added another, and went on gradually increasing his numbers until it became at length an understood thing amongst the youngsters of his neighborhood, that all were at liberty to go to him who felt disposed to benefit by the opportunity. Homeless and neglected children went to him on cold-weather days for the sake of a little warmth and shelter; mothers, whose duties called them frequently from home, would solicit him to take care of their little ones in their absence; some he enticed by trifling presents; others went out of childish curiosity, and even a considerable number from a pure desire to learn what he could teach them. Thus he became, finally, a sort of Ragged Schoolmaster-general to all the poorer population; and, in a spirit of noble disinterestedness, performed a most serviceable work in his generation.

His workshop was his school-room—a

mean apartment, about six feet wide, and eighteen in length; where he day by day pursued the apparently incongruous employments of cobbling and pedagogy. Seated near the window, with last or lapstone on his knee, and other implements of cordwainery by his side, he steadily proceeded with his work, superintending meanwhile by rapid and frequent glances the several occupations of the assemblage. Some would be reading at his side, or writing in classes from his dictation; a few preparing sums for his inspection; others seated on forms or boxes, or in groups upon the floor; others perched, as in a gallery, upon the steps of the staircase; but all more or less busily engaged in doing something. In this way he had often as many as forty children about him at a time, several of whom were girls, and, in that case, were usually kept a little apart from the rest.

On account of the limited extent of his room, and its deficiency of accommodations as a school, he was often reduced to the necessity of excluding some of his applicants for admission, or had to make a selection from such as were candidates for that distinction. In such cases he did not usually make choice of the best behaved characters; but, as a rule, uniformly preferred the most untameable and refractory, deeming them the most in need of his reforming discipline. He had a decided predilection for "the little blackguards," and was frequently at great pains to attract such within his door. It is related that he was once seen following a young vagabond of this stamp to the town-quay, and endeavoring to entice him to come to school with the bribe of a baked potato! He was a thorough-going proselytizer, and suffered no opportunities to escape him which offered a chance of converting any little heathen whom he had discovered from the error of his ways, and bringing him into a lively acquaintance with useful knowledge. He was at all times zealous in the performance of good works, patient and considerate toward infirmity; and, for reward, he had the gratification of turning many into honest and worthy courses, who, but for him, might have gone utterly astray.

His methods of tuition were somewhat singular and original. He collected all sorts of hand-bills and scraps of printed and written paper, which he found lying anywhere uselessly about, and with these he contrived to teach reading, spelling, the special uses of capital letters, and the distinctive differences between the characters of printing and pen-

manship. With the younger children his manner of teaching was particularly pleasant, and even frequently facetious. He would ask them the names of different parts of their body, make them spell the words, and signify their uses. For instance, taking hold of a child's hand, he would say, "What do you call this?" and having received his answer, directed him to spell the word. Then, giving it a playful slap, he would ask, "What do I do?" and teach him next to spell the word expressive of the act. So with the ear, and the hair, and in like manner with many other particulars.

Should this remind any one of Mr. Squeers's analogous method of teaching a boy to spell "horse," and then, by way of emphatic illustration, sending him to rub such an animal down that he might the better remember his lesson, it will be proper to recollect the different pretensions of the parties, and not to confound an ignorant charlatan with an honest and benevolent person, who performs his work with conscientious considerations, and according to the extent of his ability and means.

Writing and arithmetic were taught to the elder pupils after the manner which is common in the humbler sort of schools; and though slates and pencils were the only implements in use, it is said that a creditable degree of skill was acquired; and that, particularly in ciphering, the expertness of several was especially commendable, questions in the Rule-of-three and Practice being performed with the strictest accuracy and promptitude. A variety of miscellaneous information was also imparted by means of oral communication, and a constant habit of interrogation which the master practiced, partly from an impression of the utility of such a method, and in part out of the sheer necessities of his situation. Many of the boys, moreover, were taught to mend their shoes, to cook their food, and to perform a variety of useful services for themselves and for each other, calculated to prepare them for fulfilling many of the requirements of future life. Not only were their minds and personal habits cultivated and directed, but the generous and considerate teacher likewise exerted himself in curing their bodily ailments, such as chilblains, and coughs, and the manifold cuts and bruises to which the children of the poor are continually exposed. In cases where his own skill was insufficient, he would even beg or purchase for them the assistance of more experienced persons, and often nurse them assiduously until recovery.

Their sports and amusements he would also frequently overlook, and many of the younger ones were now and then rendered happy beyond expression, by the ingenious toys and playthings which he made for them.

One cannot sufficiently admire the heartiness and generosity of this poor man's labors. Patiently from year to year he went on quietly performing these daily acts of charity and mercy, without needing or expecting anybody's approbation, or even conceiving that he was doing anything remarkable. A good man and a true one, he flung the benefits of his sympathy, and of such talents as he possessed, over all that seemed to need them; finding a joyful satisfaction in being useful to such as had no helper; and leaving, with an assured heart, the results of his endeavors to that universal providence, which nurtures and perfects whatsoever seeds of goodness are sown anywhere in the world. Noting what he did, and the poor means with which he did it, the humblest need not despair of his own usefulness, seeing how the grain of wholesome salt invariably preserves whatever it comes in contact with; no slightest service to humanity can be lost, but successfully proclaims itself, or works silently to some benefit.

The sort of education which John Pounds was enabled to give to the incipient vagabonds of Portsmouth was doubtless very imperfect; but it must be admitted to have been infinitely preferable to none at all, and its consequences, as far as they went, were satisfactory. It was a manly, commendable foray into the dark domains of Ignorance, and though the conquest accomplished was not great, it was, nevertheless, right worthy of the making. He had the amplest assurance, too, that his steadfast labors had not been fruitless. Coming home from foreign service or a distant voyage, often would some tall soldier, or rough jovial sailor, now grown up out of all remembrance, call to shake hands with him and confess the benefits he had formerly received through his instructions. These were always proud occasions; the poor and modest cobbler could then feel that even he had done good service to the State, and that there were sound English hearts in the world ever willing to acknowledge it.

Other recompense than this he had scarcely any. So quietly and unintrusively had he all along pursued his purpose, that comparatively few persons, of the respectable sort, knew anything of his proceedings. In the later years of his life, however, his praise-

worthy exertions became pretty generally known in his neighborhood, and the fashionable benevolence of Portsmouth even somewhat liberally patronized his school. A better supply of books, slates, and other articles essential to his work, was thus procured; and several times his scholars were invited to a public examination, and afterward bounteously regaled with plum-cake and tea. At the public dinner given in the town on the day of the coronation of her present Majesty, John Pounds and his pupils formed a conspicuous group of the assemblage. A picture of his school was executed by Mr. Sheaf, wherein his favorite cat figured to satisfactory advantage; and with this he was very considerably delighted. Many ladies and gentlemen who had become acquainted with his pursuits, rendered him occasional assistance in the way of promoting the greater efficiency of his exertions, or furthering the interests of such of his scholars as needed to become employed; but for himself he accepted nothing, nor ever throughout his life entertained the slightest expectation of reward. Often, indeed, he shared his own scanty and homely provisions with destitute and forsaken children, well nigh bordering on starvation. He acknowledged universal kinship with all that were neglected or unhappy, and spread out his humble table for them with an ungrudging hospitality. A rich, bountiful nature was this of his, such as one might consider worthy of the largest rent-roll in Christendom—to spend benevolently.

A most cheerfully disposed man, and largely sympathizing with cheerfulness,—a fellow with an infinite relish for all rational enjoyment, was this same illustrious and painstaking cobbler. Every Christmas eve, he carried to some worthy woman, skillful in culinary preparations, abundant materials for an enormous plum-pudding, that so the hearts and countenances of his "little blackguards" might be rendered glad by Christmas cheer! We reckon that a notable proceeding. How well calculated was it to link these little outcasts in some conscious thread of communion with the respectable and recognized world of civilization. Could they not thus, as it were, remotely sympathize with the entire human kindred who periodically partake of Christmas dinners—each one saying or thinking to himself, "I, too, understand the benignity of the season, and wherefore, in spite of the cold weather, all faces look about them with gayety and smiles?" The glorious amenities of Christmas were things

to be remembered, and contemplated prospectively, whilst their recurrence was yet afar off, in the dim distance of weary months of coarse and insufficient fare. It was one of the kindest of all the kindly things he did, this of substantially and orthodoxically celebrating Christmas.

The last he so celebrated was ten years ago. Three-score-and-twelve of these genial festivals had returned upon the world and left it, within his lifetime, and his head had now become venerable with age. On the reviewing his past course, and contemplating the aspects of his present activity, while seated among his friends, he declared himself amply satisfied with his existence, having no earthly wish, that he was aware of, which was not or might not be sufficiently supplied. One thing alone he desired for the future, and would even, if he could, stipulate with Providence to have granted him—an abrupt and unexpected death, that so his labors and his life might terminate together. The thought of lingering out any portion of his days uselessly and helplessly was a painful one to entertain, and it was his sincere wish

to go off suddenly, in the way, as he said, “in which a bird drops from his perch.” In this so earnest and busy world he would have felt it a calamity to remain, when he had ceased to be actively and usefully engaged in its pursuits.

And the desire of his soul was even granted him. A few days afterward, on the first of January, 1839, he expired suddenly, from a rupture of one of the larger vessels of the heart, at the house of a gentleman whom he had called upon to thank for certain acts of kindness recently rendered to his establishment. A little boy, who was with him at the time, carried the intelligence to his assembled school-fellows, who were all instantly overwhelmed with sorrow and consternation. Some of the younger ones returned to the house for several successive days, looking painfully about the room, and apparently unable to comprehend the reality of the loss they had sustained. Old and young, in a numerous and motley assemblage, followed his body to the grave, and they saw him to his rest with tears and blessings.

A DIRGE.

Now is done thy long day's work;
Fold thy palms across thy breast,
Fold thine arms, turn to thy rest.

Let them rave.

Shadows of the silver birk
Sweep the green that folds thy grave.

Let them rave.

Thee nor carketh care nor slander;
Nothing but the small cold worm
Fretteth thine enshrouded form.

Let them rave.

Light and shadow ever wander
O'er the green that folds thy grave.

Let them rave.

Thou wilt not turn upon thy bed;
Chanteth not the brooding bee
Sweeter tones than calumny?

Let them rave.

Thou wilt never raise thine head
From the green that folds thy grave.

Let them rave.

Crocodiles wept tears for thee;
The woodbine and eglare
Drip sweeter dews than traitor's tear.

Let them rave.

Rain makes music in the tree,
O'er the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave.

Round thee below, self-pleached deep,
Bramble-roses, faint and pale,
And long purples of the dale.

Let them rave.

These in every shower creep
Through the green that folds thy grave.

Let them rave.

The gold-eyed kingcups fine;
The frail bluebell peereth over
Rare broid'ry of the purple clover.

Let them rave.

Kings have no such couch as thine,
As the green that folds thy grave.

Let them rave.

Wild words wander here and there;
God's great gift of speech abused
Makes thy memory confused—

But let them rave.

The balm-cricket carols clear
In the green that folds thy grave.

Let them rave.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

POSTHUMOUS MEMOIR OF MYSELF.

BY THE LATE HORACE SMITH, ESQ.

[Continued from the October Number of the Eclectic Magazine.]

CHAPTER V.

FORLORN as was my state, and frightful as was the prospect before me, the dawning light and the twittering of the birds that announced a new day fell cheerily upon my ear. At this early hour my daughter reappeared in the chamber, and recoiling with a slight shudder as she kissed me, exclaimed, in a voice broken by emotion,—“Cold, quite cold! I fear there is no hope. My poor, dear father!” She did not despair, however, for she again knelt down and prayed fervently for my recovery, after which she retired weeping from the room. Inexpressibly grateful to me was this proof of filial affection, although it was not unmingled with self-reproach, for I felt that my recent conduct to the poor girl had hardly entitled me to such a tender devotedness.

Various matin sounds now reached me from without; the ploughman’s whistle, the whetting of the mower’s scythe, the lowing and bleating of cattle, the crowing of cocks challenging each other; and as I listened complacently to this rural chorus, I distinctly and vividly saw—by a species of *clairvoyance* for which I am utterly unable to account—the whole morning landscape commanded by my drawing-room windows. The leaves of the white ash trees, flashing and fading in the ray, looked like so many twinkling eyes; the pines and poplars waving in the breeze, seemed to be stretching themselves out to shake off sleep; the river, dimpled by the air, threw sunny smiles at every flower it passed; the gilded summits of the distant hills sparkled in the blue sky, while their bases were still wreathed in vapor, which gradually floated upward, and all became bright and joyous as if it were the wedding-day of heaven and earth.

How long I remained gazing in delight upon this beautiful revelation I know not, but probably some hours must have thus glided away, for the day had made good progress when my attention was arrested by the opening of the parlor-door, and I heard the well-known footsteps of my son George.

On reaching the bedside, he gazed at me for a few seconds in silence, after which he exclaimed, in an accent of unfeeling surprise—“Hang me if I see much alteration in the governor’s appearance; a little paler, perhaps, nothing more.” Laying his hand upon my cheek, and subsequently upon my heart, he continued—“No pulsation! and the cold, clammy feel of a corpse! Ay, ay, he’s dead enough at last. The only wonder is, that he should hold out so long.” Oh! how I wished for a sudden resuscitation, that I might start from the bed, grapple him by the throat, and shout aloud, “Villain! did you not assert, over and over, that I should recover rapidly, if I would but swallow double doses of your infernal restorative? and now you wonder that it did not kill me sooner!”

But, alas! so far as corporeal energy was concerned, I was indeed a corpse. “I must have a peep at the will,” were the next words I heard. “Father told me its contents some time ago; nearly everything left to me; but seeing is believing: I should find it, he said, in the small drawer of the black *escritoire*.” To this article of furniture, which stood in the adjoining parlor, he accordingly betook himself; and as the door of communication between the two rooms was left open, I was enabled to watch all his proceedings and to overhear his comments. Having withdrawn the will from its place of deposit, he opened the shutters, seated himself by the window, and slowly

perused it, ejaculating at intervals, "All right—all right—everything mine—of course—couldn't be otherwise; an only son; but what on earth could my father mean by leaving so much to Sarah? What do women want with money? Only makes them a prey to fortune-hunters. Glad to see, though, that she is to be cut off if she marries the pauper curate. Don't want any beggars or beggars' brats in the family, always pestering you for assistance. Hallo! what's this? another paper!" So saying, he took up and opened the codicil, ran his eyes over its contents, and starting up as he finished, angrily ejaculated, "Damnation! here's a pretty go—all to be forfeited to the county hospital if ever I marry Julia Thorpe, the only girl in the whole wide world that I wish to marry; a girl, moreover, who is passionately attached to me, and who—Why, it would be a downright robbery! Never heard of anything so cruel, so atrocious, so unnatural. But I won't submit to be plundered in this way; not such an ass. I'll have Julia, and I'll have the fortune too, as sure as my name is George; and what's more, I won't lose another moment in securing both. The governor yonder can't peach, for dead men tell no tales; no more can a burnt codicil, so here goes." With these words he again closed the window-shutters, locked the inner door, so as to prevent observation or interruption—committed the codicil to the parlor fire, closely watching its combustion—and then said, in a triumphant tone, as he looked tauntingly toward the bed, "Well, old gentleman! you haven't gained much by *that* dodge. The estates will be mine, and Julia will be mine, and all the codicils in the world cannot keep me out of them. Fairly outwitted the governor. Ha! ha! ha!"

Indescribably hideous and revolting, not to say demoniacal, did that laugh appear, coming from a wretch who stood in the presence of his victim, and that victim a father who had never denied him a request! His self-betrays in the soliloquy to which I had been listening, and his nefarious destruction of the codicil, had dispelled that belief of his innocence to which I had so fondly and so pertinaciously clung; and I could no longer repel the horrible conviction, that he must have well known the poisonous nature of the restorative, and that he had probably concocted it with his own parricidal hands. The successful destruction of the codicil seemed to have elevated him into a state of almost drunken excitement, for he

threw his arms wildly about, walked rapidly up and down the parlor, strode into the bed-chamber, snapped his fingers in triumph, and talked incoherently of his immediate marriage with Julia, of inviting his Newmarket friends to the wedding, of buying hounds and hunters, and of stocking his cellars with the rarest wines that money could command. In the midst of these riotous anticipations, a tapping was heard at the parlor door, when the exulting expression of his features was instantly changed into a look of alarm, and his voice betrayed agitation as he demanded, "Who's there?—who's there? What do you want?"

I could not catch the reply, but the door was unlocked and opened, and my daughter entered, inquiring why he had locked himself in; to which he made no answer, but eagerly asked,

"When did you say Doctor Linnel was to return?"

"The day after to-morrow."

"Confound it, so early! how deuced unlucky!"

"I thought you would be glad to know that we shall see him on Friday night or Saturday morning."

"Sarah, the funeral *must* take place on Friday—do you hear?—on Friday."

"My dear George, how can you talk so wildly! My poor father will only have been dead three days. What earthly motive can there be for hurrying the interment before the usual time?"

"What motive? A thousand—ten thousand, and each stronger than the other. I presume you are at last satisfied that our father is dead?"

"Alas! I can no longer doubt it."

"And you will admit, I suppose, if we keep him for six months, he won't be more dead than he is now?"

"That is no reason for so much indecent haste, and for such a total want of all filial feeling and respect. What would the world say to your conduct? What reason would you assign for it?"

"The world is very slow to censure a man who has seven or eight thousand a year; and if my motive satisfies myself, that's quite enough. Hark ye, Sarah! Before I left Newmarket I received an impertinent and prying letter from Doctor Linnel, asking fifty questions about Raby's Restorative. I need not tell you what an obstinate and suspicious old fellow he is, and that he piques himself upon discovering the cause of everybody's death. It is his hobby, his monomania, un-

der the influence of which I have not the smallest doubt that he will insist upon having the body opened. Now, you know what an insuperable objection my father had to this sort of mutilation. My own feelings are equally opposed to so barbarous and irreverent a practice; and so, to avoid all controversy and all annoyance, I have determined that the funeral shall take place immediately."

"But you might await the Doctor's return, and refuse to indulge him in what you term his monomania."

"That might excite ugly suspicions, and give rise to a thousand inuendos and insinuations which it is much better to avoid."

"It seems to me that such an unusual precipitation is still more calculated to excite unpleasant comments."

"My dear Sarah, you know nothing about these matters. I am sole executor; I may do as I like: I choose to have my father buried on Friday, and I have summoned the undertaker to be here this afternoon for orders; so you need not say a word more on the subject."

CHAPTER VI.

It was now clear, manifest, indisputable, that I had been intentionally poisoned by my most ungrateful and unnatural son; and that I was to be hurried into the grave with a scandalous precipitation, lest the return of Doctor Linnel, and an examination of the body, might lead to a detection of the villany! To the lingering hope by which I had been hitherto sustained—the chance of reviving during the week that usually intervenes between death and interment—now succeeded an utter despair, aggravated by an intense rage against the miscreant to whose machinations I had fallen a victim, and a feeling of unutterable loathing and horror at the prospect of being buried alive. This volcano of fiery passion burnt inwardly with the more terrific energy, because it was denied all outward vent, either by voice or gesture. Groans and cries, fierce invective or convulsive violence, are the outbursts which nature has provided for the manifestation and relief of mental or corporeal agony; but while *my* anguish was probably more acute than human being had ever previously suffered, while my life might yet be saved by the utterance of a sound or the movement of a finger, I remained dumb, helpless, and immovable—a living corpse! It might have been thought that the misery of my plight

was hardly susceptible of increase, yet the necessity of listening to the heartless, the atrocious language of my son, rendered my tongue-tied impotency a thousand times more intolerable.

Alas! I was quickly doomed to hear still more revolting, still more cold-blooded orders issued by the parricide—for such might he be termed in intention, though his guilty purpose had not yet been consummated. Not very long after the retirement of my daughter from the parlor, the undertaker made his appearance, wearing his professional face of inconsolable woe, and walking as noiselessly as if he feared that his footfall might revive the deceased, and so occasion the loss of a lucrative job.

"Well, Tomkins," said the young reprobate, who had been solacing his grief with a bottle of Madeira and some sandwiches, "you guess, I dare say, why I have sent for you."

"Yes, sir; melancholy business, sad affair; very sorry to hear it."

"Come, come, Mr. Tomkins; no humbug, no flummery! What undertaker was ever sorry to hear of a death? Nonsense! people must die—always have, and always will; nothing new, so you needn't look so confoundedly miserable. Now to business. I should wish the old gentleman to have a handsome funeral."

"Oh, certainly, sir, certainly. A gentleman of your fine fortune would desire, of course, to have everything suitable."

"Yes, but I am not going to leave it to you. Here are my orders, all written down. No extras, you see; everything can soon be got ready, and so we will have the funeral on Friday."

"Dear me, did you say Friday, sir? That will be only three days after the death; and few people are ever buried under a week, unless there are particular reasons."

"Well, but there *are* particular reasons. He died of an infectious disease of a very virulent and malignant kind, and so for the sake of the living we must pop him under ground as fast as possible. You can have everything ready by next Friday, I suppose?—in fact, you *must*."

"I question whether we could get the leaden coffin soldered together in such a hurry. Mr. Briggs, you see, must first come to take measure; then—"

"Why, then we won't have one at all. An elm coffin will do—keep him tight enough, I dare say. Not afraid of the corpse getting out, are you?"

"Oh dear no, sir, we screw 'em down too tight for that; only, when we bury in a vault (yours is a capital one, sir), it is customary to have lead."

"Well, well, the old gentleman will be among his own family; and though relations are so apt to quarrel when alive, I believe they are very good friends after death. You never heard of their coffins standing on end and running a-tilt at each other, did you?"

Tickled by the absurdity of this idea, he again indulged in a burst of that inane and hideous laughter by which I had previously been revolted; and having dismissed the undertaker with a renewal of his peremptory orders, he walked up and down the room, quaffing fresh glasses of Madeira, fantastically swinging his arms, and chuckling as he muttered to himself, "Capital dodge about the malignant fever! Tomkins will spread it everywhere, and so explain the hurry. Good, good!"

CHAPTER VII.

ABANDONED ONCE more to solitude, silence, and my own miserable thoughts, I had no other occupation than to count every knell of the clock that brought me sixty minutes nearer to my living burial, a doom from which I recoiled with increasing horror as the chance of escaping it grew hourly less and less. On the following day the soul-sickening processes of preparation for the grave gave me a frightful foretaste of my impending fate. The undertaker came to measure me for my coffin, taking the dimensions of my body with as much indifference as if I had been a log of wood; and observing with a complacent smile, that he had a ready-made article at home which would exactly fit—a lucky circumstance, as he was so much pressed for time. Two of his men subsequently tumbled and turned me over without the smallest ceremony, to invest me in my shroud—the court-dress in which we all present ourselves at the grand levee of the King of Terrors. Something there was at once ridiculous and repulsive in the elaborate toilette with which they decorated a ghastly corpse, shortly to become a still more ghastly skeleton; while their coarse language was not less offensive than the unfeeling familiarity with which they performed their functions. "I say, old chap," cried one, laying his dirty hand upon my forehead, and moralizing with an evident complacency upon my plight; "I say, old chap, all your money wasn't of no use, you see, when it

comes to this here; and they do say you wasn't over nice in scraping it together. You wern't no better than you should be, though you did carry your head so high; but there's one comfort, you'll be call'd over the coals where you're going to. If you was to give me all your estate, and all your gold in the bank, I wouldn't change places with you. Ah, Joe, Joe," he continued, turning to a boy by his side; "now you see how true it is that a live dog is better than a dead lion."

"True enough, Mr. Hodges," was the reply; "it's all very well to be Dives, and have your swing among the bigwigs, in this here world; but Lazarus has the best of it, I reckon, in kingdom come."

"Well, Joe, and what can be fairer? it's only turn and turn about, you know."

Such was the tone of the discourse to which I was condemned to listen, and I need not state that it did not tend to diminish the mental distress by which I had been already overwhelmed.

Thus did I lie, as a victim dressed out for sacrifice, counting the weary hours in an unimaginable desolation and despair of spirit, until the arrival of the fatal Friday that was to consummate my horrible doom. Early on that morning my coffin was brought in and deposited by my bedside, my whole soul recoiling from it with an abhorrence only the more intense, because my loathing was unsusceptible of utterance or manifestation. Mr. Hodges, the undertaker's foreman, drew up the window-blind, exclaiming, as he returned to the bedside,

"Well, I'm blessed if ever I see a more fresh-looking stiff-un" (such was his brutal nickname for a corpse); "one might almost swear that he was only asleep. To be sure he's only three days dead, and we don't often screw 'em up so fresh. And he ain't swelled the least in the world. Some dead-uns don't care what trouble they give, and will puff themselves out in such a thoughtless way after being measured, that it's a good hour's work to ram and jam them into their wooden box. We shan't have any such bother here; the old chap, you'll find, will fit as true as a trivet. Bear a hand, and let's try."

The coffin had been placed on tall tressels, and as I was lifted from the bed to be laid within it, my head was elevated for a few seconds, and I caught, through the window, a clear view—my last view, as I then believed—of the world without. Oh! how transcendently charming, how ineffably sweet, and beautiful, and glorious, did it appear! God's

mild eye was radiant in the unclouded heavens; the birds were singing gaily, intoxicated with sunshine; the shifting lights and shades gave picturesque variety to hill, and dale, and grove, to earth and water; all was life and motion in the fields; and in the contiguous paddock I caught a glimpse of the white cob to whom I had been indebted for so many pleasant rides

By hedge-row elms and hillocks green,

and whose back I was never again to bestride! Never had the face of nature, beaming with flowery smiles, appeared so lovely; never had I clung to life with so much love and yearning as at the moment when I was about to be driven out of the world by

Murder most foul as at the best it is,
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

After I had been deposited in my narrow receptacle, not without many a coarse and unfeeling scoff from the parties who performed this office, I was again left to solitude and my own miserable thoughts. While I was occupied in calculating the lapse of time, with an ever-increasing horror, I heard footsteps approaching; my daughter bent tenderly over me, repeatedly kissed my lips, while her tears fell fast upon my face; and whispering an almost inaudible "Farewell, forever, my dear, dear father!" retired sobbing from the room. Most sweet and dear was this evidence of filial affection, even although it could not for an instant defer the appalling catastrophe which was about to overtake me.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHILE reflecting upon the visit of my dear and good daughter, which was not altogether without a soothing influence upon my soul, I was startled by the tolling of the church-bell, at all times a solemn and impressive sound, but oh! how indescribably awful and harrowing to me, who heard it tolling for my own funeral, my own quick interment! Whatever faint lingerings of hope had hitherto clung to my heart now died away, and my despair was consummated when the foreman returned to the chamber and screwed down the top of the coffin, an operation which he effected with a celerity which surprised me. His assistant joining him after a brief interval, I was hoisted

on their shoulders, carried through the parlor and the hall, and finally pushed into a hearse, the door of which must have been left open for several minutes, since I distinctly heard much of what was passing around me—a circumstance for which I was subsequently enabled to account. I caught the sound of my son's voice, talking not only in a tone of unconcern, but of absolute levity, with his Newmarket friend, Sir Freeman Dashwood, who had doubtless been summoned rather to celebrate the son's succession than to show respect to the deceased father. By the trampling of hoofs, the rolling of wheels, and other indications, I became aware that, my funeral not being deficient in any of the customary paraphernalia, I was to make my triumphal procession to the grave with all that mockery of earthly grandeur which is usually displayed when a gentleman's corpse is about to be subjected to the worms. The bearer of the black panchise marshaled the array, followed by horses with nodding plumes and housings of sable velvet, and mourning-coaches, whose occupants seemed to be anything but mourners, and wand-bearing footmen, and the decorated hearse in slow and solemn stateliness, conveying earth to earth with all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious—*dust!*

On the arrival of this idle pageant, the vanity of vanities, at the church-door, the coffin was borne into the sacred building; and the funeral service, of which, from my position, I did not lose a single word, was performed by Mr. Mason, the curate, with a more than usual impressiveness and feeling. When I reflected—for I had time for thought even in that harrowing moment—that I had not only refused my daughter's hand to this gifted and excellent man, but had impoverished her, should she marry him after my decease, in order still further to enrich my unnatural son, my heart became penetrated by a pang of the most intense shame and remorse. Blind and erring mortals that we are! How often and how completely should we alter our wills, could we look forward for a few days, or even for a few hours!

A few more slow steps in the churchyard, usually covered with a slab of stone, led down to the door of our family vault. Down that slope I was carried; I was borne into the sepulchre; by the directions of the undertaker's foreman I was deposited on the ground near the entrance; the men withdrew; the door was locked; I heard the departing footsteps of the assembled spectators; all was over; I was buried alive!

OLD MORTALITY.

[See Plate.]

This picture is the joint production of the brothers Barraud, and represents an incident in Sir Walter Scott's celebrated novel. It is another instance of that growing attachment to the beautiful so characteristic of the age, and may be considered the painter's best production. There is a quietness of tone and simplicity of treatment peculiarly adapted to the subject, and the principal character is so thoroughly individualized that, having read the novel, we recognize him at a glance. Among our readers, however, there may be some who have forgotten the incident referred to, and for the benefit of such we transcribe the passage:

"One summer evening, as, in a stroll such as I have described, I approached this deserted mansion of the dead, I was somewhat surprised to hear sounds distinct from those which usually soothe its solitude—the gentle chiding, namely, of the brook, and the sighing of the wind in the boughs of three gigantic ash-trees, which mark the cemetery. The clink of a hammer was on this occasion distinctly heard; and I entertained some alarm that a march-dike, long meditated by the two proprietors whose estates were divided by my favorite brook, was about to be drawn up the glen, in order to substitute its rectilinear deformity for the graceful winding of the natural boundary. As I approached, I was agreeably undeceived. An old man was seated upon the monument of the slaughtered Presbyterians, and busily employed in deepening with his chisel the letters of the inscription, which, announcing in scriptural language the promised blessings of futurity to be the lot of the slain, anathematized the murderers with corresponding violence. A blue bonnet of unusual dimensions covered the gray hairs of the pious workman. His dress was a large old-fashioned coat of the coarse cloth called *hoddin-gray*, usually worn by the elder peasants, with waistcoat and breeches of the same; and the whole suit, though still in decent repair, had obviously seen a train of long service. Strong clouted shoes, studded with hob-nails, and *gramoches* or *leggings*, made of thick black cloth, completed his equipment. Beside him, fed among the graves a pony, the companion of his journey, whose extreme whiteness, as well as its projecting bones and hollow eyes, indicated its antiquity. It was harnessed in the most simple manner, with a pair of branks, a hair tether, or halter, and a *sunk*, or cushion of straw, instead of bridle and saddle. A canvas pouch hung around the neck of the animal,—for the purpose, probably, of containing the rider's tools, and anything else he might have occasion to carry with him. Although I had never seen the old man before, yet from the singularity of his employment, and the style of his equipage, I had no difficulty in recognizing a religious itinerant, whom I had often heard talked of, and who was

known in various parts of Scotland by the title of Old Mortality.

"Where this man was born, or what was his real name, I have never been able to learn; nor are the motives which made him desert his home, and adopt the erratic mode of life which he pursued, known to me except very generally. According to the belief of most people, he was a native of either the county of Dumfries or Galloway, and lineally descended from some of those champions of the Covenant, whose deeds and sufferings were his favorite theme. He is said to have held, at one period of his life, a small moorland farm; but whether from pecuniary losses, or domestic misfortune, he had long renounced that and every other gainful calling. In the language of Scripture, he left his house, his home, and his kindred, and wandered about until the day of his death—a period of nearly thirty years.

"During this long pilgrimage, the pious enthusiast regulated his circuit so as annually to visit the graves of the unfortunate Covenanters who suffered by the sword, or by the executioner, during the reigns of the two last monarchs of the Stuart line. These are most numerous in the western districts of Ayr, Galloway, and Dumfries; but they are also to be found in other parts of Scotland, wherever the fugitives had fought or fallen, or suffered by military or civil execution. Their tombs are often apart from all human habitation, in the remote moors and wilds to which the wanderers had fled for concealment. But wherever they existed, Old Mortality was sure to visit them when his annual round brought them within his reach. In the most lonely recesses of the mountains, the moor-fowl shooter has been often surprised to find him busied in cleaning the moss from the gray stones, renewing with his chisel the half-defaced inscriptions, and repairing the emblems of death with which these simple monuments are usually adorned. Motives of the most sincere, though fanciful devotion, induced the old man to dedicate so many years of existence to perform this tribute to the memory of the deceased warriors of the church. He considered himself as fulfilling a sacred duty, while renewing to the eyes of posterity the decaying emblems of the zeal and sufferings of their forefathers, and thereby trimming, as it were, the beacon-light which was to warn future generations to defend their religion even unto blood.

"In all his wanderings, the old pilgrim never seemed to need, or was known to accept, pecuniary assistance. It is true, his wants were very few; for wherever he went, he found ready quarters in the house of some Cameronian of his own sect, or of some other religious person. The hospitality which was reverentially paid to him, he always acknowledged by repairing the gravestones (if there existed any) belonging to the family or ancestors of his host. As the wanderer was usually to be seen bent on this pious task within the precincts of some country churchyard, or reclined on the solitary tombstone among the heath, disturbing the plover and the black-cock with the clink of his chisel and mallet, with his old white pony grazing by his side, he acquired from his converse among the dead, the popular appellation of Old Mortality."

From Bentley's Miscellany.

PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE OF GEORGE THE THIRD WITH BISHOP HURD.

FROM 1776 TO 1805.

RICHARD HURD, Bishop of Worcester, was a very considerable man in his day. The friend and follower of Warburton, he could read this passage in a letter of his master, "of this Johnson, you, and I, I believe, think much alike," and not feel ashamed of the imputation of contemning so illustrious a man as the author of the *English Dictionary*. But the world, "which knows not how to spare," has long ago decided which was the greater man of the two; and accordingly, while every man is familiar with all that befell Johnson, the life of Hurd is known comparatively to few; for which reason we subjoin a short account of him.

Richard Hurd was born on the 13th January, 1720, at Congreve, in the parish of Penkrich, Staffordshire. He was the second son of John and Hannah Hurd, who, he has himself told us, were "plain, honest, and good people,—farmers, but of a turn of mind that might have honored any rank and any condition." These worthy people were solicitous to give their son the best and most liberal education, and sent him to the grammar school at Brerewood. In 1733 he was admitted of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, but he did not go to reside there until a year or two afterward. He took the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1739, and that of Master in 1742; in which year he was elected a fellow, and ordained deacon in St. Paul's Cathedral, London; and in 1744 he was admitted into priest's orders at Cambridge.

Dr. Hurd's first literary production was, *Remarks on Weston's "Inquiry into the Rejection of the Christian Miracles by the Heathens,"* published in 1746; and in 1748, on the conclusion of the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, he contributed some verses to the University collection for 1749. In the same year he took the degree of Bachelor of Divinity, and published his "*Commentary on the Ars Poetica of Horace,*" in which he

endeavored to prove that the Roman poet has treated his subject with systematic order and the strictest method; an idea which has been strenuously combated by several eminent writers. In the preface to this *Commentary*, he took occasion to compliment Warburton, in a manner which won him the favor of that learned dogmatist, and procured for him a return in kind in the Bishop's edition of "*Pope's Works,*" where Hurd's *Commentary* is spoken of in terms of the highest commendation. This exchange of flattery gave rise to an intimacy between these persons, which continued unbroken during their lives, and is supposed to have exercised considerable influence over the opinions of Hurd, who was long considered as the first scholar in what has been termed the Warburton school. The "*Commentary*" was reprinted in 1757, with the addition of two dissertations, one on the drama, the other on poetical imitation, and a letter to Mr. Mason on the marks of imitation. In 1765, a fourth edition, corrected and enlarged, was published in three volumes octavo, with a third dissertation on the idea of universal poetry; and the whole was again reprinted in 1776. This work fully established the reputation of Hurd as an elegant and acute, if not always a sound and judicious, critic.

In May, 1750, he was appointed by Sherlock, Bishop of London, one of the Whitehall preachers. About this time he entered warmly into a controversy respecting the jurisdiction of the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge, which had been appealed against by some contumacious members of that University; but it is hardly necessary to relate the particulars of the contest.

In 1751 he published a *Commentary on the Epistle to Augustus*; and in 1753 a new edition of both *Commentaries*, with a dedication to Warburton. The friendship he had formed with Warburton continued to increase

by mutual good offices ; and in 1755, Hurd eagerly embraced an opportunity which offered itself of owning the warmth of his attachment. Dr. Jortin having, in his Dissertations, spoken of Warburton with less deference and submission than the exactions of an overbearing and insolent superiority could easily tolerate, Hurd wrote a bitter satire, entitled "The Delicacy of Friendship, a Seventh Dissertation, addressed to the author of the Sixth;" a production in which he was betrayed into too close an imitation of his master's style ; and displayed a degree of warmth—also borrowed from Warburton—far beyond anything that the supposed offence could either call for or justify. Hurd, accordingly, took pains to suppress the pamphlet ; but in 1788 it was republished in a volume, entitled "Tracts of Warburton and a Warburtonian."

Hurd continued to reside at Cambridge until 1756, when, on the death of Dr. Arnold, he succeeded, as senior fellow of Emmanuel College, to the rectory of Thurstaston, to which he was instituted in 1757, and where, having entered into residence, he continued to prosecute his studies, which were principally confined to subjects of elegant literature. The remarks on Hume's "Essay on the Natural History of Religion" appeared soon afterward. But Warburton appears to have had the chief hand in the composition of this part, which we find republished by Hurd in the quarto edition of that prelate's works, and enumerated in the list of them. It appears to have occasioned some uneasiness to Hume, who, in the account of his own life, notices it with a degree of acrimony quite unusual to that impassive philosopher.

In 1759, Hurd published a volume of "Dialogues on Sincerity, Retirement, the Golden Age of Elizabeth, and the Constitution of the English Government;" and this was followed by his "Letters on Chivalry and Romance;" which, with his "Dialogue on Foreign Travel," are republished in the year 1765, with the author's name, and a preface on dialogue writing. In the preceding year he had published another of those zealous tracts in vindication of Warburton which has added little to his fame as a writer, and procured him the reputation of an illiberal and unmannerly polemic. It was entitled, "A Letter to the Rev. Dr. Thomas Leland, in which his late dissertation on the principles of human eloquence is criticised, and the Bishop of Gloucester's idea of the nature and character of an inspired language, as delivered in his lordship's doctrine of grace,

is vindicated from all the objections of the learned author of the Dissertation." This, with Hurd's other controversial tracts, has been republished in the eighth volume of the authorized edition of his works, where we find prefixed to it, by way of advertisement, the following lines, written by the author not long before his death :

"The controversial tracts which make up this volume were written and published by the author at different times, as opportunity invited, or occasion required. Some sharpness of style may be objected to them, in regard to which he apologizes for himself in the words of the poet :

— Me quoque pectoris
Tentavit in dulci juventâ
Fervor.—
— Nunc ego mitibus
Mutare quæro tristia."

This is a very miserable apology, and makes the original offence the greater. The words of the poet might have suggested to him the propriety, while he had the pen in his hand, of castigating these performances. "Pleasant, but wrong," thought Hurd, in his old age, of his tracts. The plea has little penitence in it.

In 1762 the sinecure rectory of Folkton was conferred on him by Lord Chancellor Northampton; in 1765 he was chosen preacher of Lincoln's Inn ; and in August, 1767, he was collated to the archdeaconry of Gloucester by Bishop Warburton. In July, 1768, he was admitted doctor of divinity at Cambridge ; the same day he was appointed to open the lecture founded by Warburton for the illustration of the prophecies ; and the Twelve Discourses which he preached there were published in 1772, under the title of an introduction to the study of the prophecies concerning the Christian church, and in particular concerning the church of Papal Rome.

In 1769, he published the select works of Abraham Cowley, with a preface and notes, in 5 vols. 8vo., an edition which has been condemned as interfering with the integrity of Cowley's works, and which certainly is not the most judicious of Hurd's undertakings. In 1775, he was, by the recommendation of Lord Mansfield, promoted to the Bishopric of Lichfield and Coventry, and consecrated early in that year ; and soon after entering on the episcopal office, he delivered a charge to the clergy of the diocese, as well as a Fast sermon for "the American rebellion," which was preached before the House of Lords.

In May, 1781, Bishop Hurd received a

gracious message from his Majesty, George III., conveying to him an offer of the see of Worcester, with the clerkship of the closet, both of which he accepted. Nor did his Majesty's kindness stop here. For on the death of Dr. Cornwallis, in 1783, he was offered the archiepiscopal see of Canterbury, with many gracious expressions, and was even pressed to accept it; but he humbly begged leave to decline it, "as a charge not suited to his temper and talents, and much too heavy for him to sustain in these times," alluding, we presume, to the distractions arising from the conflict of political parties. In 1788, Hurd published a complete edition of the works of Warburton, in 7 vols. 4to.; but the life did not appear till 1795, when it came forth under the title of a discourse by way of general preface to the 4to edition of Bishop Warburton's works, containing some account of the life, writings, and character of the author. This work excited considerable attention, and the style is equally remarkable for its purity and elegance; but the stream of panegyric is too uniform not to subject the author to the suspicion of long-confirmed prejudices. Even the admirers of Warburton would have been content with less laborious efforts to magnify him at the expense of all his contemporaries. They conceived that age and reflection should have abated, if not wholly extinguished, the unworthy animosities of times gone by. But in this they were disappointed. Hurd was a true disciple of the great dogmatist; and hence it was with regret that they observed the worst characteristic of Warburton—his inveterate dislike, his fierce contempt, and his sneering sarcasm—still employed to perpetuate his personal antipathies, and employed, too, against such men as Secker and Lowth. If these were the feelings of those who venerated Warburton and esteemed Hurd, others, who never had much attachment for the Bishop of Gloucester or his school, found little difficulty in accumulating against his biographer charges of gross partiality and illiberal abuses.

The remainder of Hurd's life was spent in the discharge of his episcopal duties, and in studious retirement. He died on the 28th of May, 1808, being then in his eighty-ninth year. As a writer, his taste, learning, and talents have been universally acknowledged; and though, like his master, contemptuous and intolerant, he was, nevertheless, shrewd, ingenious, and original. In his private character he was in all respects amiable; nor were the relations in life in any degree im-

bittered by the gall and wormwood which so frequently flowed from his pen; an assertion which the following letters will abundantly prove; for they show that he was regarded with the warmest affection by the royal family who addressed them to him.

The first letter requires a brief explanation. In the Gazette of June 8th, 1776, we find the following:—"St. James's. The king has been pleased to appoint his Grace George Duke of Montagu to be governor; Richard, Lord Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, to be preceptor; Lieutenant-Colonel George Hotham, sub-governor, and the Rev. William Arnold, B.D., sub-preceptor, to their Royal Highnesses, George Augustus Frederick, Prince of Wales, and to Prince Frederick, Bishop of Osnaburg" (the Duke of York).

Queen's House, June 2nd, 1776.

MY LORD,—I have persuaded the Duke of Montagu to accept of the office his brother has declined. His worth is equal to that of the good man we both this day so much regretted. I hope this will also heal a mind I am certain much hurt at being the cause of much pain to me.

I am now going to Kew to notify the change to my sons, and desire you will be here at ten this night, when I will introduce you to the Duke. The similarity of the brothers will, I trust, make this change not material even to you.

GEORGE R.

To the Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry.

The next letter is from the young Duke of York, and shows, in its kindness and good humor, that the child was "father of the man."

Kew, August 5th, 1776.

MY DEAR LORD,—I hope you are now arrived safe at Eccleshall, and that you are now quite recovered of your fatigues. With this letter I send you the translation of the Speech of Virginius to the Soldiers in the Camp after the death of his Daughter. I hope you will excuse the writing of the letter and translation, as I fell down yesterday while I was playing with Mr. Arnold in the garden, and sprained and bruised my second finger on my right hand very much. We hope to finish the first Book of Xenophon on Wednesday. I hope, as you love hot weather, that your climate has been like ours; last Friday, at two o'clock, our thermometer was eighty-seven. It is time for walking, so I will not detain you any longer. Therefore I am,

Your affectionate friend,

FREDERICK.

P. S.—Since I wrote this letter, I have seen Mr. Hawkins, who found that I had put out my finger, and has set it again for me. Good bye. To the Right Reverend Father in God, Richard, Lord Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, Eccleshall, Staffordshire.

And now follows a letter from the Prince of Wales (afterward George IV.,) by which it appears that he had not got far into the first book of Livy. His lesson seems to have been a teaser; for Romulus does not prate away at a fine rate—if by that expression he meant a long rate—neither does he argue with the Sabine women, to whom he gives as sensible advice as possible, under the awkward circumstances of the case.

Kew, August 6th, 1776.

MY DEAR LORD,—I am afraid that the enclosed translation will not prove so delicious a morsel as your Lordship expected to receive. However, I have tried to give it as good a relish as possible; but the author is very difficult, and I not at all versed in translation, as your Lordship knows. Euclid goes on very well, for we are in the middle of the third book; and as to Livy, I have just left Romulus prating away for marriage at a fine rate, though I think he has the best of the argument. We are in hopes of having a most glorious day at Windsor on Monday next. I have a new mare, which, without boasting, I may say is at least as good as your Lordship's. We all long to see you again at Kew, and I am,

With the truest and sincerest affection, yours,

GEORGE P.

To the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, Eccleshall, Staffordshire.

It would seem, from the following, that Arnold, the sub-preceptor, had made great way in the regard of the king.

Windsor Castle, August 24th, 1777.

MY LORD,—I cannot refrain from exercising the great comfort the human mind is capable of—the communicating pleasure to those it esteems. Mr. Arnold has gained the greatest applause from the excellence of his sermon he has just delivered, which could have been equaled by nothing but the decency and modesty of his deportment; indeed, this able, as well as valuable man, does the greatest justice to the propriety of your choice, and shows that your discernment into the characters of men is as conspicuous as your other great and amiable qualities.

GEORGE R.

To the Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry.

We would now draw attention to a letter from Queen Charlotte, which, bearing in mind that she is writing in a language foreign to her, displays a very lively ability.

MY LORD,—It will be difficult to decide whose conduct deserves the most to be criticised, my eldest daughter's in sending you a present of a young lady, or mine in encouraging her to do so? Suppose, then, I plead guilty! will that satisfy you? I think it will, for you remember well that last Wednesday we agreed that to acknowledge our

errors was a virtue we should strive to obtain; but in order to keep up all the decorum necessary for this young lady to get admitted into an episcopal habitation: my daughter Augusta desires an old philosopher would conduct her safely, with hopes that you will take them both under your protection.

CHARLOTTE.

Queen's House, Friday Morning, January 26th, 1761.
To the Bishop of Worcester.

On May 1, 1781, at the Episcopal Palace, at Chelsea, in the 85th year of his age, died Dr. John Thomas, Lord Bishop of Winchester, clerk of the closet to the King, and prelate of the most noble order of the garter. He succeeded the celebrated Dr. Hoadly in the see of Winchester. We read that "the King and Queen have for some years past honored his Lordship with an annual visit to Farnham Castle."

Windsor, May 2nd, 1781.

MY GOOD LORD,—I have this instant received the account of the death of my very worthy and much esteemed friend the Bishop of Winchester. To an heart like yours it is easy to conceive that the news could not reach me without causing some emotion, though reason convinces me that for him it is a most welcome event. I therefore lose no time in acquainting you that I cannot think of any person so proper to succeed him as clerk of my closet as yourself; and, indeed, I trust that any opportunity that brings you nearer to my person cannot be displeasing to you. Relying on this, I have acquainted the Lord Chamberlain to notify this appointment to you, but I thought any mark of my regard would best be conveyed by myself. I trust, therefore, that this letter will reach you before any intimation from him. I have also directed Lord North to acquaint you that I propose to translate you to the See of Worcester. With all the partiality natural to the county of Stafford, I should hope you will allow Hartlebury to be a better summer residence than Eccleshall, and I flatter myself that hereafter you will not object to a situation that may not require so long a journey every year as either of these places.

Believe me, at all times,

My good Lord, your very sincere friend,

GEORGE R.

To the Lord Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry.

The Dr. Balguy referred to by the King in the letter we are about to present, was the son of a more eminent divine, who presented him the rectory of North Stoke, near Grant-ham, in Lincolnshire. He afterward obtained from Bishop Hoadly a prebend at Winchester; became later Archdeacon of Salisbury, and subsequently was made Archdeacon of Winchester. He owed all his preferments to Bishop Hoadly. In 1775, he preached the sermon on the consecration of Hurd, as

Bishop of Lichfield. In 1781, the decay of his sight, which ended at last in total blindness, prevented his acceptance of the Bishopric of Gloucester, to which the King, without solicitation, had nominated him, on the death of Warburton. He died in 1795, leaving behind the character of "a sincere and exemplary Christian, a sound and accurate scholar, a strenuous and able defender of the Christian religion, and of the Church of England."

MY GOOD LORD,—On Monday I wrote to the Archbishop of Canterbury my inclination to grant Dr. Balguy a dispensation from performing the strict residence required by the Statutes of the Chapter of Winchester, provided the archbishop and the bishop of the diocese (whom I desired him to consult) saw no objection in this particular case to such an indulgence. On Wednesday the archbishop told me he had followed my directions, and that he and the bishop agreed in the propriety of the step, and thanked me for having first asked their opinion, which must prevent this causing any improper precedent. I have now directed Lord Shelburne to have the dispensation prepared for my signature. You may, therefore, now communicate my intention to Dr. Balguy.

I have also acquainted the new lord steward of the right of the deputy clerk of the closet to dine at the chaplain's table, and his servant to dine with the servants. You may therefore acquaint the deputy clerk of the closet in waiting of things being now put on the same foot as previous to the dispute with Lord Talbot.

GEORGE R.

Queen's House, May 10th, 1782.

I enclose the oration held by the Pope at Vienna, when he gave the cardinal's hat to two who had been long nominated, but could not receive that mark of their advancement, not having before been in his presence. I believe Cicero would not have acknowledged him for a disciple.

Allocutio Sanctissimi Domini Papæ Pii VI. recitata in publico consistorio quod habuit Vindobonæ, in Aula Imperiali, die xix Aprilis, 1782.

"Antequam consistoriali huic actioni finem imponamus, quæ latere neminem oportet, ex hoc loco præterire silentio nolumus. Gratum quippe nobis fuit, imperatoriam majestatem, quam semper magni fecimus, coram intueri, ipsumque Cæsarem peramanter complecti. Pro muneris nostri ratione sæpe eum alloquuti sumus, et plurimum in eo urbanitatis, qua nos augusto domicilio suo honorifice exceperit, et liberali quotidie officio habuit, singularem quoque in Deum devotionem, præstantiam ingenii, summumque in rebus agendis studium admirari debuimus. Neque minori solatio paternum animum nostrum erexit Pietas et Religio, quam in splendida hac urbe, et populis in itinere nobis occurrentibus, sartam incorruptamque ma-

nere cognovimus. Quare non modo eum laudare, sed assiduis etiam orationibus precibusque nostris fovere nunquam prætermittimus. Imo Deum optimum maximum vehementer obsecramus, ut qui adeò tendentes non deserit, eos in sancto proposito confirmet, ac uberi cælestium benedictionum rore profundat."

In the King's hand.—R. W.

Heyne, to whom the King alludes in the following letter, was professor of poetry and eloquence in the University of Gottingen. Having the literary industry common to his learned countrymen, he wrote several ponderous quartos, all of which are to be found in the King's Library.

We would particularly request the attention of our readers to the just sentiments expressed by the King on war, and the education of the people.

Windsor, July 23rd, 1782.

MY GOOD LORD,—It is with infinite satisfaction I received on Sunday your letter; by which I find that at last the German books, wrote in Latin, and collected by Professor Heyne, by my directions, for you, are arrived at Hartlebury. I shall certainly continue to authorize him to send any others that he may think, from their subjects or styles, likely to meet with approbation. I own the reputation of the University of Gottingen I have much at heart, from an idea that, if ever mankind reflect, they must allow that those who encourage religion, virtue, and literature, deserve as much solid praise as those who disturb the world, and commit all the horrors of war to gain the reputation of being heroes.

Indeed, my good lord, we live in unprincipled days, and no change can be expected but by an early attention to the education of the rising generation. Where my opinion must be of weight, —I mean, in my electoral dominions,—it shall be the chief object of my care; and, should it be crowned with success, it may incline others to follow the example.

I now come to a part of your letter that gave me much concern; but should at the same time have felt hurt if you had not informed me of. I fear the relapse of poor Dr. Arnold: his conduct during the time he attended you seemed as favorable as any of us could desire. I still hope he will soon be reinstated; and I trust you will not long leave me in suspense upon a subject that greatly interests me, for I ever thought him not only ingenious, but perfectly upright, and, as such, I have a very sincere regard for him. Except the Queen, no one here has the smallest suspicion of his having a fresh attack, which is an attention* I am certain he every way deserves.

I hope your visitation will be attended with as fine weather as we have enjoyed since the violent

* Sic. in MS. What was the matter with Dr. Arnold, physically, mentally, or morally, I have not been able to ascertain.

rain on Tuesday night, and the whole of Wednesday. I shall ever remain, my good Lord,

Your very affectionate friend,
GEORGE R.

To the Lord Bishop of Worcester, at Hartlebury Castle, Worcestershire.

The two following letters show the King in a most amiable light, both as a father and a man. Prince Octavius died on the 3rd of May, 1783.

Windsor, Aug. 20th, 1782.

MY GOOD LORD,—There is no probability, and indeed, scarce a possibility, that my youngest child can survive this day. The knowing you are acquainted with the tender feelings of the Queen's heart, convinces me you will be uneasy till apprized that she is calling the only solid assistant under affliction, religion, to her assistance. She feels the peculiar goodness of Divine Providence in never having before put her to so severe a trial, though she has so numerous a family, I do not deny. I also write to you, my good lord, as a balm to my mind; as I have not you present to converse with, I think it the most pleasing occupation by this means to convey to you that I place my confidence that the Almighty will never fill my cup of sorrow fuller than I can bear; and, when I reflect on the dear cause of our tribulation, I consider his change to be so greatly for his advantage, that I sometimes think it unkind to wish his recovery had been effected. And, when I take this event in another point of view, and reflect how much more miserable it would have been to have seen him lead a life of pain, and perhaps end thus at a more mature age, I also confess that the goodness of the Almighty appears strongly in what certainly gives me great concern, but might have been still more severe.

G. R.

To the Lord Bishop of Worcester.

MY GOOD LORD,—The humanity which is not among the least auspicious of your excellent qualities, would, I am persuaded, make you feel for the present distress in which the Queen and I are involved, had you not the farther incitement of a sincere attachment to us both. The little object we are deploring was known to you, and consequently his merits; therefore you will not be surprised that the blow is strong. We both call on the sole assistant to those in distress, the dictates of religion. I have proposed to the Queen, and she approves of it, that I should desire you to come on Saturday, and bring Mr. Fisher with you, that, on Sunday, in my chapel in the Castle, we may have the comfort of hearing you preach, and receiving from your hands the holy communion. I think this a very proper time for renewing the baptismal vow; and, though greatly grieved, I feel true submission to the decrees of Providence, and great thankfulness for having enjoyed for four years that dear infant.

GEORGE R.

Windsor, May 6th, 1788.

The letter from the Queen, which we subjoin, is another evidence of the vivacity of her talent. Having given to Hurd her copy of the essay, no wonder we do not find one in the King's library. There is, however, a copy in the British Museum.

The book which accompanies this note is an Essay on the Immortality of the Soul, which I received on Saturday last. It appears to be against Mr. Hume's, Voltaire's, and Rousseau's principles, and chiefly against the first of these authors. As I am not in the least acquainted with the writings of those unhappy men, I must beg the bishop to give me his opinion upon this little tract, as the author of it will not publish his name until he knows the reception of it by some able and understanding men.

I do also send the letter of the author, who appears modest and well meaning, and more should be said about him, I believe, but the dedication being to me, I might be suspected of being guided by flattery. You know I hate bribery and corruption; but being corrupted by flattery is worse than money, as it is an open avowal of a corrupted heart, and I hope you do not suspect me of that.

I shall be glad to hear of your being well after the fatigue of yesterday.

CHARLOTTE.

Queen's House, March 29th, 1784.

Here is the King's estimate of three of his children—the Duke of York, the Duke of Sussex, and the Duke of Cambridge:—

Windsor, July 30th, 1786.

MY GOOD LORD,—Yesterday I received, by the quarterly messenger, some printed copies of the three successful prize dissertations from Göttingen, as also the speech of the pro-rector on declaring to who the prizes are adjudged; Doctor Langford going to-morrow to Worcester, I take this favorable opportunity of sending a copy of each for you. The medal for the Theological Discourse is now undertaken by Mr. Birch; it will be double the weight of the other; on one side will be my profile, as on the other medal, the reverse is to be taken from the seal he cut some years past for you: as soon as the drawing is prepared I will send it for your opinion.

My accounts from Göttingen, of the little colony I have sent there, is very favorable: all three seem highly delighted and pleased with those that have the inspection of them; but what pleases me most is the satisfaction they express at the course of theology they have begun with Professor Less—Professor Heyne gives them lessons in the classics, and has an assistant for the rougher work; they learn history, geography, moral philosophy, mathematics, and experimental philosophy, so that their time is fully employed; I think Adolphus at present seems the favorite of all, which from his lively manner is natural, but the good sense of Augustus will in the end prove conspicuous. That Adolphus should have gained

Frederick could not be otherwise, as in stature, features, and manner, I never saw two persons so much resemble each other: may the younger one do so in the qualities of the heart, which I have every reason to flatter myself.

On Friday I saw Major-General Budé, who told me the disagreeable giddiness you complained of the last winter is much abated; I trust it will enable you, in the autumn, to ride constantly, as that is the best of all remedies. I hope to hear from you how you approve of the small tracts I now send you.

Believe me ever, my good lord, yours most affectionately,

GEORGE R.

To the Lord Bishop of Worcester.

The next letter requires no explanation.

Windsor, Sept. 2nd, 1786.

MY GOOD LORD,—Yesterday I received from Birch the design for the reverse of the theological prize medal, which I now communicate to you. The only alterations I have proposed are, that the cross shall not appear so well finished, but of ruder workmanship, and the name of the university as well as the year placed at the bottom as on the other medal.

We have had some alarm in consequence of a spasmodic attack on the breast of Elizabeth, which occasioned some inflammation, but by the skill of Sir George Baker she is now perfectly recovered, and in a few days will resume riding on horseback, which has certainly this summer agreed well with her.

I am glad to find by a letter, which Mrs. Delany has had from Mr. Montagu, that you are preparing to do the same, as I am certain it will contribute to your health, which I flatter myself is improved by your proposing to attempt it this season.

Believe me ever, my good lord, yours most affectionately,

GEORGE R.

To the Lord Bishop of Worcester,
Hartlebury Castle, Worcestershire.

We cannot but perceive in the following letter how dear to the king's heart was national education. Would that the present Government had the power, or those who exercise authority over the people, the will, to carry out the wishes of this (sometimes called) narrow-minded and bigoted Monarch.

Windsor, July 29th, 1787.

MY GOOD LORD,—Having learned from Dr. Langford that he sets out to-morrow for Worcester, I cannot omit so favorable an opportunity of inquiring after your health. I shall to-morrow attend the speeches at Eton, as I wish from time to time to show a regard for the education of youth, on which most essentially depends my hopes of an advantageous change in the manners of the nation. You may easily imagine that I am not a little anxious for the next week, when

Frederick will return, from whom I have great reason to expect much comfort. The accounts of the three at Gottingen are very favorable: the youngest has written to me to express a wish to be publicly examined by the two curators of that university on the commemoration in September, when it will have subsisted fifty years. I have taken the hint, and have directed all three to be examined on that solemn occasion.

I ever remain, my good lord,

Yours most affectionately,

GEORGE R.

The Lord Bishop of Worcester, Hartlebury Castle.

The seven succeeding letters call for no comment.

Windsor, the 30th Feb., 1787.

MY LORD,—As I am perfectly unacquainted with the name of the college, in where young Griffith pursued his studies, and therefore less capable of applying to any body about his character, I take the liberty of making him the bearer of this letter, in order that he may answer for himself, totally relying on your goodness that in case he should, after inquiry, not be found what he ought to be, you will forget the application entirely. All I know of him is, that he bears the character of a modest and sober young man, that he behaved extremely well to his mother, who was the Duke of York's nurse, and that he is desirous of being employed in his profession whenever he can. I will now only add, my thanks for your kindness in this affair, and I rejoice to hear that you are a little better, the continuance of which nobody can more sincerely wish than your friend,

CHARLOTTE.

To the Bishop of Worcester.

MY LORD,—I never wished so much to exercise my power and commands as to-day, but I hope you will believe me, when I say, that this desire does not arise from any tyrannical inclination, but from a real regard for you. The wintery feel of this day makes me desirous of preventing your exposing yourself to-morrow morning at court, where I could only see, but not enjoy your company, which pleasure I beg to have any other day, when less inconvenient and less pernicious to your health.

CHARLOTTE.

Queen's House, the 17th of January, 1788.

To the Bishop of Worcester.

G. R. Slo, 3 o'clock.

MADAM,—I cannot express the sense I have of your Majesty's gracious command to me not to appear at court to-morrow. But for this once, I hope your Majesty will pardon me, if I am not inclined to yield obedience to it. I have been so well as to take an airing this day, which occasioned me to be from home when the messenger came. I will, therefore, with your Majesty's good leave, attempt to join my brethren to-morrow in the joyful office of the day; and I assure myself the occasion will give me spirits enough to go through it without inconvenience—only it is pos-

sible, Madam, I may so far take the benefit of your Majesty's indulgence as not to venture into the crowded drawing-room afterward. But even this will be a liberty I shall allow myself very unwillingly.

I am, with all possible respect, Madam, your Majesty's most obliged and most obedient servant,
R. W.

Windsor, June 8th, 1783.

MY GOOD LORD,—Having had rather a smart bilious attack, which, by the goodness of Divine Providence, is quite removed, Sir George Baker has strongly recommended to me the going for a month to Cheltenham, as he thinks that water efficacious on such occasions, and that he thinks an absence from London will keep me free from certain fatigues that attend long audiences: I shall therefore go there on Saturday. I am certain you know the regard that both the queen and I have for you, and that it will be peculiarly agreeable to us to see you at Hartlebury. I shall certainly omit the waters some morning to undertake so charming a party: but that you may know the whole of my schemes, besides getting that day a breakfast there, I mean to remind you that feeding the hungry is among the Christian duties, and that, therefore, when I shall visit the cathedral on the day of the sermon for the benefit of the children of the clergy of the three choirs,—which Dr. Langford, as one of the stewards, will get advanced to Wednesday the 6th of August (as I shall return on the 10th to Windsor,)—I shall hope to have a little cold meat at your palace before I return to Cheltenham on Friday the 8th. I shall also come to the performance of the "Messiah," and shall hope to have the same hospitable assistance; both days I shall come to the episcopal palace sufficiently early that I may from thence be in the cathedral by the time appointed for the performances in the church. The post waits for my letter, I therefore can only add that I ever remain, with true regard, and, I may say, affection,

My good lord, truly your good friend,

GEORGE R.

To the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Worcester,
Hartlebury Castle, Worcestershire.

Cheltenham, July 25th, 1788.

MY GOOD LORD,—Imagining you would like to hear how the visit to Gloucester had succeeded, I deferred writing till I returned from thence. It is impossible for more propriety to have been shown than both by the bishop and Mr. Holdfast. His speech in his own name and that of the dean and chapter and clergy of the diocese was very proper, and he seemed not to object to my having

an answer. I thought it right to command the dean and chapter for the new regulation, by which a more constant attendance is required, and hoping that it would stimulate the rest of the clergy to what is so essential a part of their duty. The cathedral is truly beautiful. I am to attend Divine service there on Sunday. To-morrow is the visit to Croombe, which enables me to fix on Saturday, the 2nd of August, for visiting Hartlebury Castle, where any arrangements for the 6th at Worcester may be explained. All here are well, and insisted on seeing yesterday the room Dr. Hurd used to inhabit at Gloucester: the bishop was obliged to explain Lord Mansfield's prediction on the mitre over the chimney. Had they always been so properly bestowed, the dignity of the Church would have prevented the multitude of sectaries.

Believe me ever your most affectionate friend,
GEORGE R.

To the Lord Bishop of Worcester,
Hartlebury Castle.

MY LORD,—When I was last night with the king, he inquired very anxiously after you, and seemed pleased to hear of your having been at Kew to inform yourself after him. He also gave me the sermon for you of Mr. Thomas Willis, and ordered me to send it as soon as possible, and to express how much he wished to know your opinion about it. I am likewise to introduce this new acquaintance of ours to you, which I shall do by a letter t'rough him, and I hope, nay, I am pretty sure that you will like him, as he really is a very modest man, and by his conduct in this house gains everybody's approbation. I am sorry to hear that your visit at Kew should have proved so painful to you as to give you the gout, but hope to hear that it is not a very severe attack.

CHARLOTTE.

MY GOOD LORD,—This letter was wrote yesterday, but no opportunity found to send it; the consequence of which is, that the sermon is brought by its author, whom I hope you will approve of.

Kew, the 7th Feb., 1789.

MY LORD,—The bearer of this is the young man in whose behalf you spoke to the Bishop of Bath and Wells. Would you be so kind, with your usual goodness, to direct him what further steps he must take to be introduced to the bishop, and also to give him good advice about his future conduct in life. In doing that, you will greatly oblige

Your sincere friend,

CHARLOTTE.

Queen's House, the 8th of April, 1789.

To the Bishop of Worcester.

From the Standard of Freedom.

THE WRONGS OF HUNGARY.

THE following document has been issued by the London Hungarian Committee:

I. Hungary is an ancient constitutional monarchy, which used to elect its kings. Every new king was solemnly crowned with the crown of St. Stephen, after taking the coronation oath on Hungarian soil, in which he swore to uphold the constitution. In the year 1687 the royalty was made hereditary in the family of Hapsburg; but, so far was Hungary from becoming a province of Austria, to this year not a single Austrian has been allowed to hold office in the Hungarian kingdom. An Austrian is a foreigner in Hungarian law and practice.

II. The kings of the house of Hapsburg have, notwithstanding, made various attempts to overthrow the liberties of Hungary. After repeated attempts to fuse Hungary into Austria, and repeated insurrections, a long struggle, begun by Leopold I., was ended in 1711 by Joseph I., who was constrained to confirm the old constitution. Again, by the efforts of Joseph II. to enforce the German language, and suppress the municipalities, a revolt was kindled, which his successor, Leopold II., finally pacified (in 1790) only by withdrawing all his brother's innovations, and making a peculiarly distinct avowal, that (Art. 10) "Hungary, with her appanages, is a free kingdom, and in regard to her whole legal form of government (including all the tribunals) independent; that is, entangled with no other kingdom or people; but having her own peculiar consistence and constitution, accordingly, to be governed by her legitimately crowned king, after her peculiar laws and customs." Nevertheless, Francis I. dared to violate his coronation oath, by not assembling the Diet from 1811 to 1825. At last he was compelled to give way by the passive resistance to all government. From that year onward the Hungarians have struggled successfully for internal reforms by constitutional methods, though perpetually thwarted by the bigotry, ignorance, and perverse ambition of the Austrian cabinet or crown.

III. The internal reforms which they desire were chiefly the following: To remove or lessen the distinctions between the privileged and unprivileged classes, and improve the principles of taxation and of the tenure of land. Next, to extend perfect toleration of religious creed to all. The high Magyar nobility are generally Roman Catholics, yet they have been as willing to concede toleration as the lower nobility and middle classes, who are generally Protestants. Thirdly, to establish free trade with all nations. For the Austrian cabinet choose to confine this great country to Austria for its market, while treating Hungarian produce as foreign. Fourthly, to maintain a free press, and the right especially of publishing the debates and proceedings of the Diet. Fifthly, in general to develop the great resources of Hungary by all sorts of material improvement in agriculture, in roads, in bridges. To this, of late, has been added a struggle for general education.

IV. One mode of resistance applied by Austria, was to extinguish parliamentary bills by the *veto* of the crown; the fear of which paralyzed the upper house—a body always naturally disposed to lean to Austria. Against this the Hungarians had no adequate constitutional weapon to use, since the Austrian cabinet was not responsible to the Hungarian Diet. The often repeated legal declaration of their independence, and in particular the distinct compact of Leopold II. in 1790–91, justified them in desiring, by peaceful and constitutional means, to attain an independent ministry directly responsible to their own parliament.

V. Such a ministry had been long talked of and claimed in the Diet. In fact, the conservative party and the opposition had differed little as to the objects at which they aimed, but chiefly as to the vehemence with which they should press them; the conservatives pleading to "give time" to the Austrian cabinet. But in March, 1848, the conservatives, as a separate party, vanished, by the great mass of them acceding to the opposition. Kossuth carried a unanimous vote,

that the constitution of Hungary could never be free from the eternal machinations of the Austrian cabinet until constitutional government was established in the foreign possessions of the crown, so as to restore the legal *status* of the period at which the Diet freely conferred the royalty on the house of Hapsburg. This vote paralyzed the Austrian authorities. Vienna rose against Metternich, and a revolution took place there. A constitution and a national guard were enacted. The Hungarian Diet immediately claimed for itself also a responsible ministry. This was granted without delay, and Count Louis Batthyany was made premier. But on the very same day, March 15, Jellachich was appointed Ban of Croatia. In a letter to Vienna, dated March 24, 1848, the Archduke Stephen, Viceroy of Hungary, is found to have suggested three modes of destroying the Hungarian constitution: either to excite the peasants against the nobles, as in Gallia, and stand by while the parties slaughter each other; or to tamper with Batthyany's honesty; or to invade and overpower Hungary by military force. A transcript of this letter, in the Archduke's handwriting, was afterward found among his papers when he fled from Pesth, and was officially published, with all the necessary verifications. The Austrians have not dared to disown it.

Before March ended a deputation of all the leading members of both houses from Hungary appeared in Vienna, carrying to the King their unanimous claim that he would consent to various bills. In these the greatest constitutional change was the restoration of the old union between the Diets of Hungary and of Transylvania. But socially the most important laws were the equalizing of all classes and creeds, and the noble enactment which converted the peasants into freeholders of the soil, quit of all the old feudal burdens. This bill had passed both the houses by Feb. 4, 1848, before the French Revolution had broken out; so little had that great event to do with the reforming efforts of the Hungarians. The Austrian cabinet, seeing their overwhelming unanimity, felt that resistance was impossible. Accordingly, Ferdinand proceeded with the Court to Presburg, and ratified the laws by oath. This is the reform of April 11, 1848, which all patriotic Hungarians fondly looked upon as their charter of constitutional rights, opening to them the promise of a career in which they should emulate Great Britain, as a pattern of a united, legal, tolerant, free, and loyal country.

VI. Croatia is a province of the Hungarian Crown; and there Jellachich, as Governor, openly organized revolt against Hungary, by military terrorism, and by promising Slavonic supremacy. On Batthyany's urgency, King Ferdinand declared Jellachich a rebel, and exhorted the Diet to raise an army against him; but always avoided finally to sanction their bills. Meanwhile Radetzky defeated Charles Albert. Jellachich dropped the mask of Croatianism, and announced to Batthyany that there should be no peace until a ministry at Vienna ruled over Hungary. In September, as the King would neither allow troops to be raised in Hungary, nor the Hungarian regiments to be recalled from Italy for home defence, a Hungarian deputation was sent to the Austrian Diet; but it was denied admittance by aid of the Slavonic party. To catch stray votes (it seems), Latour, Austrian Minister at War, in the Diet, Sept. 2d, solemnly disavowed any connection with Jellachich's movement; yet, on Sept. 4th, a royal ordinance (officially published in Croatia only,) reinstated Jellachich in all his dignities; who, soon after, crossed the Drave to invade Hungary, with a well-appointed army 65,000 strong. As he openly showed the King's commission, Batthyany resigned, Sept. 9th, since he did not know how to act by the King's command against the King's command. No successor was appointed; and the Hungarian Diet had no choice but to form a committee of safety. To embarrass them in this, the King reopened negotiation with Batthyany, Sept. 14th, but still eluded any practical result by refusing to put down Jellachich. Meanwhile, Sept. 16th, dispatches were intercepted, in which Jellachich thanked Latour for supplies of money and material of war. The Hungarian Diet published them officially, and distributed them by thousands. But Hungary was still unarmed, and Jellachich was burning, plundering, slaughtering. September 25th, Lamberg was sent to Pesth, in the illegal character of Imperial Commissary of Hungary, but was immediately murdered by the rage of the populace. Masses of volunteers were assembled by the eloquence of Kossuth, which, with the aid of only 3,000 regular troops, met and repulsed Jellachich at Sukoro, Sept. 29th, and chased him out of their country. But Latour was far too deep in guilt to recede. A royal rescript of October 3rd, dissolved the Hungarian Diet, forbade all municipal action, superseded the judicial tribunals, declared Hungary under martial law, and appointed Jellachich civil

and military governor of that country, with discretionary power of life and death, and an expressly unlimited despotism. It likewise distinctly announced the determination of the Crown to incorporate Hungary into Austria. Troops from Vienna were publicly ordered by Latour (Oct. 6th) to march against the Hungarians. This order, coupled with alarm inspired by the approach of Jellachich (whose defeat was kept secret), led to the *émeute* in Vienna, in which Latour was murdered, a murder which was made a pretext for bombarding Vienna, and destroying the newly-sanctioned constitution. Windischgrätz, the agent in this work, joined his forces to those of Auersperg, who meanwhile had sheltered Jellachich.

At all this the Hungarians were so infuriated that, after deposing the generals (who were believed traitorously to have allowed Jellachich to escape), with inferior artillery, and with forces not half of the Austrians, who were 75,000 strong besides their reserves, they fought and lost the battle of Schwechat, Oct. 30th. This was the first and last battle fought by the Hungarians on Austrian soil, fought only against those who were protecting a ruthless enemy, who had desolated Hungary by countless outrages; yet this is trumpeted by the Austrians as Hungarian aggression. Jellachich (Nov. 2d) entered Vienna in triumph, and was entrusted with a great army in the course of the whole war that followed.

VII. The Cabinet now tried to obtain from Ferdinand a direct permission to carry into detail the receipt of Oct. 3rd, and seize Hungary by right of conquest. But as Ferdinand began to be troubled with religious scruples, they resolved to depose him, and put his nephew on the throne—a youth of eighteen, educated by the Jesuits, and accustomed to obey his mother the Archduchess Sophia, who was so identified by the Viennese with the Cabinet as to be called the Lady Camarilla.

By intrigue of some sort they induced the half-witted Emperor to sign the act of his own abdication, and at once seated Francis Joseph in his place, who, not having taken the coronation oath, might be assured by his directors that he committed no wrong in invading the laws and constitution of Hungary! An Austrian army marched into the country, and in the course of January and February overran and occupied it as far as the Theiss eastward and as high as the Morosch northward: the Russians meanwhile penetrated into Transylvania. The usurpation of the

Archduchess and Cabinet seemed to have triumphed.

VIII. On March 4, 1849, Count Stadion published his new constitution for fusing down Hungary into a part of the Austrian empire. If previously Hungary had been under Russian despotism, this constitution would have seemed highly liberal, and from an Austrian point of view such it was; but to the Hungarians it was an intolerable slavery. First, it virtually annihilated their municipalities, and subjected their police to Vienna. Next, it would have enabled the Austrian cabinet to put in Austrian civil and military officers everywhere in Hungary—an innovation as odious to the Hungarians as would French police magistrates, excisemen, overseers, colonels and lord lieutenants, be to the English nation. Thirdly, it swamped their parliament among a host of foreigners, ignorant of Hungary and its wants, and incapable of legislating well for it. Fourthly, it was enacted without the pretence of law, by the mere stroke of Count Stadion's pen. If the Hungarian constitution fourteen times solemnly sworn to by kings of the House of Hapsburg, was to be thus violated, what possible security could the nation have for this new-fangled constitution of Stadion, if it were ever so good in itself?

On reviewing the constitutional question, it was clear to the Hungarians, first, that Ferdinand had no legal power to abdicate without leave of the Diet, which leave it was impossible to grant, since, in the course of nature, Ferdinand might yet have direct heirs; secondly, that if he became incapacitated, it was the right of the Diet to appoint a regent; thirdly, that if Ferdinand had died, Francis Joseph was not the heir to the Hungarian crown, but his father, Ferdinand's brother; fourthly, that allegiance is not fully due to the true heir until he has been crowned; fifthly, that if Francis Joseph had been ever so much the true heir, and had been ever so lawfully crowned, the ordinances would be a breach of his oath, essentially null and void, and equivalent to a renunciation of his compact with the people; sixthly, that even to Austria the ministry of Stadion—or, rather, the Archduchess—was no better than a knot of intriguers, which had practiced on the clouded intellect of the sovereign to grasp a despotism for itself, while over Hungary it had no more ostensible right than had that of Prussia or France. All Hungary, therefore, rose to resist—Slovachs and Magyars, Germans and Wallachs, Catholics and Protestants, Greeks and Jews, nobles, traders, and

peasants, rich and poor, progressionists and conservatives. Ferdinand was still regarded as their legitimate, but unlawfully deposed King.

IX. Between the Theiss and the Morosch, Kossuth organized the means of fabricating arms and money; and in the course of March and April a series of tremendous battles took place, in which the Austrians were some fifteen times defeated, and without a single change of fortune their armies, 130,000 strong, were swept out of Hungary with immense slaughter. Only certain fortresses remained in their power, and those were sure to fall by mere lapse of time. The Austrian Cabinet was desperate at losing a game in which it had risked so much. Its more scrupulous members had retired, including Stadion himself. Bloodier generals were brought forward, and the intervention of Russia (long promised, and granted as early as February in Transylvania) was publicly avowed. This act finally alienated from Austria every patriotic Hungarian.

X. Upon the entrance of the Russians with the consent of Francis Joseph, the Hungarian Parliament, on the 14th of April, after reciting the acts of perfidy and atrocity by which the house of Hapsburg had destroyed its compacts with the nation, solemnly pronounced that house to have forfeited the crown. During the existing crisis Kossuth, according to constitutional precedent, was made Governor of the country.

XI. We all know how Hungary, deprived of her ports, taken by surprise, isolated and abandoned, has been overwhelmed by the combined hosts of her unscrupulous foes. But has England nothing to say to this?

For three centuries at least Hungary has been a prominent member of the European family of nations. Her constitutional union to the house of Hapsburg has been a notorious public fact; and in the Emperor of Austria, as King of Hungary, Europe has long seen a powerful barrier against Russian encroachment. That Hungary is not Austria—that the Emperor of Austria has no right in Hungary except as its Constitutional King—is as public a fact in Europe as that Hanover was never part of England. When Hungary proclaimed to us that the Emperor of Austria was no longer her King—that she had found the house of Hapsburg traitorous, and had legally deposed it; and when the Hungarian nation had, by a unanimous effort, actually expelled her invaders—there was the very same reason for our acknowledging the independence of Hungary, as we ever

had for recognizing the Emperor of Austria as King of Hungary at all.

XII. The English crown is peculiarly affected by these events; because they destroy the confidence of nations in the oaths of princes; especially considering that Hungary was the only great community on the Continent, whose ancient liberties had not been violently and treacherously annihilated by its king. No guarantees of right any longer exist, except those which have been wrested out by popular violence, and established on some doctrinaire basis. The aristocracy of England are deeply concerned, when the only remaining continental aristocracy possessed of constitutional rights, and taking the lead of a willing nation, is remorselessly trampled under foot. Our commonalty is concerned, when deprived of commercial intercourse with fourteen millions of agriculturists. Our religious feelings are shocked, when Hungarian zeal for universal toleration is overridden by the Romanist bigotry of Austria. Our liberties are endangered by the spectacle of two sovereigns tearing in pieces a noble nation from pure hatred of its constitutionalism which nine centuries have not made sacred in their eyes. The security of all Europe is endangered by the virtual vassalage of Austria to Russia, which this calamitous outrage has entailed; for Austria is now so abhorred in Hungary that she cannot keep her conquest except by Russian aid. Every one foresaw this from the beginning; the government of Vienna knew it, as well as that of St. Petersburg. Such are the results of the conspiracy of an Austrian cabinet against their Emperor, against his kingdom of Hungary, against the new-born liberties of Vienna, and against the balance of power in Europe.

XIII. What remains for England to do, but firmly to declare to Austria:—"Until we see the Constitution as it was before October, 1848, re-established in Hungary, we do not acknowledge your position in Lombardy; for Hungary had a far better right to her national existence and independence than you to your empire over the foreign Lombards?"

A military tyrant may at any moment commit an act of rapine with summary speed; sage and moderate by-standers need time to learn and judge of the case. If we extend the doctrine of *faits accomplis* to the high-handed crime under which Hungary still lies bleeding, we proclaim impunity and recognition to every unprincipled marauder.